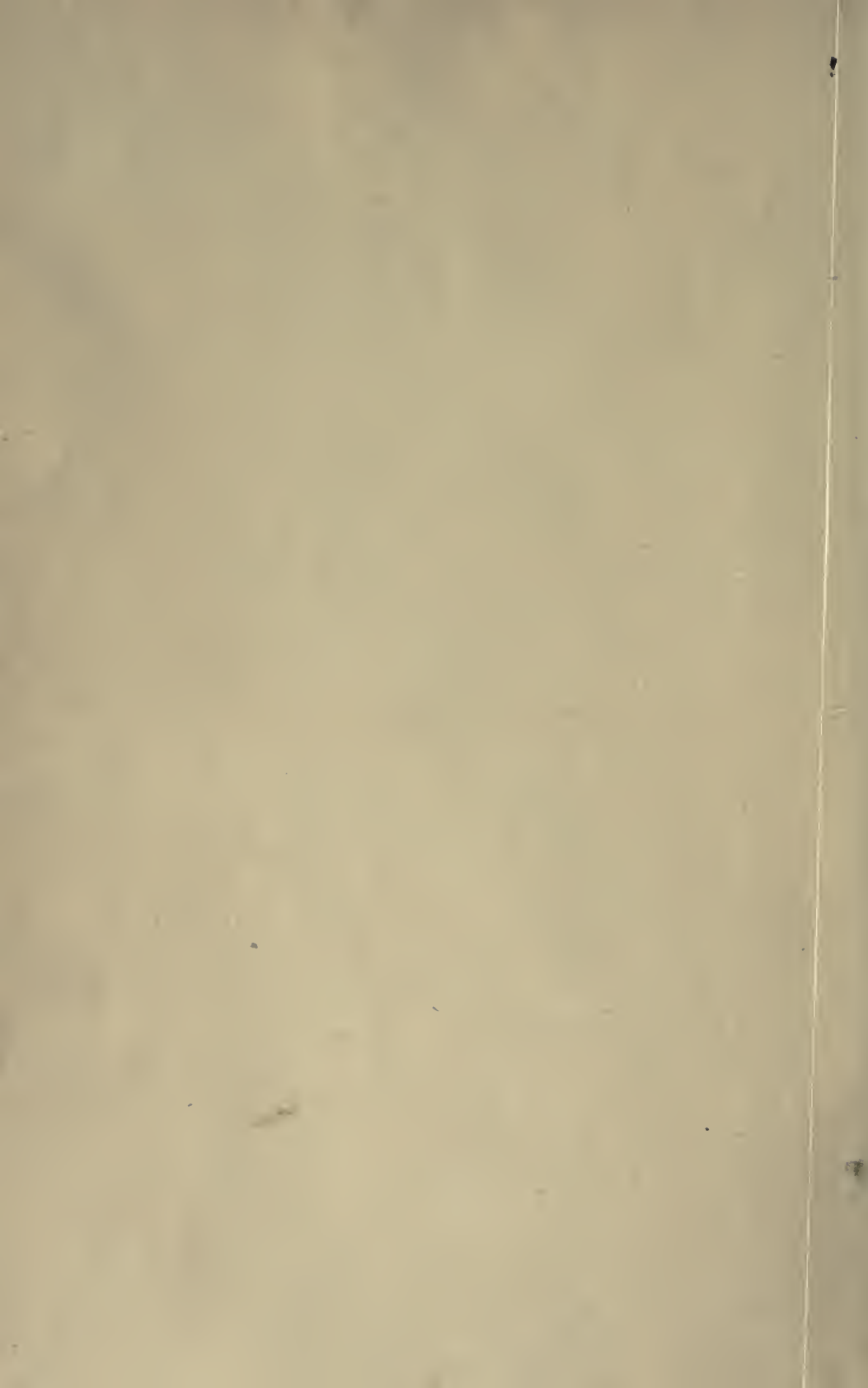




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STUDIES

OF A

WANDERING OBSERVER.

by

William Wotherspoon Ireland.

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LONDON:

ROBSON AND SON, GREAT NORTHERN PRINTING WORKS,
PANCEAS ROAD, N.W.

PREFACE.

As Abul Fazel says somewhere in the *Ayeen Akbery*, “I began this book and never thought to finish it; but who can withstand the decrees of Fate?” In truth, the circumstances which enabled and led me to write the following pages were such as I neither foresaw nor commanded.

For the information herein contained, how much am I indebted to friends, to acquaintances, to the conversation of fellow-travellers, to the kindness of strangers, to the corrections and advice of correspondents!

Those portions of the work which have already appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* and other periodicals are presented anew, with many additions and with some corrections, the result of fresh observation, correspondence, and study.

It is now for the press and public to determine

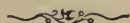
whether I shall go on to record any further impressions of travel and experience. My only desire has been to give a true picture of what I have seen, to suppress nothing through the fear of offending others, nor to add anything with the desire of annoying them.

Liberton Tower, near Edinburgh,
August 21st, 1867.

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STUDIES
OF A
WANDERING OBSERVER.



THE DIOIS.

IN May 1863, unable to endure the heat and smell of Avignon, we determined to seek some cool retreat in the hills. The quest was by no means an easy one, especially for a stranger. After some perplexity we started for Die, an ancient town of Dauphiné, of whose existence a few days before we had been perfectly unaware. After a long ride, almost constantly ascending, in a French diligence, we were driven into a narrow street, composed of dirty old houses, and gladly found ourselves in a plain old inn, where the landlady was kind and obliging, and the fare good, though the lodging required apology.

Die, we soon made out, was a town of four thousand inhabitants, full of old houses, dirty crooked alleys, and small squares. It is surrounded by an old mouldering wall, whose circuit was considerably

larger than the shrunken limits of the modern town. We saw a good deal of it next morning looking for lodgings; and for the only feasible abode we could light on the proprietress asked about three times the ordinary rent, remarking, with much frankness, that strangers must pay a little more. Should we submit to this, or leave Die for Gap, or some other town deeper in the hills? Our new friend, one of the Protestant ministers of the place, mentioned that a member of his congregation had a country house in a high valley about five miles from Die, but feared that the situation would be too cold and wild for us. We at once went to consult with the proprietor; and the same day we all drove up in a species of dogcart to inspect this mountain retreat. We passed through the fertile valley of the Diois, surrounded by lofty hills whose tops here and there were still covered with snow. Our way led off the main road towards the very highest of the mountains. As we ascended, vineyards and cornfields began to be replaced by broken thickets, and half-bare hill-slopes crowned with threatening masses of rock. The road lay along a torrent full of broken blocks of stone, and was so narrow that, though accustomed to ride along the precipices of the Himalayas, I was strongly tempted to pronounce it rash to bring a wheeled conveyance up so dangerous a path. But our worthy

host said he and his horse knew the road ; so the wheels of his dogcart went safely by the edges of the narrow way. We got higher and higher, till at last we wheeled round a jutting bulwark of rock, and found ourselves in a beautiful valley.

I had seen many valleys, and some had left a never-fading remembrance on my mind. One of the fairest is Rathen, in the Saxon Switzerland,—a narrow glen overhung by precipitous rocks shaded with trees clinging to their clefts. The houses of the peasants stand on the broken slopes of the hill towards the broader extremity of the valley, which is bounded by the Elbe ; and the meadow-land on the opposite side of the river gives a soft and pleasing contrast to the wild mountain scenery.

Aden has no beauty, and is only striking from the sombre waste of nature : nothing but one pile of dry rocks and thirsty scorïæ, resembling the extinguished forges of Vulcan rather than an abode for human beings ; not a strip of green to cheer the eye amongst those blackened precipices which surround the parched-up valley. A good harbour, in a fine situation for commerce, has made this sultry desert a wealthy city from the earliest historical times.* But

* If Moore had ever touched at this important military and commercial station he would never have written the line :

“*Blooming* as Aden in its earliest hour.”

everything sublime and beautiful which nature could grant in our northern climate she has given to Glencoe. Its green mountains pushing their heads into the clouds, the peasants' houses on the banks of Loch Leven, the rushing stream of Cona fed by a hundred waterfalls, the lonely tarn at the end of the valley, on whose black waters the sun rarely shines, and the Cave of Fingal high amongst the rocks,—are features one will never forget, but which no description can reach. Equally vain would it be to try to paint in words the austere beauty of many a Himalayan valley, where nature is so grand and man so little; where the mountains are the steepest as well as the highest in the world, and the tiny corn-patches of the Hindu mountaineer fleck every little plot of level ground in the descent of the giant hills, while the Jumna or the Sutlej frets itself to foam in stony ravines below.

But this, the valley of Valcroissant, which we now entered, in mingled sublimity, freshness, and beauty far surpassed them all. The valley, as its name indicates, was of a crescent shape; the mountains that surrounded it took every rugged variety of form. Behind rose a line of lofty precipitous rocks, of white calcareous formation, which the eye could follow for miles, generally presenting a surface as sheer and steep as a rampart; but towards the west

it was split by vertical fissures, which gave it the appearance of a cluster of steeples; and at the other extremity it was dotted here and there by caverns and crevices. From the foot of this precipice the hill, overgrown with pine, oak, hazel, and juniper, slopes down to the head of the valley, the right flank of which was enclosed by a steep and rocky ridge, thinly covered by bushes and trees. On the other side the hill descended in a more gentle slope, which was thickly wooded where it was not broken by out-cropping strata of rock. The hills almost met at the gorge where the stream had worn itself a passage, which bore a singular resemblance to a gigantic gateway.

Thus roughly girded with mountains, the valley itself was soft and pleasing. Among its fields and meadows stood mulberry-trees at regular intervals, and shady walnut-trees here and there. The banks of the stream, which ran through the middle and whose cool refreshing fall never died away from the ear, was shaded by the poplar, the beech, and the lowly clematis. In the summer its water was turned through channels to irrigate the meadows. The mountain sides were covered with flowers, and the whole air scented with the perfume of the lavender, which was as common as heather on a Scottish hill.

When the country round about had been con-

verted to Protestantism by Farel, the monks had been driven from this lovely retreat; but the massive thickness of the walls, the almost granitic hardness of the pudding-stone used in building, and the solidity of the vaulted roofs had saved a considerable part of the monastery from ruin. One chapel, whose rose-window was the first object that the wayfarer noticed, still remained entire. The vaulted church was now a stable, and the sheep were pent within the ancient cloister, three of whose sides remained unaltered. The farmers had added little rooms, put in doors, and pulled down buildings, more with an eye to their own convenience than with any thought of the picturesque. Yet, after all, the gray old skeleton of stone looked much liker an abbey than a farm-house; even the little loose walls that enclosed the gardens and bounded the road were made of stones, which under the moss and lichens showed traces of a cunning hand. This valley formed a little world: it was complete in itself. The fields gave corn; the vineyards wine; the sheep, who went out to feed along the paths they had worn on the hill-side, afforded wool and cheese; the goats gave milk; the bees honey; the fowls eggs; the walnut-trees oil; the thickets firewood. They grew hemp, and spun it too; and rolled off from the cocoons many a reel of golden silk for the vain people in the world below.

There was no exit save by the road we had entered, whose outlet was filled like a cup by the blue horizon of the sky.

Part of the abbey was inhabited by the *métayer*, his family, and labourers; but the best rooms were reserved by the proprietor for a summer residence. Here we remained during the summer, and found it so pleasing that we returned next year. I saw more of French life and French manners in this old ruin, on the very verge of the wilderness, three or four miles even from the nearest hamlet, than I had done during the eight months I lived in Paris. It would be impossible to find, in any country, people more kind-hearted and hospitable than our landlord and his wife. He was the Maire-adjoint of Die, a considerable proprietor, and much beloved in the district. To this gentleman we are indebted for most of the attention and civility we met with, and through his intelligent conversation I gained much of what I have written about rural affairs in France.

There is nothing like going off the beaten path to discover something new. Here in two days I had found in the wild hills of the Drôme a delicious summer retreat, with arched roof and walls seven feet thick, and, more wonderful still, a Frenchman without vanity.

Most people who came to see the valley paid us

a visit, and we did our best to entertain them. There were two establishments for turpentine-baths near Die, which sent many idlers our way. I was much pleased with the equality of fortune that prevailed at Die, and with the simplicity of the manners of the people, though somewhat surprised at the extreme vivacity of their quarrels, in which they expected all their friends to be interested.

As a general rule the people were both good-humoured and kind-hearted, though in some matters the French are no doubt great hypocrites. I have seen them rushing to embrace people against whom they were talking the minute before. In a Provençal poem, "Charlemagne at Jerusalem," the Greek emperor of Constantinople, having entertained the Frankish king and his companions very courteously during the day, places a spy to listen to their conversation at night, who reported that they indulged in all sorts of raillery upon himself and his court. This, as the poet tells us, was the custom of the Franks when they lay down to sleep, whether at Paris or Chartres town; nor have they yet entirely given up the practice. But raillery is a harmless and even a pleasant diversion if it be paid back in kind, and affords the best of all vents for the acrid humours of the mind. The man who is fond of a joke is generally satisfied if he provokes a laugh

at his adversary's expense. But let people fear the vengeance of those who never smile. Altogether, if the French were as little inclined to resent raillery as they are ready to use it, they would be a more amiable nation than they are.

Merchants and manufacturers number among them the richest men in France, but there were none at Die. Military officers, a class of men not held in very high esteem amongst the *bourgeoisie*, were also absent. The civil *employés*, advocates, and notaries, are looked up to as the best class of society, the proprietors occupying only the second rank.

Though properties, as a general rule, were not large, there was a family at Die who had as much as eight thousand a year, and several who kept their carriages.

Arthur Young — curious old original — riding through France on a blind mare, now viewing the crops, and now watching the progress of the revolution, grumbles dismally at not being able to find news or newspapers at that momentous time, even in large towns not very distant from the capital where so many stirring and important events were going on; but nowadays at Die he would be at no loss. The last book, the last move in politics, the *Vie de Jésus* of Renan, the speeches of Jules Favre, the heresy of M. Cocquerel, the chemical discoveries of

Bunsen, were as eagerly discussed in their own circle as if the little town had been the capital of a kingdom. There were learned men too, who had written books, and doctors who had published pamphlets, and a journal which might have had more than 108 subscribers had it been allowed to treat of politics. The Protestants are strongest in the south of France, especially in the departments of the Drôme, where they have forty-two churches, and the Gard, where they have eighty-eight. They still continue most numerous in those places which they held in the time of the old Huguenot wars. They repudiate the government census, which counted them only 800,000 in the whole of France; but the highest calculation does not make them more than a million and a half.

The old reformed Church of France, whose theology was formed by Calvin and his disciple Théodore de Bèze, closely resembled in its creed, mode of worship, and government that of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and Ulster. Without bishops or any ecclesiastical functionary superior in rank to a placed minister, its organisation is necessarily republican. The kirk-sessions, presbyteries, synods, and general assemblies were requisite both in Scotland and France to maintain one uniform discipline and creed. But where the government is hostile, or the Presbyterians widely scattered over an extensive king-

dom, it must often become difficult to hold a general assembly. It was to be expected that Louis XIV. would perceive this weak point in the Church which he had resolved to destroy. The twenty-ninth and last general assembly of the French Church was held at Loudun in 1659. The royal commissioner treated the members with the greatest insolence. "All is haughtiness, menace, accusation, recrimination on the side of the court; all is humility and gratitude on the part of the reformers. Gratitude, and for what? Doubtless for the evil that they had not yet deigned to inflict upon them. From the day that the Synod of Loudun terminated, the Presbyterian organisation of the French reform remained decapitated."*

From the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the law of 1789, which took away the penal disabilities against its profession, Protestantism led a troubled and proscribed existence, often without any public worship at all. Napoleon, who allowed the full rights of religious worship and paid the pastors from the revenues of the state, would never suffer them to hold a general assembly. Though the liberty of conscience was secured, the right of public propagandism was denied. Protes-

* See *Histoire des Protestants en France*. Par G. D. Felice, livre iii, chap. ix.

tantism, like Hinduism, could only be kept alive by descent. The struggle against the pretensions of the Roman Catholic priesthood had now taken a form as inimical to the one faith as to the other. All the congregations scattered over France were managed on congregationalist principles, subject to the oversight and occasional interference of a hostile or indifferent government. A pastor who behaved unworthily of the clerical profession could only be suspended by the decree of the government, and this the Catholics would always exert themselves to prevent. The general good conduct of the reformed clergy saved the Church from scandal, but superannuated and incapable ministers were not uncommon.

After the Republic of 1848, two attempts were made to hold a general assembly at Paris, which only led to confusion. The representatives from the different consistories or kirk-sessions were doubtful of their powers, while the assembly well knew that its resolutions might be successfully resisted. What was significant, no representatives came from the universities of Strasburg and Montauban. It was determined that, conformably to the wishes of the majority of the assembly, no essay should be made to arrange a dogmatic form of faith. An attempt was made to give expression to the common creed of the assembly

by a formula which did not touch on any supposed controversial points; but even this was unsuccessful.

The truth is, the divergence between the different pastors and members of the Church had been going on unchecked, and the innovating theology of Germany had been making converts everywhere. Every form of belief, from Deism to the strict Calvinism of the Confession of Rochelle, was openly held by the pastors of the French reformed Church. It frequently happens that in a joint charge the one pastor is a Socinian, the other a Calvinist; and the congregation listens to their discourses with equal attention, while a part of them resort in the evening to the meeting-house of a Wesleyan missionary. One pastor published a book to defend the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures; another denied the doctrine of the Trinity, and attacked M. Renan for sparing the authenticity of the Gospel of St. John. A distinguished preacher, M. Athanase Cocquerel, expelled from his office by the voice of a majority amongst the Protestants in Paris, after avowing in a pamphlet opinions similar to those of Theodore Parker, was received as a martyr by many congregations in the south; and at an assembly of pastors held at Nismes in 1864 a large majority declared that a fixed and uniform creed was irreconcilable with Protestantism.

It was impossible that such highly important ques-

tions could be discussed without much quarrelling and some bitterness; and yet the animosity displayed was not nearly so great as that shown in the strife which divided Scotland on a comparatively unimportant matter of church government, and which led to the formation of the Free Church of Scotland.

There is no danger of secession in France. They would gladly separate into two or three Churches; but they know very well that the party which retained the support of government—that is, held the churches already built and the stipends paid from the national exchequer—would, without fail, retain the laity.

There is no greater proof of the enervating influence of an established Church than the want of liberality shown by the Protestants in France, the descendants of a race of zealots, heroes, and martyrs. They are, to take them all in all, a wealthy body; the salaries paid to the pastors by government are small—generally about seventy-two pounds a year; yet it is very rare for the congregation to add a penny to supplement this pittance. What is singular, the education and talents of the ministers do not appear to be behind those of the Church of Scotland, who are so much better paid. This is the more remarkable, as a man can get employment in almost every branch of the public service by successful competition. The care of the roads and bridges, of the

government woods and forests, situations in the exchequer and excise, as well as the post of officer in the army or navy, are equally open to every Frenchman, and neither the expense of preliminary education nor the number of opposing competitors are sufficiently great to deter a parent seriously anxious to push on his children in any particular calling.

THE PEASANT PROPRIETORS OF THE DROME.

THERE is one great social difference between Great Britain and France which had long attracted my curiosity. In Great Britain, as a general rule, the land is the heritage of a few large proprietors; in France it is shared amongst the people. What were the results of the system that prevailed across the Channel? Conservative writers saw nothing but evil in the French system; politicians of a different school considered it superior to our own. But it was easy to see that their accounts were merely compilations from reports and columns of statistics; personally they knew little about the matter. A man clever at statistics can prove anything he wants to one who is not so well acquainted with the subject as himself; and a political partisan or theorist will lay no stress upon facts which do not favour his own party or theory.

So complex a question as the comparative well-being and happiness of two nations was beyond the reach of arithmetic, and could only be determined by the careful observation of individual facts. Circum-

stances gratified my curiosity. I had spent two years among the zamindars of the Himalayas, and six months in a German village; and after a year's residence in a rural district of France, I thought that I had not only some title to decide the question for myself, but even to ask those less favoured by opportunity to consider what my opinion was worth.

A few words about the field of my observations. This was the Diois and the mountains around, which are all included in the department of the Drôme. The lower grounds of the department, lying along the Rhone, are richer and more populous. The mountains in the upper part are generally as lofty as the highest chains in Scotland, and the difference of level produces a corresponding variety of climate. Many of the villages are three thousand feet high. Corn grows up to this altitude; and in the summer time the hardy shepherds lead their flocks to pasture on the mountain of Glandaz, whose magnificent front of crags bounds a wide tableau of from five to six thousand feet high. The prevailing geological formation in the upper lands of the department is the Jurassic. It consists of beds of compact calcareous rock alternating with thinner strata of argillaceous marls. The hills are generally capped by masses of the harder rock, which, broken by the original upheaving force, often remind the observer of the long curtain wall of

some Titanic fortification. The unequal resistance of the softer strata has given rise to many curious contortions and displacements; and the geologist might here gather much information on the vexed question of the formation of valleys. Occasionally the strata of marl and limestone assume a vertical instead of a horizontal position to the soil; and the rain can thus filter away so rapidly between the beds, that plants are unable to find enough of moisture for their existence. We have thus a desert produced by a simple alteration in the position of the strata. As a general rule the Jurassic formation is much more fertile than the chalk, which forms the prevailing element in the surface of the neighbouring department of the Hautes Alpes. From its superior compactness, it offers greater opposition to the passage of water through its beds, and a better soil for the support of vegetable life. The hills of the Jurassic formation are therefore, even at the same elevation, always better wooded than those of the chalk, and the valleys are more fertile.

The Diois is a valley about twelve miles long and three broad. The capital is Die. Originally a Roman colony, it became a place of some consequence after the Reformation. Here the Protestants had a college for the education of their pastors, which was suppressed at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

In consequence of this and the cruelty of the Dragonnades, Die lost half its population, which it has never since regained. One-third of the inhabitants still remain Protestant. Protestantism, on a large scale, may produce a more industrious and enlightened population than Catholicism. Here, however, I could note no difference. The Protestants were as good as the Catholics, and the Catholics no worse than the Protestants. Religious zeal has much declined, and there are so many mixed marriages that the question is scarcely worth the trouble of consideration. The mountain districts of the Drôme are neither enriched by manufactures nor mines; and the steepness and difficulty of the roads, with the want of other means of communication, is a heavy drawback on the mountaineer.

A mere tourist might go altogether wrong in his observations on the condition of the people by laying too much stress on particular features. A British agriculturist might be inclined to decide the question upon a view of the corn-crops; but the wealth of the proprietor in the south of France is derived from his madder, his olives, his vines, and his mulberry-trees. In the high country the olives and madder disappear, though the fig and the pomegranate still bear witness to the power of the southern sun. But here, too, the yield of corn is not sufficient for local con-

sumption. Let us, then, begin to follow the whole circle of the year with the peasant proprietor, in order to understand all the sources of his income.

He possesses a portion of a hill wooded on the top, the sides covered with vineyards, a few acres of arable and meadow land traversed by a mountain stream. His house is not very commodious: in the south, people are very careless about the interior comfort of their homes. The rooms are rather dirty, and the furniture scanty. If he has a spare apartment, he frequently employs it as a store-room. His barns and stables are generally a little out of repair. In the winter he cuts fagots, which he carries on his mule to the nearest town to sell for firewood. An ingenious invention has considerably increased the value of the wooded hills. Many of the crags are so steep that it is dangerous to ascend them, much less carry away the wood which grows upon their summits. A good cragsman is sent up, pulling after him the end of a strong iron wire, which he fastens securely on the edge of the cliff. At the foot of the precipice below, the wire is tightened round a cylinder. The man on the cliff then cuts and binds his fagots, and slings them by a hook on the wire. See the huge fagots balancing themselves in mid-air, and descending like some heavy bird to the ground! Great inventions appear simple after they are made.

The peasant also improves the time by repairing the hill-roads and cutting down the bushes of box-wood out of which he makes manure. From the distance of large towns manure is scarce and dear. I have seen a mule descending every day during the summer from the top of Glandaz, with two panniers filled with the manure of the sheep that feed upon the summit, six thousand feet high.

When the winter is over, our friend blockades his bees in the rude wooden hives where they have stored their honey, and takes out from the top the overplus which they have incautiously laid up. As honey is here cheaper than sugar, there is no advantage in maintaining them during the winter on artificial food. The peasant plants his vegetables; and as the tender shoots of the mulberry-leaf appear, he hatches his silkworm-eggs. The production of silk is a main source of the riches of the country. One finds mulberry-trees everywhere. In the fields they stand in rows, their deep foliage contrasting with the pale green of the rising crops which, under the powerful sun of the south, do not suffer from the shade. Everyone who has got a mulberry-tree buys a few eggs and commences to breed silkworms. The poorer classes have them in their kitchen and sleeping-apartments, and the smell is most sickening. The better-off peasantry have

a room or two set apart for the purpose, in which the silkworms occupy rows of shelves mounting to the roof. Much care is required, especially to keep up a proper temperature. The process lasts twenty-five days, and an anxious time it is for the country people. Nobody would be so impolite as to ask, 'How is your family?' before asking, 'How are your silkworms?' The grubs, as they become bigger, eat voraciously; fresh leaves are to be gathered by the women or boys three or four times a day. At last the thing comes to an end. The white worms, now as big as your finger, commence to mount the branches prepared for them. They then quietly spin their cocoons, and their proprietors rejoice. In the good old times gone by everybody felt sure of his profits; but since the "muscardine" has been so rife, there is a dreadful interest towards the closing chapters of the grub's existence. A mysterious disease speckles the mulberry-leaves, and passes from them to the delicate annelids; they become slow and feeble, mount with difficulty, or perhaps do not mount at all. A farmer's wife once told me that, finding themselves too weak to spin their cocoons, they wind the silk-thread round their necks, and hang themselves. Whether this savage custom is a tradition they have brought with them from China or Japan, the countries of suicide, I leave to more learned men than myself to deter-

mine ; certain it is, that they may be seen hanging dead in hundreds from the branches on which it was fondly hoped they would spin their cocoons. Alas, the inconsistency of human nature ! Their death is bewailed with tears by the very people who were prepared a few days later to bake them to death in an oven. One's demise is sure to be regretted when he is just beginning to make his fortune. On making a post-mortem examination of the deceased worm, you will find the skin stiff with a white mould of fungi ; and what ought to have become the silk, in the shape of a yellow, pellucid, viscid substance, within two glands folded up upon themselves like the letter N. These glands communicate with the intestinal canal. Frequent epidemics of the disease have put the inconstant people of the South much out of humour with their silkworms. The *Journal de Sériculture* complains that in some places the peasants in disgust have cut down their mulberry-trees. "What is the use of trees," said they, "which make us drink water instead of wine?" With much trouble, and at a great expense, a new breed has been introduced from Japan, which have been found much less susceptible to the disease. Their cocoons are smaller, and of a greenish colour. As already said, the gain is pretty considerable where there is no disease. The eggs of silkworms cost from sixteen to

twenty francs the ounce, and one ounce might produce from two to three hundred francs' worth of silk. A hard-working family might thus expect to get from 32*l.* to 48*l.* sterling out of four ounces of silkworm eggs. The cocoons are generally bought at the fairs by agents from Lyons, and are unwound by machinery.

The corn-crops are ripe in July; so, what with shearing the sheep and watering the meadows, the people have not much time to rest. The irrigation is performed by turning the descending streams into little channels, and then causing them to overflow. Owing to the varying elevations in this mountainous district, all the crops are never ripe at the same time, and there are always plenty of hands to reap them. The corn is cut with the sickle, and threshed with the flail, or trodden out by oxen.

In the great heats of summer, the sheep and goats will not feed during the day. They are taken out towards the evening by the little shepherds, who spend the nights with their flocks upon the sides of the mountains, where the fires they kindle may be seen at a great distance. Each of the flock has a bell tied round its neck, that it may not be lost among the thickets. In the cool weather they go out during the day, and return at night. Hence their manure is always available; and without this

supply, cultivation could not be profitably carried on in the higher valleys. The goats climb the steep rocks, and browse upon the leaves of the bushes and trees, on which account their milk has often a strong taste of oak or juniper. In August the peasant makes his hay, and pulls and steeps his flax. In September he begins to *vendanger*, or gather in the grapes. The vines are bent, like hoops, against one another, instead of being attached to upright poles, as on the Rhine or Moselle. They occupy the sloping ground at the foot of the hills, which are often terraced with much care and labour. This is the crowning struggle of the year. The amber or ruby grapes are carried away in tubs, and soon their juice gushes from the winepress. In a fortnight the vinous fermentation is complete, and they anxiously taste the first cup of the vintage. The farmer then smoothes his rugged brow, and gathering his family and workers around him, they recall, over their best cheer, the feats of labour and peaceful triumphs of the bygone year. There is now little to be done save to gather the walnuts, which the autumn winds scatter in thousands over the fields. The peasant has time to put his old gun upon his shoulder and bag a few partridges, and now and then a hare. Game is not very abundant, even on the mountains, but what there is of it is amicably shared. Cases of poaching are not

uncommon at the *tribunal* of Die ; the penalty for the first offence being above 3*l.* ; but the culprit seemed generally to be an object of commiseration to the small proprietors, who seldom take out a *permis de chasse* for themselves.

The winter comes on slowly : it is curious to trace its approach in the changing colours of the leaves. The foliage of the trees on the tops of the mountains first takes on a brown tint ; slowly it descends, and the evergreen belt of the pine-trees stands out deeper and darker against the gray old crags. As the trees towards the foot of the hills begin to feel the breath of winter, a striking relief of colours is produced. Some become brown, others red, others yellow, others lose their leaves altogether, and a few retain their green colour long after the rest. This is a study which in England one can only make in the landscapes of southern artists which have found their way to our picture-galleries. I have occasionally heard the truthfulness of their colouring questioned by hasty critics. In our cold climate the leaves fall off too quickly to allow time to study this beautiful but somewhat saddening effect.

The highlander of Dauphiné loves his mountain or his high valley ; he loves the long shadows of the hills, the bleating of his flocks and goats, the cool breeze that stirs the trees on summer evenings, and

the blaze of his pine-wood fire which lights up his wide chimney in the nights of winter; but those whose property lies in a more populous neighbourhood gratify the instinct of society by arranging to reside in the nearest village or country town. Many of the villages occupy picturesque situations on the tops of little hills, where their ancestors had been forced to build in the old times of feudal or Protestant warfare. There is one well-remembered battlefield on the banks of the Drôme, where the brave and chivalrous Montbrun, the first who took arms for "the religion," gave the Catholics and their Swiss mercenaries a defeat still memorable in the history of France.

The peasant proprietor generally passes a quiet and peaceful existence. If he is brought up near a village-school, he gets his education easily; if his father's homestead is deeper in the hills, he trudges manfully to school. The prevalence of the patois of Dauphiné, a branch of the old Langue d'Oc, is a serious drawback to the education of the people. Scarcely any of the peasants speak French among themselves. For each village the government provides a schoolmaster, to whom it assures a minimum of six hundred francs per annum in case he is not able to raise so much from his fees. If he raises more he gets nothing; so the only benefit of this

absurd and niggardly arrangement is, that useless teachers are safe from being dislodged by the desertion of their pupils. It appears from the French newspapers that efforts are being made by the *Conseils des Arrondissements* to improve the educational system in the rural districts of France. Adverse critics may, if they choose, turn the fact of the limited education of the mountaineers of Dauphiné into an argument against the system of peasant proprietors. In that case, they ought altogether to forget how well educated are the children of the peasants of the Rhine. The boys in the hills are rarely kept long at school. At an early age they can make themselves useful in taking care of the sheep or goats. There is no race of shepherd-dogs, such as one meets with in Scotland; and the mongrels that are used for the purpose on the hills of Dauphiné are often not worth their food.

As the boy approaches manhood, the dreaded age of the conscription comes on. Few young men, indeed, have any desire to be taken; and the chance of being obliged either to lose their son, or to pay the cost of a substitute, is a source of deep anxiety to the family. Nothing else is talked about for a year before the drawing of the numbers. If the young man is taken, and cannot buy himself off, he ceases for seven years to be seen at his old haunts.

At the end of this time he generally returns, with many a long-winded story of battles in the Crimea or Lombardy, of the spoil and sport in China, and the heat and yellow fever in Mexico. If our young peasant draws a high number from the ballot-urn, his mother generally tries to make a good marriage for him. The French are fond of representing themselves in the newspapers as the most chivalrous and generous people in the world—the only nation who will make war for an idea. The English, on the contrary, are treated as a race of shopkeepers, who never act upon any motive but sordid self-interest. No doubt commerce and manufactures are the principal support of our country, and these are best conducted on the principle of profit and loss; but an English shopkeeper when he goes upon his wooing is very rarely so calculating and cold-hearted as a Frenchman who has made up his mind to marry. Frenchmen are generous to none but their mistresses. The dowry is, if not the main attraction, at least a necessary adornment to the bride. In every rank and walk of life above a mere day-labourer's, the provident father tries to lay something by for his daughter. The sharp-eyed damsel, on her side, expects her suitor to produce at least an equal sum, and often insists upon a marriage-settlement, which will secure herself and her family from all risk of losing sight

of their little hoard. French marriages are often poor affairs, plenty of quarrelling, little love, and occasionally something worse. At the same time, natural affection and reason generally assert their rights between married people; so that a pair who are coaxed by their relations into chumming together, end by heartily joining in the cares and pleasures of bringing up a family. The country people are truer-hearted than the Parisians. What the French want is a little rusticity to subdue their over-vain and inconstant disposition, and their too artificial manner of life. Hence I think the most estimable specimens of French honour and virtue are to be found in the country. The Germans, on the contrary, need the culture of a large city to overcome the grossness of their temperament. The English also require a little town life; but London is too big for them. The vast city is apt to render its children over-pert and pushing.

The manner of life of the peasant proprietor is simple enough. He rarely tastes any flesh save pork, which he eats twice a day, and with which he gives a flavour to his soup. He drinks wine, but seldom tea or coffee. Bread, potatoes, haricots, and other vegetables, are his principal articles of diet, which is more abundant than *recherché*. His wife is plain and unpretending in her dress. The use of the

wide straw hat is still kept up by the women who work in the fields. Their indoor employments resemble those of farmers' wives at home during the last century—making butter or curd, rearing fowls, and spinning flax. Among these people there is a great equality of condition. At Die, a town of four thousand inhabitants, there are about five hundred proprietors of land, and perhaps not more than thirty of these could live without working.* The properties are of all sizes, from one hectare ($2\frac{1}{2}$ acres) upwards; but generally small. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to imagine that the condition of the people is fixed. On the contrary, the mass of the community has

* In the arrondissement of Die, which has a superficies of 235,000 hectares to a population of 64,000, there are 671 proprietors not residing in the arrondissement, 470 who do not cultivate their own lands, 10,855 who do, 5,497 cultivating for themselves and for others, 279 farmers, and 847 métayers. The great weight of the taxation lies upon the land. The arrondissement paid in 1863 for

L'impôt foncier	365,000 fr.
Impôt personnel et mobilier	73,000
Des portes et fenêtres	49,000

487,000 fr.

Let those who talk about the danger of the poorer class of electors passing laws to plunder the rich remember that in France there are from five to six millions of landed proprietors with universal suffrage. Yet Napoleon III. could establish free trade in corn, and do so with the support of a large majority in the Corps Législatif.

been steadily rising in wealth, comfort, and intelligence since the first Revolution. At the beginning of the present century the condition of the labouring classes in the Drôme was most wretched. To gain a little food to save themselves from starvation in the winter, they would spend their spare time in cultivating some neglected shelf of stony ground on the sides of the mountain—a practice now forgotten. They ate black bread, and now they eat brown; they wore rags, and now everybody is decently clad. Their wages have doubled, while the price of corn has only risen by one-fifth, the price of wine remaining much the same. In the winter of 1863, only 60*l.* were required for the relief of pauperism in the town of Die, where mendicity is forbidden. In the parish where I am at present (Liberton, near Edinburgh), which is a purely rural one, the poor-rates are 1200*l.* a year. The peasant proprietors are gradually becoming richer. A frugal and sober family in fifteen or twenty years generally manages to put by six hundred pounds. It is impossible to calculate their yearly income, for they sustain themselves almost entirely by the produce of their own land, and avoid as much as possible giving out hard cash. Nobody is very rich, but nobody is miserably poor. As might be expected, the people on the hills are not so intelligent as in the plains: they

never read the newspapers, the main source of a Frenchman's information; which, by the way, accounts for his being so ill-informed. The peasant's intelligence, as well as his wealth and labour, is invested in his land; and, as the reader must see, there is in the course of the year much to put his sagacity and forethought to the proof. What interests the rest of the world does not interest him, nor does he desire to interest the rest of the world. He cares more about a flood which covers his vineyard with shingles than about a revolution which changes the tenant of the Tuileries, and regards the appearance of a fox in his pasture-grounds as a greater calamity than "the treachery of Emile Ollivier." I have been told, by a gentleman well acquainted with the elections, that when there are two candidates, our honest peasant often goes to consult his notary: on which account the great *coup* is to gain over the notaries.

The present government of France does itself little good by its continual fiddling and meddling at the elections. The means it has in its power of gaining over or intimidating the electors would be insufficient with a people so bold and spirited as the French, even if they were not protected by the ballot. A more independent class of men than the peasant proprietors cannot well be imagined. The

division of land amongst so many has, in the opinion of those who remember other days, wrought a great change in the character of the French nation. Neither in the south nor in the north do we find the same gay, thoughtless, fiddling, dancing, merry-making people as portrayed by Goldsmith and Sterne. In truth, there is more dance and song in a German village than in half-a-dozen of Provence. The peasantry are graver, more provident, and more parsimonious than in the times of the Capets. The whole French nation is quieter, more reserved, and more commercial. Even the Gallic passion for war and glory has much abated. They have begun to consider what they gain, and what they lose; the Foulds and the Pereires dispute the *pas* with the MacMahons and the Foreys. A banker nowadays has more to do with launching a bomb than an artilleryman. O for the golden age, in which men will cease to slaughter one another because it is too expensive!

Besides the peasant proprietor, there is, of course, a class of day-labourers. The wages of a farm-servant in this district are about 9*l.* a year, those of an out-door worker from 1*s.* 10½*d.* to 2*s.* 1*d.* a day: if we suppose them employed the whole year, except Sundays and holidays, their income will be from 28*l.* to 31*l.* In England, farm-servants are better off,

but the income of out-door workers, assuming that they work the same number of days, would be lower; but unquestionably there are fewer idle days in this more genial climate. Wheat is rather dearer, being 2*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* the quarter at Die, and 2*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* at Valence. The best white bread is 4*d.* the kilogramme (=2·2 lbs.); vegetables and fruit very cheap. Wine costs from 2*d.* the litre upwards (litre=0·22 gallon). A peasant's clothes, on the whole, are cheaper than in England. A day-labourer's house might cost him from 2*l.* to 3*l.* per annum.

I have heard it calculated that in the Drôme a day-labourer might lose 30 days + Sundays, Christmas, and All-Saints' day = 84 days. In Scotland, again, a farmer assured me a day-labourer might count on losing 110 days, though work is, if possible, found for the hinds, who are hired by the year.

This class leads a hard enough existence in France, as elsewhere. The women have often to leave their children and go to the hills for wood, or even to dig in the fields; but if provident and industrious, a field-worker frequently manages to save a little money. Sometimes he tries to raise his fortune by farming a small piece of ground, which, perhaps, he ends by purchasing. Though many have to place their main dependence on their hands for subsistence, almost everyone has something "under the sun," as they

say. It appears to me that a day-labourer's condition is not only better here than in England, but that he has more chance of improving it. Failing everything else, a man at the very foot of the social scale, if he can only read and write tolerably, may, by entering the army, hope to become an officer, if he succeeds in avoiding being killed or wounded. The moral effect of such a hope is always salutary, even where it is not realised.

It is easy to guess that under the system of small properties there are many boundary questions and disputes about the division of inheritance. This has produced the village notary. Happy country, where even a village has its lawyer! Naturally he is one of the most eminent personages in the village. Sometimes he fills the office of *maire*. There are two of them in Luc—a village of one thousand inhabitants. This functionary generally gains from 80*l.* to 120*l.* a year—in the country towns about twice as much; but his influence among the peasantry is great, although he does not do so much harm as some might expect.

A more pleasing feature is the existence of tracts of land attached to each *commune*, on which the inhabitants have the right of gathering wood and feeding their flocks. These grounds answer to our old English commons. They are principally waste

grounds on the hills, but have in some instances been reduced to arable land. In this case they are let, and the proceeds used in making the roads and otherwise saving local taxation. The amount of this public property is various. Some small *communes* have more of it than large ones; and there are many traditions which attest the tenacity with which the ancient rights of the people have been upheld against the encroachments of the nobility and clergy.

Without attempting the difficult task of drawing comparisons between the moral tone and condition of two classes existing under different governments, it is no exaggeration to say that a finer peasantry than that of the Drôme could not be had. They are a manly, vigorous, frugal, and industrious people: rougher and blunter than the inhabitants of the plains, they are more sincere and less artificial. No doubt, the inhabitants of the mountains which abound in the south and centre of France add strength and vigour to the whole French race. And one who wishes to know of what stuff these peasants of the hills are made, ought to read the history of the Camisards.* The mountains of Dauphiné and the Cevennes have seen two religious reformatations—that of the Albigeois, and that of the Calvinists; and there are signs that they may be yet the scene of a third,

* *Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes*, &c. Par M. Court.

though it is to be hoped of a more peaceful character.

It is impossible not to be struck with the simplicity of the means which have brought about such an extensive division of property.

Arthur Young, in his well-known tour through France,* found one-third of that kingdom in small properties, and the universal practice of dividing them amongst the children. There were, indeed, many very large estates belonging to the nobility and clergy; and most of these were seized upon under the first Republic. Paper notes, called *assignats*, were granted upon these forfeited domains; but the holders of them were backward in demanding payment in land. The notes continued to be used as money even under a great depreciation, until confidence was in some degree restored in the stability of the government, when they became realised; but all this would have been utterly insufficient to accomplish the extreme partition of the soil which exists in many places. The Code Napoléon compels a man to leave his property amongst his children. If he has only one child, one-half is at his own disposal; if he has two children, one-third; if he has three children, one-fourth. If

* *Travels during the Years 1787, 1788, 1789.* Undertaken more particularly with a view of ascertaining the cultivation, wealth, resources, and national prosperity of the kingdom of France. By Arthur Young.

the children cannot agree about the division of any object, it is sold and the money shared amongst them. The transfer of land is easier than in England, the notary being content with one per cent for conveyancing; but there is a government tax of six and a half per cent. Thus the land has become the property of the cultivator.

People who have large properties generally employ farmers—sometimes at a lease as at home; more frequently the farmer and the proprietor share the produce. This species of tenure is common throughout France; the cultivators are called *métayers*,* the

* Much discussion has taken place about the condition of this class of men in France. Viewed from different standpoints, it has been declared both prosperous and miserable. If the *métayer* be compared with the tenant farmer of our own country, he is, no doubt, poorly off; but his lot is generally an enviable one compared with the British labourer. Much, of course, depends upon the size of his farm. If it is large enough to give him full employment, and he is careful and industrious, he frequently ends by making money and buying a piece of land of his own. If his holding is too small to employ his full strength, he is often able to find employment for his spare time. I have occasionally met with *métayers* on a small piece of land whose situation prevented them from finding access to other employments, and who were evidently in extreme poverty, though this class is certainly not very common in the Drôme. No doubt there are a considerable number of such unfortunate people in France, and the condition of *métayers* would be improved if the average size of *métairies* were increased, though from the corresponding increase in the number of day-labourers the wages the latter class receive would perhaps be diminished. The farmer is more independent than

representatives of the ancient *coloni*. The terms on which the *métayer* holds his land vary in different parts of France, for though he almost always pays one-half the produce to the landlord, there is often a number of special agreements which increase or diminish his profits. In the Drôme, the landlord pays the whole of the land-tax, keeps the buildings in repair, and gives half of the draught cattle and carts. Part of the abbey where I lived was inhabited by a family of *métayers*, who held the arable land and the pastures on the hills. It was easy to perceive that they could not have been more industrious in cultivating the land, or more zealous in improving it, if they had been able to claim the whole instead of half the produce. On the other hand, much less care was taken of the woods, which remained under the care of the proprietor. The *métayer* would not stop his plough to save twenty poplar-trees from having their roots washed away by

the *métayer*, and as he gains all the increase of produce after paying his rent, he has clearly a more powerful interest to cultivate the land to its highest fertility. Nevertheless, in this part of the country, the condition of the farmer and cultivation of the farms does not materially differ from those of the *métayers*. If the farmer has more reason to exert himself, he wants the capital and intelligent oversight of the proprietor. The leases are short, generally not longer than four years; but, where the rent is properly paid, they are almost always renewed.

the torrent which passed near his door. In this case, the proprietor advanced some of the capital; for which, however, interest was paid. Such advances are in this part of the country not unfrequently made both to farmer and *métayer*. Neither the one system nor the other is very profitable: bad tenants are common, and the proprietor, as a rule, does not make more than three per cent upon his property. People are thus tempted to sell their land to the cultivators, and to invest their money in shares, where they can get more interest with less trouble and anxiety.

Thus the division of the larger properties is still going on; but, on the other hand, estates are being continually made up out of small properties by wealthy capitalists who covet the possession of land. There is no doubt that the soil is, in some parts of France, portioned out into too minute sections. There are cases where a *hectare* is divided amongst eighty occupants. Such extreme subdivisions are most common where the land is of most value. Near Bordeaux some of the vineyards are so parcelled out that, for fear of quarrelling, none of the owners are allowed to touch the grapes before all are ready to gather in the vintage. I never heard of anything like this in the Drôme, nor does it appear that the land is passing into too many hands. The theoretic-

cal deduction of Malthus, that small properties must inevitably lead to rapid increase of the population, has been signally refuted by experience. Nevertheless, since this theoretical objection has been restated by other writers, as if it were the result of actual observation, it may be useful to remark that it is precisely in countries like France and Switzerland, where properties are most divided, that population is most stationary, and that people are most cautious and prudent in their marriages.* In the Drôme, as all over France, the proprietors are fearful of their little estates becoming divided amongst many heirs, and it is rare to see more than two children in a family. The son gets one half, and the daughter another; but then, as both take care to marry only with those who have a fortune equal to their own, there is no diminution of income, and nothing

* See *The Education of the Poor in England*, by Joseph Kay (1846), pp. 39, 40; Thornton on *Over-population and its Remedy* (1846), p. 254; *Laing's Residence in Norway* (1836), p. 18; *Political Economy and the Philosophy of Government*, by M. de Sismondi (London, 1857), pp. 170-229; *Œuvres et Correspondance inédites d'Alexis de Tocqueville* (Paris, 1861), vol. ii. p. 375.

"In countries of small farms," remarks Sismondi, "no peasant marries till he is secure of a farm, of a *métairie*, where he can take his wife; unless, at least, he reckons upon succeeding to that of his father. But the son and all the sons of the day-labourer marry as soon as they possess a spade or a pickaxe, which they know to be the only property of their father, and which they have as much strength to use as he."

to complain of, save that the new heirs have their land in separate instead of contiguous fields. If one or both the children die before their parents, the inheritance goes to swell the estate of the nearest relation, and thus there are always large properties by the side of small ones. The objection that no improvements in agriculture could take place, if there were not men both of large farms and of large capital, will not hold good with France. There are always enough of both; and though the French are in many districts somewhat behind in corn cultivation, they produce the best silk and the best wine in the world.

It may be asked, why does the large proprietor not try the system of large farms? Can he get no capitalist to pay him a good rent out of the superior results of high farming? But high farming in France, though it has occasionally been tried, has not succeeded in maintaining its existence against the system of peasant proprietors, save in some parts around Paris. People find that a man who puts his own work into his land, or employs his whole attention in directing a few workmen, can make a great deal more out of it than the scientific farmer, who has to struggle with the weary negligence of bands of day-labourers. High farming has, of course, more chance in the north than in the south. Almost all its

inventions apply to the culture of the cereals. Nobody has yet constructed a machine for shearing sheep, gathering in grapes, or plucking mulberry-leaves, though perhaps the day may come when we shall make our bread by direct chemical combination, turn the farmers about their business, and convert the fields into hunting-preserves and gardens.

Whilst this partition of the soil has been going on in France, the tendency in Great Britain has been quite in the contrary direction. The number of proprietors has greatly diminished since the beginning of this century, and the small farmers are disappearing. A large capitalist can offer, if not a larger, at least a surer rent for three or four small farms than three or four farmers who take them separately. The increased labour commanded by machinery, which can only be had on a great scale, the greater division of hand-labour, the saving of expense in roads, fences, and boundaries, as well as in having only one set of large farm-buildings instead of several small ones, enable him to cultivate with less cost and with a larger pecuniary return than the small farmer; but still the actual power of production is not increased. Nature is the manufacturer; and all that machinery can do is to gather in her fabrics with less cost and trouble. A family who cultivates an acre of ground with the spade and pick will

produce far more than the farmer who does it on a great scale with machinery. As a general rule, small properties give, perhaps, from two to four times as much returns as large farms, in proportion to the area under cultivation. But then the quantity of land under cultivation is small; and supposing the system carried out in the production of the cereals, the produce would be well-nigh consumed by the cultivator. The system of spade-husbandry upon a great scale might reduce the whole human race to the level of day-labourers. The system has, however, one advantage: it provides labour for a very large number of hands, who are thus saved to the state, instead of being compelled to betake themselves to the other end of the globe to find a market for their labour. No doubt, it is a great loss to England that she is unable to provide for her own increasing population, and that the very best of the working classes have to go away to America, enduring all the miseries of separation from their friends, and the exposure and disease which follow the early colonist.

“Everybody laughs at me,” an able professor of surgery used to say, “when I talk about the *juste milieu*,” and though I hope the reader will see the joke, it would be well if he would seriously consider whether there is not a *juste milieu* between the system of great farms and infinitesimal estates. The

estate may be large enough to allow the proprietor who adds his own intelligence, zeal, and labour to the value of the land, to compete with the farmer who has to count upon paying a large yearly rent, and who is often prevented improving the land from the uncertainty of his lease being renewed. It must be remembered, that, though large farms have the advantage over small ones at home, the advantage, after all, is not enormous;* and the principle of association might, to a certain extent, secure the small cultivator the advantages of machinery. Indeed, it has already begun to take effect.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the division of land has certain inevitable limits. People who find themselves in possession of a piece of ground too small to be worth the trouble of cultivating sell it to a neighbour. And, at least in this district, human labour is not employed in so small an area as to exhaust itself in efforts to supply its own necessities. There is a large overplus of produce in wool, silk, fruits, and especially in wine; and there are few of those useless parasites who draw an income from land, which they too often spend in luxury and dissipation in some of the capitals of Europe. Let it not be forgotten, the immense pro-

* Small farmers are yet common, and "bonnet lairds" still exist, who are very well off.

portion of the people of France inhabit the country or small towns. Compare the city population of France with that of England, and you will see the difference. This secures to France a healthy, hardy, and contented people; and, nevertheless, the population of France is increasing much less rapidly than that of England. In England the peasantry has almost disappeared; their place is supplied by day-labourers, and it is to our mills and machinery that we must look for support for the poorer classes. Yet it will scarcely be denied, that, in these occupations, at least the *physique* of our people is deteriorated, and the workers themselves are notoriously discontented. Startling question! Is France then wiser than England? Would the peasant proprietor give up his little estate in order that the *Siècle* or the *Courrier de Dimanche* should be out of danger of warnings and suspensions? Put it to the vote in each country. Let the whole of the Diois be given to a single proprietor living at Paris, who expels the cultivators of the mountains in order to have better shooting. Let the whole of Die be covered with the bills of emigration companies, and half the people be out of work; add a few large farmers—and think what the result would be, especially if this system were extended to every department in France!

No tenants seem more at the mercy of the pro-

+ apply this to Diois

prietors than those of Great Britain. The landed gentleman can turn a man out of his farm at the end of the lease, no matter what good he has done to the land, with the certainty of having half-a-dozen bidders for the vacant farm. On many estates it is an understood thing that the tenant shall vote for any candidate for Parliament whom the landlord puts up. The wretched ryots of India have preserved rights which in free England would make a proprietor's liver hot.

No doubt it would simplify the question if we were to assume that it had a material bearing alone ; but, let political economists say what they may, it cannot be decided by determining which system produces a maximum of produce with a minimum of force. We must consider how the produce is divided, and in what manner the force is employed ; we must consider the amount of moral, intellectual, and physical well-being which each system gives to every class of the people. And, even supposing that the peasant system were to cause a loss in actual produce, we ought not to forget that it would be the few who would be the losers. There is no space left to discuss the subject at length : suffice it to state my opinion, that the country population of France is, as a body, not only better off than the same class at home, but that they have much more real liberty ; for liberty always follows

independence of condition. Each commune has, through its Conseil Municipal, an opportunity of expressing its sentiments upon its own affairs. Each commune joins with the rest to send a member to the Conseil d'Arrondissement, and another to the Conseil Général. The préfet has indeed the power to reject the suggestions of all these bodies, but practically he rarely does so. A préfet at war with his department would be as liable to lose his office as the Emperor himself if he ruled in opposition to the wishes of the nation.

The number of intricate and perplexing questions which present themselves to one who reflects upon the division of the land in France, could not be disposed of in less than a volume; and I only profess to indicate those which I have had some opportunities for examining.

In Scotland, the conversion of waste ground into arable land has in many cases been obstructed by the unwillingness of the wealthy proprietors to lose the luxury of grouse-shooting, and large tracts of pasture-ground have been converted into deer-forests. In France, the tendency is quite the other way; and the woods are apt to disappear under the axe of the small proprietor, who has no time to wait for the slow growth of timber. It is of great importance, however, that the forests should be kept up: when the trees on the hills are cut down, the rain-fall diminishes, and

the rivers draw less water. This is well enough known in France; and the proprietor on the sides of the hills, if he has any land on the plains, is always unwilling to cut down the thickets, which might cost him the loss of the water necessary to irrigate his fields. The government is in France the largest proprietor, and it has always shown the greatest anxiety to keep up the forests. They have recently wooded several thousand hectares of mountain land on the Isère; and in 1857 a law was passed to prevent the too great thinning of forests, which can be stopped when the wood appears necessary for the maintenance of the land upon the mountains, and for protection against inundations, whether of the sea or of rivers. Plantations on the mountains were at the same time made exempt from the land-tax for the first thirty years, and this has been followed up by several other enactments. Similar laws have been found necessary in Switzerland.

Yet another example. The Revolution of 1848 produced a great perturbation in all classes of society, and caused much alarm to the holders of property. Credit was destroyed; and the disastrous consequences were not confined to commercial circles. Many people had bought land upon borrowed money; for it is common enough with the peasants to make up their purchase-money with a loan. Unfortunately,

in the south the harvest was deficient, and the silkworms failed; the borrowers could not pay the interest of the money, and nobody would wait. The consequence was, that many expropriations took place: a great deal of land was in the market, and the price of land fell. The country people were at the same time exasperated by reports that the Socialists in the large cities wished to have a share of their fields. This, by the way, was a mistake; the Socialists did not desire any further division of the land; on the contrary, they would have put it into the hands of skilful agriculturists, who would have directed farm labour on a large scale, and divided the produce for the benefit of society. All this helped to increase the reaction against the Revolution. The agricultural population joined with the commercial classes in desiring a strong central government, who should maintain "order," and "save society." The results are well known.

I do not wish to leave any of my readers under the impression that farming all over France is in the same state as in the Drôme. French husbandry was much behind that of England before the Revolution, but since then it has been steadily making progress; and though it is still behind that of Great Britain in the culture of the cereals, the distance is every day diminishing. Round the larger towns espe-

cially one notices all those modern improvements which are compatible with their system of husbandry, combined with advantages we do not find at home. A correspondent of the *North-British Agriculturist*, in the summer of 1866, finds the farms on the Loire to be as large as the best farms in the Lothians of Scotland, rents from 40s. to 50s. per acre, and capital between 9l. 12s. 6d. and 11l. 8s. per acre.

Immediately before the Revolution Arthur Young* traced the miserable state of the peasantry of France to the extreme partition of their little properties, and thought that a law ought to be passed to render all division below a certain number of arpents illegal. Wages, he observes, were at that time 76 per cent lower than in England, and food as dear. The very contrary measure was adopted in France. A law of compulsory inheritance was passed, and the estates of the nobility and Church divided. The small properties in England, which Arthur Young disapproved of, fell into the hands of large proprietors; and the commons, which he considered the source of idleness and pauperism, were in great part enclosed, and added to the estates of the powerful landowners. And what is the result? In place of the evils this able observer would have prophesied

* *Travels in France*, vol. i. pp. 410-412.

to France, and the gain to England, the wages of agricultural labourers are now better in France than in our own country. The misery of the French cultivator was really owing to a tyrannous aristocracy, oppressive game-laws, and an unequal system of taxation,—evils which, to do Arthur Young justice, he has himself denounced with great force and clearness in his admirable chapter on the causes of the French Revolution.

I am far from advocating any law of compulsory inheritance of whatever kind. It would be strange, as M'Culloch has remarked, that an enactment made to effect the division of large estates could advantageously remain in force after that object had been accomplished; but up to the present time its operation has been on the whole beneficial, though it may not always continue so.

The notion that poor and unscientific farming must go along with small properties is sufficiently refuted by the case of Belgium. It is precisely in the districts which are divided into the smallest farms that the Flemish farmer raises the heaviest crops under the most improved system of farming. Not only do they raise heavier crops than we do out of the same area of land, but they actually feed more cattle in Belgium than in England, though Belgium has only one-sixth of its surface, proportion-

ally to the extent of the two countries, in meadow, and England (according to Mr. Mechi) nearly two-thirds. At the same time, the amount of human labour employed upon the land is considerably greater than in Britain. The peasant cultivators of Belgium have reclaimed desert lands like the Campine and the Pays de Waes, on which no large farmer would have ventured to embark his capital.*

To weigh the merits of the different systems of agriculture would demand more time, space, and statistics than we can command at present; and the question is too important to be lightly dealt with. In all probability it is destined to occupy still more of the public attention; for just as surely as the first Reform Bill was the prelude to the repeal of the Corn Laws, so will the second Reform Bill bring in an inquiry into the complex and difficult subject of our rural polity and landed tenure.

* See *Essai sur l'Economie rurale de la Belgique*. Par Emile de Laveleye. Paris, 1863. Pp. 45, 46, 53, 56, 84, 93, 229.

THE PROTESTANTS IN DAUPHINÉ.

FAREL THE REFORMER—MONTBRUN THE WARRIOR—LESDIGUIÈRES THE GENERAL—DE CHAMBRUN THE MARTYR.

I NEVER lived long in any place without trying to read what had been written on the history, statistics, geology, and botany of the neighbourhood; nor did I imagine, even after living years amongst a foreign people, that I could understand them by merely examining and reflecting on what came under the reach of my direct observation. There are some amusing writers who can produce a magazine article out of a few public buildings, paintings, ruins, and museums, or by simply walking along a street in a foreign city, noting all the sights and costumes which meet the gaze, and then rushing to the hotel and tearing away with pen and ink till the post hour approaches. But those who prefer truth and accuracy to rapid writing ought to study both the history, statistics, and literature of a nation ere they venture to delineate its character. The idea that it is easy to guess the character of a nation from a few days' travel, though very seductive to a clever tourist, is a delusion which could be easily refuted. Guerry, in

his *Essai sur la Statistique Morale de la France*, commenting upon some mistakes of Voltaire and Montesquieu, very pointedly asks, "If, in spite of their genius, such men have failed to guess correctly what can only be learned by observation, and if in certain points of statistics they are reproached with grave errors, would it not show at once too much ignorance and presumption to flatter ourselves that to-day we shall be cleverer or luckier, and that the mere force of genius may take the place of observation?"

"I could live," said Niebuhr, "among a peasantry who have got a history;" yet it rarely happens that such histories can be made interesting to a distant public.

Among these delightful valleys and mountains, which bear on their tops the snows of winter and wear on their shoulders the gray mosses and ferns of our Scottish hills, and at their feet the trees, flowers, and fruits of a sunnier clime, I read of the religious persecutions which the people had come through; and from the roll of heroes and martyrs I have selected four, whose lives may be in some degree interesting to my countrymen, who have so long enjoyed in our own dear land the blessing of religious liberty.

William Farel was born in 1494, in a hamlet near Gap, in Dauphiné. Michelet, who exults in the idea that the reformers were plebeians, can only

find two of noble origin, one of whom was Farel. But it appears that Farel was the son of a small proprietor, and the only presumption that he was of noble family is the marriage of his sister to Honorat Riquetti, one of the ancestors of Mirabeau. Now, it is easy to imagine that the great reputation of the reformer may have made a Protestant nobleman forget the humble birth of his sister ; and other considerations induce me to believe that Farel was after all a *roturier*. He was sent to study at Paris, and when only twenty years of age we find him professor in the college of the Cardinal of Lemoine. The reading of the Bible is said to have turned him from Catholicism, to whose doctrines he had at first shown a zealous adherence ; and from this time he devoted himself to the preaching of reform. He appears first at Meaux, whence he is chased by the clergy ; then at Gap, his native town, where he converts his four brothers. At Basel he sustains ten theses against the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church with an amount of talent and energy which provoked the opposition of Erasmus and gained him the friendship of Œcolampadius. He is employed by the Duke Ulrich of Wirtemberg to preach in the county of Montbeliard ; and then his name is found amongst the reformers of Switzerland, sometimes at one town, sometimes at another, always preaching,

haranguing the people, the ready, ardent, eloquent missionary of the Reformation. He is little, thickset, of vulgar appearance, with sunburnt face, scanty red beard, eye of fire, and voice of thunder. Naturally he has many controversies, and does not spare his adversaries. He attacks Catholicism with fury, irritates its defenders with taunts and sarcasms, carries away his hearers with his burning denunciations of its corruptions and abuses. The priests ring the bells to prevent his voice being heard. Great must have been the power of his eloquence when he, on several occasions, succeeded in making his adversaries confess that they were beaten, and even in leading them to adopt the new faith. Sometimes his rhetoric prevails: the people break into the churches, smash the images, burn the pictures, and chase away the priests; on other occasions the party of the Reformation gains by a majority of voices. Not unfrequently he fails, and is beaten, stoned, driven out of the place, or thrown into prison.

At Granson a Franciscan friar was delivering a sermon. Farel interrupts the preacher, and argues against his assertions. The mayor, who is standing near, abuses and strikes the reformer; then the townspeople and the friars, many of whom had come armed, attack Farel and the minister of Tavannes. They beat them, tread upon them, and injure them

most severely. Next day arrives Von Wattenwyl, who had been appointed a commissioner by the senate of Berne to support the Protestant cause. He went immediately to the church of the Franciscans, where one of them was preaching. When about to ascend the gallery, a monk endeavours to push him back; and his servant perceives that another Franciscan had an axe concealed under his gown. He immediately wrested it from him; and would have killed him with it, had not his master interfered. A dreadful tumult now arose in the church; nevertheless the monk was allowed to finish his discourse. But Farel, skilful and ready in retort, takes his place, and replies to his remarks. The two monks were arrested, one of them was released, and the other banished. "It is delightful," adds the biographer, "that within two years after this both of them renounced the errors of Popery, and became preachers of that Gospel which once they had so violently opposed."*

* See *The Life of William Farel, the Swiss Reformer*. From the German of the Rev. Melchoir Kirchhofer. London, 1837. The principal works used in this short historical sketch, besides the well-known authorities, are: *Les Guerres de Religion et la Société Protestante dans les Hautes Alpes* (1560-1789), par M. Ch. Charronnet (Gap, 1861); *Etudes sur Farel, thèse*, par Charles Schmidt (Strasbourg, 1834); a Manuscript Life of Farel, by M. le Pasteur Rivière (Die), kindly lent me by the learned author; *La Réforme et les Guerres de Religion en Dauphiné* (1560-1598), par J. D. Long, M.D. (Paris, 1856).

In 1532 Farel visits the Vaudois in the mountain valleys, where they had so long kept the Pope's crusaders at bay. He confers with their *barbes* or pastors, and receives their adhesion to the doctrines of the Reformation. It was Farel who was the leader of reform in Geneva. The most active missionaries in this part of Switzerland were Frenchmen—witness Farel himself, Calvin, Théodore de Bèze, and Peter Viret. It was Farel who converted the last, and induced Calvin to settle at Geneva. Henceforth these two distinguished men joined together to complete one another's work: and the very difference of their characters made them useful to each other. Calvin was delicate in health, cold and reflective in disposition, deeply learned, a maker of confessions of faith. Farel, though he had not neglected books, never gained any great reputation as a scholar. Powerful in frame, ardent and impetuous in character, he dealt with living speech and living men. None was better than he to rule over the feelings of the crowd and to carry away the wavering and the feeble. The obstinacy of Calvin's temper was exerted in insisting on dogmatic creeds; that of Farel's was expended and corrected in action. He tried to avoid the approaching schism between the Lutherans and the Calvinists. He was the friend of Melancthon, and thought the Augsburg Confes-

sion of Faith “tolerable ;” yet he publicly defended Calvin’s doctrines upon predestination, and followed Michael Servetus to the stake, trying to induce him to abandon his opinions to the last. He petitioned that the unfortunate physician should be allowed to die a less painful death, but had no doubt of the duty of the temporal magistrate to punish doctrinal errors. “I should regard myself as a criminal worthy of death,” said he, “if I caused only one soul to apostatise from the Christian faith. I cannot therefore pass a more lenient judgment on others than I would on myself,”—reasoning worthy of the crime it sought to defend.

In 1538, when Farel and Calvin were compelled to leave Geneva, Farel retreated to Neufchatel, where he remained pastor, though he still continued his missionary teachings. His labours in Dauphiné have been almost forgotten by his biographers—an omission which we can supply from the researches of the local historians already cited.

Farel appeared at Gap in High Dauphiné in 1560, and preached in a mill about fifty yards from the walls of the town, near the Convent of the Cordeliers. There was a cross hard by, and after the sermon the crowd overthrew it. Farel was no doubt emboldened by the presence of a number of Vaudois, who had sought refuge in France from

the crusade of the Duke of Savoy. He had the hardihood to commence worship in a church in the middle of the town itself. The consuls of Gap are perplexed, and ask instructions from Motte Gondrin, the governor of Dauphiné. Gondrin orders that Farel should be seized, not, as he expressly notes, for the doctrine which he preached, but for his direct disobedience of the royal law, which forbade any public preaching of the tenets of the Reformation. The Procureur du Roi at Gap refusing to obey, is dismissed from his office. Another is appointed. They approach the chapel where Farel is preaching, the door is broken open, and the officers of justice enter the church. Farel still goes on preaching. None of his audience ceases to listen. They approach the pulpit and seize upon the reformer, who clutches the Bible in his hand and is dragged off to prison. But Farel had already too many converts. That very night he was delivered from the prison either by force or stratagem, and let down by a rope from the walls. On the 17th January 1562 appeared a new edict allowing the Protestants to hold assemblies in the country in presence of two officers of the king; and Farel continued his missionary preaching throughout Dauphiné.

The Bishop of Gap became a convert, and assisted at the preachings of Farel in his pontifical

robes. Jean de Montluc, Bishop of Valence, openly advocated a reform in the Church. It was he who by his diplomatic talents gained the crown of Poland for the Duke of Anjou. He was the favourite of Catherine de Medicis and the enemy of the Guises. His influence and example did much to help the cause of the reformers in Dauphiné, who became every day more daring.

On the 17th of April 1560 five thousand people assembled in Valence, and seized upon a monastery, where they celebrated the Lord's Supper. They refused to give up the church. The Duke of Guise sent his brother to Dauphiné with some troops, and a number of cruel executions took place, which seemed for a time to check the spread of the new opinions.

For forty years Protestantism had been on the gibbet and at the stake; hundreds of martyrs had unresistingly suffered the most terrible of deaths, because they had dared to think for themselves. The movement was not yet checked, but the Catholic clergy were more fanatical and inquisitorial than ever, and the temporal power which they wielded more cruel and ferocious. Protestantism, at first confined to men of peaceable and studious lives, was now professed by a large number of the nobility and the wealthier class of citizens. The Prince of Condé and Coligny, seeing that there was

no hope of gaining toleration by peaceable remonstrance, prepared to rise in arms. In Dauphiné the Protestants were particularly strong, and no doubt ardently desired the commencement of hostilities. In peace all the influence and power of the government was used against them; but in war they had at least the chance of successful resistance. There were more than eighteen hundred noble families in Dauphiné, hundreds of feudal castles, and many fortified bourgs and walled towns. The country was highly defensible, for the eastern part was full of mountains, difficult passes, and shut-in valleys, which seemed as if provided by Nature for the defence of the weaker party.

Charles du Puy de Montbrun, of a noble family in the south of Dauphiné, had gone to Geneva to bring back his sister to the Catholic faith; but, instead of this, he returned to his feudal castle a zealous advocate of the new opinions. He replaced his almoner by a minister, and by persuasion, mixed with force, converted his vassals to the new opinions. He set at defiance the Lieutenant-General Motte Gondrin, and threw into prison one of his officers who came to arrest him. He entered the Comtât Venaissin to defend Protestants against the papal legate. Motte Gondrin, who came with a powerful force to support the papal authority, only reaped

disgrace and discomfiture at the hands of Montbrun, who was at the head of no more than five hundred infantry and fifty horsemen. Joining with Paul de Mauvans, a gentleman of Provence, who rose in arms to revenge the death of his brother, he took the little town of Orpierre, and put all the priests to the sword. He assisted the Vaudois against the Duke of Savoy; but failing in an expedition against the city of Lyons, he was compelled to take flight. Disguised as a baker, he sought refuge in Geneva, leaving his castle to be dismantled.

In March 1562 the Protestants, rendered bold by their increasing numbers and provoked by the cruelties of the Lieutenant-General Motte Gondrin, seized on the gates of Valence, and attacked the Catholic party. Eight thousand men soon came to their assistance, led by the Baron des Adrets, who gained possession of the town. Motte Gondrin takes refuge in his house, which he barricades. It is set on fire, he himself is killed, and his body hung on a gibbet.

The Baron des Adrets now appeared as the leader of the Protestant party in Dauphiné, more from private hatred to the Guises than from any religious zeal. The Catholics had dreamt that they would have little more fighting than would give zest to quiet massacres; but the promptitude and severity of Des Adrets filled them with terror. I think anyone

who carefully compares the details that remain to us of the relative strength of either party must arrive at the conclusion that the Protestants were in a minority almost everywhere; but they were braver and better led. Montbrun again appeared in Dauphiné, and Mauvans in Provence. Des Adrets bore everything before him—Grenoble, Vienne, and Lyons fell into his hands. At the town of Die, in High Dauphiné, the inhabitants by a vote abolished the exercise of the Catholic religion, broke the images, dismantled the churches, and paid off the monks, many of whom became Protestants.

The exercise of the Catholic religion was placed under restrictions all over Dauphiné, save at Embrun; in some places it was entirely interdicted.

From Provence and the Comtât Venaissin the Catholic bands entered the principality of Orange, which belonged to the Protestant house of Nassau. They treacherously forced an entry into the town during a negotiation, massacred the garrison and the inhabitants, and burned many of the houses. Des Adrets was a man who did not need much provocation. He stormed four places on the Rhone. The prisoners were put to death with that cold humorous cruelty which heightened the fear of his name. The precipices of Pierrelatte and the donjon of Montbrison, from the top of which the wretches

were hurled, still recall the revenge of the terrible baron.

Montbrun seized upon Mornas, a small place in the papal territory, and threw the garrison from the walls. One soldier remained clinging to the branches of a fig-tree which grew on the edge of the rock, and escaped with his life, though shot at from all parts. The bodies of the slain were nailed upon planks and thrown into the Rhone with this inscription: "Toll-gatherers of Avignon, let these hangmen pass; they have paid tribute at Mornas." This was probably in allusion to an old custom of the Catholics, who used sometimes to commit their dead upon a floating bier to the Rhone, putting at the feet money to pay the destined funeral expenses. The river bore its charge down to Arles, where the dead was deposited in the great necropolis of the Alyscamps.*

* Alyscamps (Elysii Campi), the old pagan cemetery of Arles. According to the legend, St. Trophimus went out to consecrate it, but, through humility, no one venturing to begin the ceremony, Jesus Christ himself appeared, and thus gave a peculiar holiness to the spot. A chapel is still shown where the traces of his knees were left in the ground. The whole plain was covered with costly monuments, many of them of pagan origin, graven anew with the symbols of Christianity to suit their new tenants.

"Sì come ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna,
Sì com' a Pola presso del Quarnaro,
Che Italia chiude, e i suoi termini bagna,
Fanno i sepolcri tutto il loco varo."

Dante, *Inferno*, canto nono.

A legend records that some sailors stopped one of these biers, and took out the money which ought to go for the funeral, and then pushed it away, but in vain; it followed them everywhere till the money was returned, when it at once floated down to Arles.

The irruption of Des Adrets into the Comtât only lasted a fortnight, but the marks of his devastations remain to this day.

Nothing exasperated the Catholics more than the desecration of their altars, the breaking of their images, and the destruction of their relics; and it is natural enough that the excesses of Des Adrets in the south have been more dwelt upon by Catholic writers than the good discipline kept by the Prince of Condé and Coligny in the north; and it must be a subject of regret to such controversialists that the cruelties of the baron excited the direct remonstrances of Calvin, and that the Prince of Condé, who did not dare to depose him, endeavoured to abridge his power. The Catholics communicated to the baron an intercepted letter from Coligny to his brother, the Cardinal of Chatillon, in which Des Adrets was spoken of as a madman whom it was necessary to make sure of. The baron arranged with the Catholics to betray the Protestants, and give up the towns of Valence and Romans; but his design being discovered, he was arrested by

Montbrun and Mauvans, and narrowly escaped with his life. He afterwards appeared in arms on the side of the Catholics, though with little success.

Montbrun now became the leader of the Protestant party in Dauphiné. Neither victory nor defeat seemed to bring any decisive result. The condition of the country was most miserable. The soldiers, many of whom were mercenaries, were scarcely ever paid, and had to depend for their subsistence upon what they plundered from the peasants. The Catholics levied loans upon the Protestants, and the Protestants upon the Catholics. The adherents of the one party grazed their cattle upon their adversaries' lands, seized their corn, and cut down their fruit-trees. Their animosity soon became too great to allow them to live in the same places. To this day there are villages in Dauphiné inhabited by Protestants, others by Catholics, the descendants of the partisans in these religious wars.

The Catholics drove their opponents out of Gap ; for, though in the minority, the Protestant party had hitherto managed to rule the counsels of the town. Many of them retired to Sisteron, and called their chief to their assistance. A furious combat took place, in which Montbrun was defeated, losing nine hundred men, with his baggage and artillery. A few days afterwards the Protestants, men, women, and chil-

dren, prepared to leave their homes. They set out during the night, avoiding carefully the towns garrisoned by the Catholics, who sent out detachments to cut them off. They at first sought a refuge in the valleys of Piedmont, and then, after an unsuccessful attempt to return to France by Mont Genève, they at last gained Grenoble,—four hundred persons, all that remained after twenty-nine days' marching, privation, and persecution through the Alpine passes in the month of October. They entered Grenoble singing hymns. The Protestants of Gap imitated their example, among whom were Farel, well-nigh exhausted with toils and age, and the Bishop of Gap, whom he had converted. They reached Grenoble by another road in time to relieve it from a siege.

The peace of 1563 brought little respite to the Protestants, and no rest to the hero of Dauphiné. The Duke of Alva had marched from the Low Countries to destroy Geneva, and Montbrun led a chosen band to the succour of the fateful Calvinistic city, and followed the retreating Spaniards to Metz.

Farel, after returning ill and exhausted from preaching in the same place, died at Neufchatel (1565), aged seventy-six.

Seven years before his death he had married Mary Toul, a lady of Rouen.

None of his sermons have come down to us; and

though his controversial works had deservedly great vogue during his life, they have now ceased to be read. His correspondence still lies unpublished at Neufchatel.

The Protestants praise him for nearly the same qualities on account of which he was blamed by the Catholics. Simple and unswerving in his faith; bold, ardent, and self-denying in his labours; severe but faithful to his friends, and terrible to his adversaries,—he inspired deep friendship and bitter hatred. Erasmus gives him it back in his own style: “I never saw a man more boldly arrogant, or madly evil spoken, or more impudently mendacious.” Then, again, in his ironical tone: “There is Farel; good Christ, what a pious, what an innocent man! If he has now turned to a better life, I congratulate him. I did not like what he was before—seditious, bitter in speech, and full of vanity.” A man like Farel had little to commend him to the esteem of Erasmus. A worthier estimate of the merit of the reformer has been preserved by Beza in his *Life of Calvin*:

“Gallica mirata est Calvinum Ecclesia nuper,
 Quo nemo docuit doctius.
 Est quoque te nuper mirata, Farelle, tonantem,
 Quo nemo tonuit fortius.
 Et miratur adhuc fundentem mella Viretum,
 Quo nemo fatur dulcius.
 Scilicet aut tribus his servabere testibus olim,
 Aut interibis, Gallia.”

Hostilities soon began again in France. "There never was war for three months," said La Noue, "but men talked of peace; and never peace for three months, but they talked of war." Montbrun led a body of troops to join the main army of the Protestants. They fought at Jarnac and Moncontour. The survivors were glad enough to see the Rhone once more. Mauvans died in battle; but the young Lesdiguières had begun to have his name talked of.

Montbrun was not at Paris on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and most of the other chiefs of Dauphiné who were there managed to make their escape. The butcheries of Paris were repeated at Lyons; but there was no attempt to do the same in Dauphiné, though a few obnoxious ministers were put to death. Montbrun remained hiding for some time. He was promised safety and toleration if he would live peaceably in his own castle; but he took the field, followed by only eighteen soldiers. His old companions in arms soon came to his call, and he recommenced that surprising series of military adventures which gave such a high and chivalrous renown to his name.

After the massacre of St. Bartholomew the Protestants could never trust the House of Valois, and talked in a bolder strain. Henry III., returning from Poland, had his baggage pillaged by Montbrun

when passing from Savoy into Dauphiné. "War and play," said the Protestant chief, "make all men equal. What! the king writes to me as a king, and as if I ought to recognise him! Let him know that is good in time of peace, and then I shall acknowledge him as king; but in war, when one is in arms and on the saddle, every man is the fellow of another."

Livron, a small Protestant town situated on a hill near the Rhone, defied a powerful army with a train of twenty pieces of artillery. The women appeared amongst the defenders, and hurled stones upon the Swiss mercenaries who led the assault. The governor of the place, the son-in-law of Montbrun, was killed and buried in the breach which he had held so well. The king, who appeared to animate the attack, was hooted from the walls; and after thirty days' investment and three assaults, his great army had to raise the siege and retire, followed by the missiles and insults of the defenders, and harassed by Montbrun, who had hung over them with his forces and done them much injury during the siege.

On the 13th June, two miles from Die, just where the Valeroissant flows into the Drôme, Montbrun met Gordes, the Lieutenant-General of Dauphiné, with a considerable force. The cavalry of the Catholics was put to flight, leaving their infantry be-

hind. The Swiss fought bravely, but were defeated with great loss. Four or five hundred took refuge amongst the vines, but were compelled to capitulate. The Swiss had never been so handled since the battle of Marignan. Gordes lost from one thousand to fifteen hundred men. This victory filled the Protestants with joy all over France, and shed the last rays of glory upon the name of Montbrun.

Such are the changes of fortune. Only a month after, in a combat near the western extremity of the Diois, his troops were put to flight, and he himself, having his thigh-bone broken, fell into the hands of the Catholics. He was carried to Grenoble, where he was tried for high treason. Gordes was accused of abandoning his noble adversary, in revenge for the death of his own son, killed in battle near Livron; but his real enemy was Henry III., who had never forgiven the bold words of Montbrun after pillaging his baggage. A letter was produced at his trial which the Protestant chief had sent to Henry at Avignon, written on a scrap of paper, and containing truths a monarch is little accustomed to hear.

The Protestants threatened dreadful reprisals if Montbrun were not allowed to be ransomed like the other prisoners; and his wife was allowed by the princes to offer Livron and Serres in exchange for her husband's liberty. The Guises, with characteristic

baseness, would have had him exchanged for Besme, the murderer of Coligny ; but nothing would appease the rancour of the vile Henry III. save the noble blood of Montbrun. "I knew well he would repent of it," said the vindictive king. "He will die for it, and will now see if he is my fellow." The great captain of the Protestants in Dauphiné was beheaded at Grenoble, 13th August 1575.

A poem published the year after gives us a vivid idea of the high esteem in which this restless warrior was held by his party. Here are some of the first lines :

" L'Eternel, par sa clémence,
A fait naistre en Dauphiné,
Ez frontières de Provence,
Un gentilhomme bien né,
Nommé Charles de Montbrun,
Assez cogneu d'un chascun ;
Qui, pour Dieu et sa patrie,
N'a espargné biens ne vie.

Le premier qui prit les armes
Pour la défense du Christ,
Et qui leva des gendarmes
Contre ce grand antichrist."

Montbrun was succeeded in his command by Lesdiguières, a gentleman of small property, born in the valley of Champsaur, in the High Alps. Such a position seemed too exalted for a man no older than thirty-three, and it was some time before his au-

thority was acknowledged by all the proud and jealous nobles who had fought under Montbrun. Lesdiguières, however, proved himself a successful general, as he had already shown himself a gallant captain. "He was," says M. Charronnet, "a rude and vigorous soldier, inaccessible to fatigue, and of remarkable strength and endurance. Once, when his army was obliged to ford the Durance, he remained on horseback in the middle of the water to direct the passage of the troops from the beginning to the end. Without having the cruelty of Montluc or of the Baron des Adrets, he was a fierce warrior; sometimes jocose, but his jokes were sinister and ominous of hard earnest." A prince of Savoy named him "the fox of the mountains," and stratagem, ambuscade, and surprises are the most striking features of his military operations, which were very well fitted for the nature of the country where they were carried on. Large bodies of men could not be kept together, and regular sieges were often unsuccessful. As in the case of Livron and Chorges, we see whole armies baffled by an insignificant bourg. But towards the close of the war, Lesdiguières took many strong places by the petard, a contrivance he was among the first to employ in France.

Henry IV. used to call him the King of Dauphiné, and step by step he subdued that province by

his skill and valour, and pacified it by his prudence and moderation after thirty years' bitter war.

Lesdiguières learned his trade in the religious wars; but his victories over the Spaniards and the Duke of Savoy gained for him, in the minority of Louis XIII., the high office of Constable of France. Though more fortunate than Montbrun, his history is of less interest, since it was not constantly and unselfishly devoted to a great cause. His monument is still to be seen at Gap, but his name is not popular even in the valley which boasts of his birth. The Catholics hate him for the churches he burned or destroyed, and the images which he broke or melted down; and the Protestants do not forget that the temptations of ambition in the end made him desert their religion. Like his royal master, Henry IV., he was a man of dissolute morals; and though he treated his lady with great outward respect, his affection seemed given to the wife of a silk-merchant of Lyons, who had fallen into his hands in one of his military adventures.

An anecdote told of him shows that he was not destitute of greatness of soul. Lesdiguières discovered that his servant had been bribed by the Bishop of Embrun to kill him. Arming himself, he told the man to do the same, and then said: "Since you have promised to kill me, try to do it, nor lose

through cowardice the reputation for valour you have gained." The man, struck by remorse, entreated pardon, and was again received as his servant. A short time after, the Bishop of Embrun fell into the hands of Lesdiguières, but did not meet with the hard treatment which he expected. "If there were two Lesdiguières in France," said Queen Elizabeth, "I would ask one of them from the king."

The history of Protestantism in Dauphiné during the Edict of Nantes is given at considerable length by M. Charronnet. The ministers, supported by voluntary contributions, seem never to have been well paid. Still their influence was great; and, like their brethren in Scotland, they assumed a censorship over the private life of their flocks which would not be endured at the present day. The Protestants were numerous in Dauphiné, and suffered little from the hostility of the Catholics. Towards the revocation of the Edict of Nantes commenced those persecutions which besmirch with infamy the name of Louis XIV. This prince, whom his flatterers called the Great, had acknowledged with gratitude the loyalty of the Protestants during the troubled times of his minority, and the old fears and calumnies against the reformed religion had been disproved by undeniable experience. Yet, despising the prayers

of two millions of his subjects,* and deaf to the mild wisdom of Fénelon and the representations of Protestant courts, he carried out a series of the most horrible outrages, in which the magistrates and the priests were the criminals and the Protestants the victims. The Inquisition of Spain allowed heretics to escape from its power by leaving the kingdom; but Louis XIV. punished those who attempted to quit France with the galleys for life.

The demolition of the churches and expulsion of the pastors of Dauphiné led to the vagaries and prophecies of Du Serre and “la belle Isabeau,” to secret conventicles amongst the hills, and the appearance of those mental epidemics which, under the name of convulsions or revivals, have so often visited religious bodies when predisposed to yield to exciting influences.†

The Protestants in Dauphiné were very numerous; but as the province lay upon the frontier, the more steadfast and uncompromising managed to escape with their lives.

* Jurieu, *Les derniers Efforts de l'Innocence affligée* (à la Haye, 1682), calculates the number of Protestants then in France at two millions.

† There is some information about these occurrences in the *Histoire du Fanatisme de notre temps*, par M. de Brueys de Montpellier, a Protestant renegade (Paris, 1692), and M. Court, *Histoire des Troubles des Cévennes* (Alais).

In accordance with the plan of this essay, I shall select a single martyr as an example of what the rest had to endure.

To the north of the papal territory of the Comtât lay the small principality of Orange, which still belonged to the great family that has done so much for the Protestant cause. The most distinguished pastor of Orange was Jacques Pineton de Chambrun, of a noble family, considerable fortune, and by far the most eminent for learning and eloquence amongst the clergy of this quarter of France. During the persecutions the Protestants came from all sides to obtain the rites of the Church denied in the surrounding provinces.

“At this time” (1685), says M. de Chambrun,* “they brought children from all parts to be baptised. It was a pitiful sight to see fathers and mothers carrying these innocents from distances of fifteen to twenty leagues. Many of them died on the way.”

The population of the principality, which did not exceed ten thousand souls, was doubled by refugees, who fled from all sides the violence of *la mission botée*, as it was called. Louis XIV.’s method of conversion was to quarter upon the Protestants regiments of soldiers, whose duty it was to behave in the

* *Les Larmes de Jacques Pineton de Chambrun, &c.* Paris, 1855.

most blackguard manner possible,—to terrify, ruin, beat, and torture their hosts. They were, however, forbidden to put them to death or to violate the women—prohibitions which were not always obeyed.

On the 25th October 1685 the dragoons entered Orange, commanded by the Comte de Tessé. They commenced their usual excesses against the inhabitants, who, let it be remembered, were the born subjects of a Protestant prince with whom Louis XIV. did not profess to have any quarrel. The other ministers of Orange were at once thrown into prison. M. de Chambrun, who had long suffered cruelly from gout, was unable to move from a fracture of the thigh.

A guard was placed over him, the churches were seized and destroyed, and the booted mission put in full force. The Comte de Tessé came with the Catholic bishop, and used all species of arguments and promises, mixed with threats, to induce M. de Chambrun to change his religion, but without any success. A number of the inhabitants of Orange, terrified by the ruinous exactions and brutal violence of the soldiery, and after vainly demanding to be allowed to leave France, consented to join the Catholic Church on the stipulation that they should not be obliged to invoke the saints nor kneel before the images, and that they should have the two elements

in the Eucharist. As M. de Chambrun not only refused every act of apostasy, but encouraged the more constant in holding out, the Comte de Tessé, he tells us, "sent forty-two dragoons and four drummers, who beat night and day around my chamber to prevent me sleeping, and make me lose my senses. These new guests crowded into my chamber to demand money from me. My people were obliged to run to all the drinking-houses in the town to get what they wanted. They soon tired of gorging themselves with the most delicate game, and demanded things which one would have required to have gone to the Indies to seek; and all this to gain a pretext for maltreating my servants and my good neighbours who had come to wait upon them in order to lessen their fury. In a few hours the house was turned upside down; all the provisions in it did not suffice for one repast. They broke open all the doors which were locked, and spoiled everything which they could get hold of." Madame de Chambrun was insulted by their obscene language, and was at last reluctantly compelled to seek refuge in her father's house. The noise of drums lasted all night; and if any of the soldiers fell asleep, the officer who commanded awakened them with his cane, in order that they might recommence their noise.

Unable to eat anything, and exhausted by ill-

usage and want of sleep, the unfortunate minister fell into a fainting-fit, which lasted four hours. The dragoons came into his chamber to insult him, and, holding out pieces of meat, said: "Rub his teeth with that to make him better." The Comte de Tessé, who knew that the King of France was anxious that M. de Chambrun should be induced to profess Catholicism, was afraid that he would now die in consequence of the ill-treatment he had received, and spread a report that he had been poisoned. Orders were then given that he should be transported to Lyons. He was conveyed in a litter to the Rhone, amidst the tears of his parishioners; but the pain of travelling made him so ill that he had to remain three weeks at Saint Esprit. A petition which was forwarded to the King of France by the ambassador of the Elector of Brandenburg was disregarded; but through the good offices of some compassionate Roman Catholics, his wife was allowed to join him, and a number of little indulgences allowed him. Notwithstanding his miserable condition, he was again ordered to set out for Lyons. He was carried to the Rhone on a chair, his wife and nephew holding up his legs, the least contortion causing the most exquisite pain.

With much delay and great difficulty he reached Valence. Here he was examined by several doctors,

who reported that it would entail the loss of the prisoner's life to convey him any further. To describe his condition in his own words: "My thigh had become disunited in carrying me, which caused horrible pain, and my sufferings from the gout were getting greater than ever. Nevertheless, I was impatient to set out for Lyons, and a day was fixed for my departure. But in place of that, I saw entering my chamber the Bishop of Valence. My arms were so stiff with the pain of the gout that it was impossible to lift my hand to salute him."

This personage—Daniel de Cosnac, Bishop of Valence and Die, described by Saint-Simon as a bold, unscrupulous, and extremely ambitious man—was one of the most accomplished missionaries of the Dragonades, and M. de Chambrun had good reason to suspect some plot and to be well upon his guard. The bishop commenced by representing that he was sorry to see him suffer so much, but that he might easily avoid it by returning to the Catholic Church. The bishop was prepared to concede that they should take away the images out of the churches and give the cup to the laity, if they could gain some considerable man among the Protestants who would lead the rest. He announced that he was commissioned to offer M. de Chambrun a pension from the King of France.

After attempting in a number of ways to gain over this unfortunate man, it was determined to separate him from his wife and nephew, who were accused of encouraging him in his resolution not to change his religion, and to replace his usual attendants by soldiers. "This speech," says M. de Chambrun, "was like a thunderbolt to me, and terrified me so much that I did not know where I was. I saw well that it was designed to push me to the last straits, and torture me with the most excruciating agony; for if the valets who were accustomed to my miseries could not touch me without the cruellest pain, what could I expect at the hands of dragoons and archers—people without pity and without compassion? I had recourse to prayer and tears to implore God to have pity upon me; but my sins were too great to receive the help that I demanded. Wishing to get on my clothes, to try if I could endure them when I must set out for Pierre-cise (the place of prison in Lyons), as they had warned me to hold myself ready, I suffered so much pain that I allowed to escape me these accursed words: 'Well, I will join the Catholic Church' (*Eh bien, je me réunirai*)."

The guard who was present immediately ran to the bishop, who came, accompanied by some officials, as witnesses, and offered M. de Chambrun a paper to sign, which, however, he refused to do. The bishop,

therefore, contented himself with recording in Latin that the prisoner had promised to join the Church, although he utterly refused to repeat the exclamation which had fallen from him. The bishop asserts in his memoirs that M. de Chambrun not only promised to join the Church, but actually communicated and confessed several times. But without dragging the reader into such a discussion, I feel constrained to reject his account as a bold invention.* The Catholic clergymen were exceedingly anxious to induce the Protestants to make some form of adjuration, when they could terrify them with the dreadful penalties surrounding relapse; and in this case the great reputation of M. de Chambrun rendered them extremely eager to have his name to make use of in order to gain over the recusant Protestants. At any rate, the bishop, assuming that he would be able to complete the work of conversion, wrote to the court that it was already accomplished, and boasted of it to every comer and goer.

The unfortunate minister, on the other hand, was tortured with the cruellest remorse for the weakness which, under the circumstances, no one will be disposed to think inexcusable. He expresses his feelings in the most eloquent and pathetic manner.

* See a full discussion upon the point in a note to *Les Larmes de J. P. de Chambrun*, pp. 164-168, by the editor, A. Schaeffer.

“This sin has made me, as it were, descend into hell, and I can say with truth that I seem to have suffered all that the lost souls could suffer. In my imagination I have descended into these places of darkness, during my life, lest I should descend there at my death, to use the words of a great man of the early Church. I learned through myself what is the worm of conscience which never dies. I cried at every moment, like our divine Saviour on the Cross: ‘My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?’ The chamber where I lay seemed a place of night and darkness. I seemed to hear a voice which said without ceasing, ‘There is no peace unto the wicked, saith the Lord.’ I seemed to see my Saviour, who reproached me with my crime, saying: ‘But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.’ In a word, I counted myself among the number of those whose names are not written in the book of life, whose lot is in the burning lake of fire and brimstone.

* * * * *

‘Ah, wretch,’ said I, ‘thou art no longer one of those beautiful stars which have shone in the heaven of the Church. Thou wert the first in order in the principality of Orange: thy light is eclipsed in darkness. Hast thou any part in those magnificent

promises which are made to the saints? Thou wilt not eat of that tree which is in the midst of the paradise of God. Thou hast not been faithful unto the death; thou art excluded from the crown of life; thou shalt not eat of the hidden manna; to thee shall not be given the white stone whereon a new name is written. The morning star shall not rise for thee, nor shalt thou wear the white garments of victory. How couldst thou be a pillar in the temple of God, since thou hast been weakness itself?" "

Nothing caused M. de Chambrun greater distress than to hear that his example was quoted to induce others to fall off from the faith, and he received private messages asking whether he had really become a Catholic. The bishop, who had got an answer from the king congratulating him on having made so useful a conversion, did not like to lose the credit which he had already gained, and determined to send M. de Chambrun into a remote part of his diocese, where he could still be under observation, and could hold little communication with the outer world. He was conveyed in a litter to Romeyer, three miles from Die. This valley closely resembles that of Valcroissant, from which it is separated only by a ridge of hills. The same lofty line of crags forms the background. It is shut in in a similar manner by mountains, and though the valley is not

so elevated as that of Valcroissant and considerably larger, it presents much the same kind of scenery. The mixture of meadow-land, fields, and vineyards ascending the slopes of the mountains gives it a very picturesque appearance.

M. de Chambrun seems to have been little pleased by the beauty of the spot. "The frightful desert where I was sent," he writes, "is a very narrow valley, to which the only entrance is through a small opening in a rock on the western side. To the east there is a craggy mountain called Glandaz, whose height is so prodigious that it takes three hours to reach the top. To the north and south there are mountains heaped one upon the other, which throw their shadows so far that one scarcely sees the sun shine in winter. What might be agreeable is a brook which takes its source in the mountain of Glandaz, and which by its murmur might serve to amuse the mind, if it were free from black thoughts, as was not so with mine." The inhabitants of the valley and the mountains around were for the most part Protestant, and he derived much support and sympathy from their visits; for he was still troubled with the humiliating recollection of his momentary weakness. The past had made him fear for the future.

A large proportion of the people of Romeyer are still Protestants.

The house where M. de Chambrun lived is still standing, and they show written on the door of his chamber the seventh verse of the fifty-fifth Psalm, “*Ecce elongavi fugiens et mansi in solitudine.*”

The mansion of the bishop, Daniel de Cosnac, at Die, is now used as the tribunal and town-hall. There is a strange interest in passing through the fine old wainscoted rooms, whence the militant bishop used to issue with his attendant dragoons to carry out his favourite text, “*Coge eos intrare;*” * filling those lonely valleys with sighs and lamentations, and leaving behind him a hundred traditions of violence, ruin, apostasy, and martyrdom. The bishop did not forget M. de Chambrun—came several times to see him, and never seemed to have lost hopes of making him a convert, though he steadily continued to profess and practise the Protestant faith. The health of the unfortunate minister still continued troubled by his old complaints; and after eight months’ stay in this place, he obtained leave to be carried to Lyons, to place himself in the hands of a celebrated lithotomist, though it seemed unlikely that he could ever survive the operation. As he was still unable to walk, there appeared little chance of his taking flight; and he was allowed to live at an inn, though carefully watched. On sounding, no

* Luke xiv. 23.

stone appeared, and he determined to profit by the occasion to make his escape. By means of some powerful friends he succeeded in getting a carriage ready, with servants who were dressed like valets. M. de Chambrun himself assumed the splendid attire of a French nobleman of that age. After taking a sorrowful farewell of his faithful wife, who was to remain hiding with some friends in Lyons, he was smuggled out of the inn after sunset, and borne to the coach which was waiting for him. They then set off at full speed for the frontier. His attendants gave him out as a great lord travelling on the king's service, and he had exhausted the remainder of his patrimony to obtain the means of keeping up a proper style.

They travelled by post till they reached the frontier, and thence through the mountain roads to Geneva. There is no space left to relate the details of his escape.

Madame de Chambrun, who had run much greater dangers than himself, arrived some time after; and from Geneva they passed to Amsterdam, where they were received with great kindness by the Prince of Orange.

What seems to have given M. de Chambrun most pleasure, at his own desire—for it did not seem called for by anyone else—he was again received

into the holy ministry by the refugee pastors of the synod of Dauphiné. His continual remorse for a word of weakness may appear excessive and overstrained; but it constitutes the real charm of the book—a charm which no mere literary art could impart. The depth of his repentance might well make a hypocrite ashamed. “Only death itself,” says he towards the close of his book, “can arrest my tears, in order that at the last sigh this holy oil may be found in my lamp, and that I may appear at that moment a true penitent, who presents to God a broken heart. I desire even that these tears may run after my death;” and no doubt they have often flowed from the eyes of those who read this most pathetic volume.

When William of Orange heard how his principality was seized, and how his subjects had been treated by Louis XIV., he openly declared before the French ambassador that he would be revenged; and he kept his word. The King of Great Britain and Ireland compelled the French monarch to give back his principality (1697). The galley-slaves and the prisoners of Orange were set at liberty, and the four pastors who had lain in prison at Lyons for twelve years were allowed to return and resume their ministry. Among them we do not find the name of De Chambrun, who had died at Amster-

dam. The pastors were received with transports of joy ; and all the Protestants in the principality who had been forced to become Catholics at once returned to their old faith.

On the death of King William the principality of Orange fell to the King of Prussia, who exchanged it for that of Gueldres. The persecutions were renewed ; and at the present day there are only four or five hundred Protestants in the town of Orange out of a population of eight thousand.

TOWN LIFE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

ALL the towns which lie along the banks of the Rhone, with the exception of Lyons, bear the same sombre features of decay met with in places that owe their origin to events which give them prosperity and then pass away. Their dull old streets and squares, apparently half-peopled, full of antiquities, Roman or mediæval, seem dreaming of an importance which they possess no longer. Hence such towns are more interesting to the antiquarian than to the ordinary tourist; and most of the books of travels in Southern France are filled with descriptions of ruins and ancient monuments which could be conveniently left to the engraver or photographer. It is indeed interesting to reflect, if we admit the calculations of archæologists, that the south of France must have been in ancient times nearly as fertile and populous as it is to-day. Not only did the Greek Marseilles and the Roman Lyons rival their modern successors, but under the Roman emperors there were large cities, such as Arles and Narbonne, which have now sunk into trifling country towns.

In these old Roman cities the air of antiquity always haunts us. The crumbling stones which compose the walls of the massive old houses were quarried by the Gauls, chiselled by the Romans, pulled down by the Goths and Saracens, put together again in a new form in the Middle Ages, and, since then, have, with a few alterations, sheltered each succeeding generation to the present day. The traveller who goes as far as Avignon will be struck by the beauty of the country around, which has sometimes been called the garden of France; and everyone agrees that the city itself has a most striking physiognomy. Some compare it to a Spanish town, others to an Italian; but it is the character of another age, not of another country, which impresses the mind so strongly. No city which I have seen, not even Trèves, gives so near an idea of what a town was in the Middle Ages as Avignon. That vast and irregular pile of castellated architecture, called the Palace of the Popes, still rears its gloomy height above the houses which divide it from the Rhone. The city walls, built during the time the popes made Avignon the capital of Christendom, are in good repair. Their square or round towers, and the lofty connecting ramparts with corbelled battlements, so different from the low monotonous lines of a modern fortification, give

a lively idea of the manner in which a place was defended in the days of the Black Prince and Du-guesclin. A large part of the existing town appears to have been built in the fourteenth century, though there are whole streets which bear the more ornamental character of the architecture of the seventeenth.

The notion that all those old houses which have a tower in the roof were originally built or inhabited by cardinals does not obtain credence with the local antiquaries. If one ascends to the top of some high building like the church of St. Didier in the centre of the town, he will count about a dozen such houses, all of them inhabited, though it is likely enough that some are even older than the days of the popes. Louis VIII., in 1227, is recorded to have demolished two hundred turreted houses (*domus turritas*). There are undoubtedly mansions in Avignon which Petrarch may have enlivened with his delightful conversation, and upon whose building Madonna Laura may have cast her sapphire eyes. The house of the brave Crillon, the friend and companion-in-arms of Henry IV., is a noble specimen of the domestic architecture of the time. It is now inhabited by the wealthiest banker in the place.

Avignon is full of old hotels—of no great height, but very solidly built, with large gateways and en-

closing square courts. There are, however, no attempts to keep up the marks of former grandeur. The ornaments of the houses are broken and defaced, or half covered with whitewash; the narrow, crooked streets, paved with sharp pebbles, are dirty and ill-cared for. A few people pass along now and then—their sabots clanking on the causeway—speaking the soft Provençal. Most of the windows are covered with wooden blinds, and at every corner you notice an image of the Virgin looking down from its little niche.

The hill above the Palace of the Popes commands a fine view of the town and the adjacent country. On the one side is the Rhone, throwing its two arms round the island of Barthelasse. The nearest branch is half crossed by the four remaining arches of the bridge of St. Benezet, and on the further bank stands the old town of St. André, or Villeneuve, commanded by the castle built by Philippe le Bel. At your feet is the town of Avignon; the heavy level of the housetops, composed of tiles, which age has reduced to one sombre colour of decay, is only broken by the steeples of two or three old churches and some mediæval towers; but if the eye is lifted beyond the dull blot of mouldering masonry, the beautiful country is seen in the pure light of the southern sun. A hundred hills enclose the prospect, among which may be

counted the snowy peak of Ventoux, the Alps of Dauphiné, the mountains of Vaucluse, and the olive-covered hills which look down upon the Rhoné.

Avignon is believed to have been founded by the Greeks of Marseilles, and was a place of some importance under the Roman emperors. It was occupied by the Saracens, from whom it was rescued by Charles Martel. Its inhabitants tried to set up an independent republic, which was destroyed by Louis VIII. In 1305 Avignon became the residence of the Pope, Clement V., but it was not till forty-three years later that it became the property of the popes. It was sold by Joanna, Queen of Naples, for the sum of eighty thousand golden florins, which were only paid in the shape of absolution for the murder of her husband. Seven pontiffs succeeded one another in Avignon. It was in 1376 that Gregory XI. returned to Rome; but on the commencement of the great schism in the year after, Avignon became the seat of the rival line of popes recognised by France, Spain, Scotland, and Sicily, till the Council of Constance in 1414. It was thus a seat of papal power for above a hundred years.

During the long-continued abandonment of the seat of St. Peter, compared by Italian writers to the Babylonish captivity, Avignon became the richest city in the world. The taxes paid by the Papal

States, the tributes from princes who acknowledged to hold their crown from the holy father, the sums paid for the presentation of benefices and civil offices, the head-tax on the whole population claimed from every Christian state, the *annates*, or first year's revenue of every ecclesiastical benefice, formed a stream of wealth which drained the whole of Europe. A bill upon the papal treasury could be cashed anywhere. "Every time I entered the vault of the chamberlain of the pope," says one who lived under John XXII., "I saw bankers, and tables covered with gold, and clerks counting and weighing florins." Such immense wealth naturally attracted adventurers from all nations; and the papal court became the scene of the most extraordinary luxury and dissolution of manners, which have been denounced by the two greatest Italian poets of their time, Dante and Petrarch. "Here," says the latter, "Christ is sold for gold." He calls the Western Babylon a sink of all wickedness and impurity. "Do you not recognise in it Babylon itself?" he asks. "Unless, perhaps, it was an error that on its forehead was written Babylon the Great. Thou truly art Babylon the Little—small in the circuit of thy walls; but in thy vices, in thy endless cupidity, in that heap of all evils, not only thou art great, but very great, immense." Again and again does the poet denounce the pride, lewd-

ness, and other disgraceful vices of the clergy in a tone which falls little behind that of the boldest reformers. In truth, with the residence of the popes at Avignon began the decline of that vast fabric of temporal and ecclesiastical power raised by the great popes of the thirteenth century.*

The pontiffs of the city of the Rhone were all Frenchmen, and guilty, in the eyes of Europe, of unworthy submission to the kings of France. Scepticism began to gain ground amongst the scholars of the universities of Europe; whilst the writings and bold doctrines of Wickliffe and Huss, with the Gallican pretensions of Gerson, were sapping the popular faith, on which the empire of the pope was founded.

The rule of the popes at Avignon was succeeded by that of the vice-legates, which, especially after the Reformation, was severe and inquisitorial. The highest offices were generally in the hands of Italians; the clergy and nobility were exempted from taxes, and the burdens of the state thrown upon the common people. The policy of the kings of France increased the discontent by keeping up a cordon of tolls and customs round the frontiers of the Com-

* Avignon at that time probably had about 80,000 inhabitants. Its population was frightfully thinned by the great plague, the black death of 1348. At present it contains about 35,000 people.

tât Venaissin, which impeded trade and repressed manufactures. The French were very well received by the inhabitants when, in 1768, they took possession of Avignon on account of a quarrel with the Pope. Six years after, the little state was restored to the priests, but in 1791 the people rose against their rulers, and demanded to be united to the French republic. Some dreadful scenes took place: the murder of the notary Lescuyer, by the aristocratic party, was revenged by the slaughter of sixty persons in the tower of the Glacière. The inmates of the fifty monasteries and nunneries in Avignon were turned out of doors, and the whole of the Comtât Venaissin passed into the possession of France.

Avignon has been described more particularly, because in it most of my observations have been made, and the statistics collected upon which the following pages have been written. Let us now, without further preface, commence our review of the different phases of town life in the south of France. It is easy to guess that this sketch cannot include everything, yet it is hoped that nothing very striking or very novel will be left out.

If the father of the future Frenchman be poor, it is possible that he may be born out of the home in which he has to pass so small a portion of his existence. In the small towns *sages-femmes* take boarders,

and in the large ones there are regular establishments for the convenience of women during their confinement. Fairly into the world, and baptised in case of casualty, the infant is swaddled like a mummy by a species of bandage which draws his legs tightly together, and swathes his whole body up to the armpits, almost completely depriving the little creature of motion. In France it is not the custom for women to nurse their children. A lady would think herself degraded by such a plebeian duty, and almost every woman whose husband can bear the expense manages to shift upon another this first duty to her children. If any tender mother dares to break through the rule, she requires to keep up her deranged dignity by a perennial current of explanations. Those who follow trades, such as small shopkeepers, dressmakers, and washerwomen, seem to find it more to their profit to give the child out to nurse, than to suspend their usual occupation. Frenchmen, as a rule, are suckled at one breast, which may go far to account for their meagre and half-filled-up appearance. If the family is rich, they can take the nurse to live with them; if not, the mother occasionally goes to the country to live with the nurse, whom it is prudent to watch. What is a nurse, after all, but a woman whose poverty has tempted her to sell a share of the nourishment which nature has provided for the use of her own

child? Considering the defective manner of bringing up children, it is only remarkable that the mortality in infant life is no higher than it is.*

There is naturally a demand for nurses in France beyond any normal supply, and poor women are sometimes tempted to keep on nursing one child after another for two or three years. Girls who are seduced often leave their child in the country, where the wages of a nurse are low, and betake themselves to a city, where the wages of a nurse are high enough to maintain both themselves and their infant. Sometimes they get rid of their own child by putting it

* I accept, for the time being, the figures of Dr. Farr in his article on "The Mortality of Children in the principal States of Europe," *Journal of Statistical Society*, March 1866. The death-rate of children in France was 29 per cent before the close of the fifth year; in England it was 26; in Norway it was only 17; in Denmark and Sweden 20; in Prussia it was 32; in Holland 33; in Austria 36; in Italy 39.

The *maillot*, or mummy-bandage, so eloquently denounced by Rousseau and Buffon, still prevails in France, Germany, and Italy, and is thought by many physicians to be the principal cause of the higher mortality. It is certainly a matter of deep concern that the infantile mortality of England is so much greater than that of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. This is perhaps owing to the dearness and disgraceful adulteration of milk in our large towns. Milk is not only the best food for weaned children, but the best food for the mother during nursing. In the thirty large towns in England the mortality of children was 36 per cent, in the country only 18. In the French towns milk is much freer from adulteration than in English ones, owing to the vigilance of the police.

into a foundling hospital, which helps to account for the large number of such institutions in France. In the year 1833 the number of children from one to twelve years of age in the foundling hospitals amounted to one hundred and thirty thousand. In 1859 it fell to seventy-six thousand five hundred and twenty, owing to the newly-introduced system of giving mothers some out-door relief. Of these seventy-six thousand five hundred and twenty children, thirty-nine thousand and eight are absolute foundlings. The foundling hospital at Avignon has been suppressed; but there are women who undertake to relieve any distressed damsel of an unpleasant charge, and convey it to Carpentras or Marseilles for a trifling remuneration. This duty is, however, becoming more and more difficult, from the increased strictness of the hospital regulations. Infanticide seems at the same time to be increasing.

Women who have to work for their bread generally send their children to the Crèche, where they are taken charge of for one sou in the day. The *religieuses* will even receive infants. They give the children their little dinner if it is sent with them, and provide amusement for bigger children during the intervals of school. Many a poor woman at home would be glad of such an establishment.

The teaching in Avignon, and indeed throughout

the south, is almost entirely in the hands of the clergy, who perfectly understand the necessity of making their religion a part of the early education of the youth. Excluded from the sympathies of the Liberal party, the government is obliged to court the good-will of the Roman Catholic priesthood, the representatives of the only powerful religious body in the country. Commanding as it does an unlimited amount of gratuitous labour, Roman Catholicism can undersell every competitor. Nor need we wonder that a Catholic government should take advantage of such an offer. That thirty-seven per cent of the population of France receive instruction from teachers bound down by religious vows, who in twenty years have gained about a million of pupils, is a fact which must cause serious anxiety to every religious and political reformer.

The free schools in Avignon are kept by the *Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne*, or by the *Maristes*. These men, who take religious vows for five years, generally live three together, and thus maintain themselves upon the 24*l.* a year allowed to each. Sometimes they keep a *pension*. The children who attend their schools are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and drawing. If any child shows an unusual aptitude for study, he can be recommended by the *conseil municipal* to receive aid to prosecute his

education. For instance, he may get a *demi-bourse* at the Lycée; and this, if he proves deserving, is changed into a three-quarters or a whole *bourse*, that is, his whole board and education are defrayed by the commune. At the end of his term at the Lycée he may be sent, for example, to the academy at Aix to be educated as a government civil engineer; or if the boy shows an unusual genius for music or drawing, he may be maintained in whole or in part at the schools for these arts in Paris. It is pleasing to think that great and rare talents are thus sure of being saved from the depressing influence of neglect or poverty. It is useless saying that great talents will always make their own way. How do we know that? All analogy seems to belie such a heartless theory. An acorn may become a great oak, or be snapped up by a sow. As Æschylus says, Τέχνη δ' ἀνάγκης ἐστὶν ἀσθενεστέρα μακροῦ, Art is much weaker than necessity.

Besides, this system supports and educates a proper standard of cultivation and taste, upon which all excellence is founded. There was one young woman here, a worker in a manufactory, who had a talent for music and a beautiful voice. She was sent to Paris at the expense of the town, and is now a teacher of music. I have heard of several other instances where people of the poorest classes have

thus been helped to change their condition by such generous and well-timed assistance. The distribution of *demi-bourses* naturally excites some rivalry and intriguing, and it would appear they are occasionally bestowed from unworthy motives. The government freely grant this species of assistance to the children of officers and others who have a claim on their gratitude, and the number of these *bourses* is therefore very considerable.

Throughout the south of France the Jesuits have set up seminaries to oppose the Lycées, and not without success. The priests of this wily order are the favourite confessors of the ladies, who are thus easily induced to commit their children to such holy guidance. They promise a more careful, religious, and moral training than the Lycées, and are more assiduous in providing for the amusement and gaining the good-will of the children than the secular professors. They furnish their favourite pupils with introductions to push their fortunes in life, and occasionally help them to make rich marriages. Their class-books are carefully cleared of all suspicious passages. Even the innocent adventures of Telemachus in the Isle of Calypso are expunged from the well-known work of Fénelon. Otherwise their course of study is the same as that in the government schools, though their charges are somewhat lower.

Indoor boarders, or *pensionnaires*, at the Lycée of Avignon, pay from 26*l.* to 30*l.* a year, according to the degree of instruction; the *demi-pensionnaires*, who sup and sleep at home, pay from 15*l.* to 19*l.*, and the out-door scholars from 3*l.* 4*s.* to 4*l.* The course of study, besides the French language, literature, and history, includes the usual Latin and Greek, with one modern tongue, generally English; physics and chemistry have been taught from the beginning, and the elements of zoology and botany have more lately been added.

Every complete education must include the exercise of all the faculties possessed by human beings, and one of the most important of these is the power of observation. Nothing is more useful than to learn how to observe and describe exactly, and this faculty is best educated by the teaching of drawing and some branch of natural history, taught of course upon the object. Botany would seem preferable for this purpose, as its physiology is easy, and plants can always be found for examination and dissection; but the physiology and history of animals appear to possess greater interest for the minds of ordinary people.

If one reads over the programme of study, which embraces French, Latin, Greek, and one modern language, the terms will appear very moderate. Sustained by government, the Lycées do not make

pecuniary gain an object; but they could not be self-supporting without drawing a large number of boarders from the country and the smaller towns. In Avignon, for example, there are two hundred and ten *pensionnaires* to seventy *demi-pensionnaires* and *externes*. From this one may readily conclude that there are no good schools in the smaller towns, which is indeed the case. Parents can now send their children by the railways to the Lycées of the great cities, where they can get a superior education at almost the same rates. We may thus expect to see the best schools concentrated in a few places, and this increasing tendency to centralisation and to the suppression of the inner life of families is the bane of modern French society. The government now holds the reins of thirty-six thousand schools, and enforces one uniform system of education.

Not only are the majority of the pupils in the Lycées indoor boarders, but the other pupils generally spend the whole day under the care of the teachers, and only return at night to their own homes to sleep. There is often a chapel attached for divine service; and thus the parents are relieved from the entire physical, mental, religious, and moral training of their children by the simple payment of a sum of money.

The boys are taught from school-books recom-

mended by the minister of instruction, and go through a given curriculum. All over France you will find the same ideas in the brain of educated Frenchmen, as surely as you will find the same pattern on the buttons of the soldiers from Toulon to Brest.

If the boy shows a marked proficiency in the exercises prescribed, his father will perhaps take him to Paris, his little wardrobe and books enclosed in one of those coffin-like trunks frequently seen on the railway platforms. The old gentleman hires a room in the Quartier Latin. If devout, he takes tickets for a restaurant which engages to supply nothing but fish, haricots, and milk-soup during Lent, gives his son some of those warnings which old gentlemen occasionally draw from their own experience, and which they would fain substitute for direct experiment on the part of others, and then returns home. The young gentleman gets the key of his apartment, of which he is absolute master; and it is not at all surprising that, caged, drilled, and watched even during sleep, up to that very hour, he should be sometimes inclined to indulge himself in pleasures not contemplated by the directors of his education. The most striking feature in the school education of a young Frenchman is strict drill and unceasing surveillance: the most striking feature in his college education is a personal liberty

entirely unrestrained by the opinion of anyone save his own youthful associates. I do not mean to say that the grisette stories of Paul de Kock and other writers of immoral novels contain a true picture of the student life in Paris; but if a young man devotes himself to his books in that distracting city, it is not because his progress is either marked or encouraged by the professors of the university. Having myself studied medicine in Paris, I know that a number of the young men who inscribe themselves in the books of the schools of medicine, law, or any other of the many schools which form the body of the Great University of Paris, lead a vain, unprofitable, and dissipated life. And does not this seem almost sure to follow when young men come to such a place without any previously-acquired habits of self-reliance? It is a significant fact, noted by an old man who had passed his life in charge of the museum in the *Ecole de Médecine*, that almost all the men who afterwards distinguished themselves had while students been in extremely straitened circumstances.

If we are to go to a foreign country to seek a model for new schools for the sons of the middle classes, we had much better look to Germany. And everyone who has compared the two nations must know that the Germans are much better educated men than the French.

Two-thirds of the girls in France who get any instruction at all receive it from the *religieuses*, who are favoured by government and patronised by the curés. In the south the predominance of such instructresses is always increasing; though the qualities which would lead a woman to enter into a nunnery in this century are not those which fit her for taking the charge of the education of girls destined for the world. The training they give is confessedly inferior, and they have rarely the courage to attempt to pass the trifling examination imperative upon a lay schoolmistress, but from which a *religieuse* is excused by the disgraceful favouritism of the law.* The girls of the poorer classes seldom remain long at school, being withdrawn by their parents whenever they are able to do a little household work.

The better-educated class of nuns set up *pensions* for young ladies, and in the south of France, at least, are able to distance all competitors. Even such secular establishments as exist are forced to copy a conventual seclusion. This, as Rousseau long ago remarked, is the great difference between the education of women in Catholic and Protestant countries. But the *pensions* for Protestant young ladies, of which there are many in the south, are nearly

* See the interesting article of Jules Simon, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15th August 1864.

as strict in their regulations as those of the Catholics. The majority of a nation gives its own moral tone to the minority, however much the latter may differ in religious faith. The young ladies in the south do not leave their convents with any contempt for the vanities of the outer world, and their education is seldom as good as that received from secular teachers.

At Avignon there are public lectures on chemistry and meteorology given at the charge of government, and classes for mathematics, drawing, and music. The two latter studies have most charms for the Avignonese. They have produced many artists; amongst others Parrocel, and the illustrious family of Vernet. They possess a remarkable aptitude for music, and the Choral Society of Avignon carried off the first prize for singing at a competition in Paris. The second was gained by Strasburg. This perhaps may be accounted for by the mixture of Italian blood introduced here during the rule of the popes and vice-legates.

I have heard it said that the people of Avignon like better to learn to draw than to read; and the musical glories of Avignon and Carpentras are somewhat diminished by the fact that the department of Vaucluse stands fifty-sixth in the degree of education of its inhabitants. From the registers it ap-

pears that one-half of the people who come to be married cannot sign their own names: and let it be noted that this is not owing to any artificial difficulties, or even to the desire of the parents to put their children to work, though this is occasionally practised here. Gratuitous instruction is, and has long been, as accessible in the department of Vaucluse as in the county of Midlothian; and yet one-seventh of the children fit for school in Vaucluse were in 1859 going idle, and nearly one-half of those at school did not pay anything; on the other hand, the marriage registers of Edinburgh show that only three and a half per cent of the men, and seven per cent of the women, are unable to sign their own name. And this proportion rises no higher than thirty with the poor Highlanders of Scotland,—who have been treated by some as an inferior race,—in spite of the distance of schools in their thinly-peopled country. The main cause of the ignorance at Avignon is the utter indifference of the people; and for this many intelligent men warmly advocate compulsory instruction as the only remedy.*

* M. Duruy, in his *Rapport à l'Empereur sur l'Etat de l'Enseignement primaire pendant l'année 1863*, strenuously pleads for both gratuitous and compulsory education. Instruction appears to be too feebly valued for the people to be willing to pay for it. No one who reads the document through will fail to be convinced of the defective state of education in France. In a hundred

From the time of Louis XIV. Avignon was celebrated for the manufacture of taffetas, and twenty years ago eight thousand hands were kept employed in the industry; but the workmen opposed the introduction of machinery so violently, that the masters were intimidated, and the trade has consequently gone to Lyons. That city, the second in France, has for centuries been the *dépôt* of the silk-trade, —perhaps too exclusively so, for it is the reproach of the system of commerce in France that it has too many intermediaries. Lyons brings her beautiful patterns and the dexterity of her workmen against the great capital and formidable machinery of England, and gains the victory wherever elegance and beauty are preferred. France produces more silk fabrics than England, the Zollverein, Austria, and Switzerland put together. In Lyons we do not meet with those great manufactories where a thousand or twelve hundred workmen coöperate to produce a single article. The different silken products are made in workshops and in private families; and from the humblest abodes not unfrequently issue those exquisite designs which are the despair and

marriages in the towns 28 men and 43 women cannot sign their names; in the country the numbers mount to 32 per cent for the men, and 48 for the women. 818 communes have no schools. But it must be confessed that things have very much bettered since 1833, when legislation was first applied to the evil.

often the models of foreign competitors, and the delight of beauty and fashion. Though the combination of labour might, at first sight, appear more difficult at Lyons, it is worthy of note that in no city in the world has the animosity engendered between industry and capital been more bitter and prolonged. Witness the *émeutes* of 1831. This is no doubt owing to the difficulty of fixing prices to goods ever varying in value of material and difficulty of production. From the costly and dispensable nature of the fabrics of Lyons, the demand for them is peculiarly liable to be affected by a great political crisis, such as the French Revolution and the American war; and hence this demand is uncertain and disappointing.

Marseilles is the glory and pride of the merchants of France. Never since the Phocæans of Ionia landed on the Gallic shore has Massilia been more flourishing than now. Enjoying certain immunities since 1816, she has gained for herself the proud title of the Queen of the Mediterranean. Her prosperity was greatly increased by the conquest of Algeria and the Crimean war, and she dreams of a golden future in the opening of the Suez Canal. Her capitalists are bold and active, her quays are thronged with traders of all nations, and her fine harbour filled with ships from every coast on the Mediterranean. The people are richer, trade is brisker, life is

quicker in Marseilles than in the sleepy inland cities of the south.

Just as Lyons is the creation of the silk-trade, so is Bordeaux the emporium of the far-famed wines grown on the banks of the Garonne and its tributaries. This city, now one of the stateliest and wealthiest in France, was for three hundred years the capital of the English possessions in Guienne. The warriors of Guienne shared in the glory of the exploits of the Black Prince and of the veteran Talbot, Count of Shrewsbury. The people returned with regret under the rule of the French kings. During these times scores of vessels bore the wines of Bordeaux to London; and this traffic did not cease with the loss of the province.

Since the new treaty of commerce between France and England, the merchants of Bordeaux hope that our countrymen will give up their taste for the rough and heady wines of Portugal, the result of habit formed during frequent wars with France, and confirmed by favouring commercial treaties. The enemy they fear most is tobacco, for it is said that the custom of smoking dulls the palate to the delicate bouquet of the wines of the Garonne and Dordogne. Smokers often prefer beer to wine, and it is singular that beer is drunk in half the cafés in the south of France, where it is at least twice the price of *vin ordinaire*.

The people of Bordeaux seem more courteous and interested in strangers than in most parts of the south; and we would fain save at least the city of Montaigne and Montesquieu from the censure of Auguste Comte, himself a native of Montpellier. "In the south," writes he to his wife, "there is a striking listlessness (*une flanerie bruyante*), from Bordeaux, where the transition commences very sharply—an ironical and almost malicious disposition towards strangers, whose money, nevertheless, is as much courted as elsewhere. This shocks me extremely. I liked better the peaceable indolence of the Bretons, so evidently mixed with good feeling."

In Bordeaux the people are much better educated than in Marseilles or Lyons, though their occupations, perhaps, demand less mental effort. A large proportion of the working people are employed in making casks, the women in corking and sealing bottles. What is singular, the people are very sober, though wine is remarkably cheap.

The poorer classes in Marseilles and Bordeaux are not subject to those sudden and merciless fluctuations of trade which distress the manufacturing cities of the north, such as Lille or Rouen. In the south the well-being of the people is more assured, and their condition easier; their houses are larger and roomier; they suffer less from cold; their wants

are less keen and urgent; and their habitual *insouciance* saves them from feeling so deeply many of the annoyances which harass the poor.

Avignon is the centre of the trade in madder, which is much grown in the Comtât. The price of this dye has much fallen of late from the diminished supply of cotton and the increased use of aniline; and the town, in spite of its fine situation, is by no means in a prosperous condition.

France already has nine millions of people engaged in agricultural pursuits; England and Wales scarcely ten per cent of their population. But for the last twenty years the rural population of France has remained stationary, and that of the towns has been increasing. This is no doubt owing to the division of the land having approached its extreme limits, to the accumulation of capital, and the rise of manufactures. At the same time, it is interesting to note that a number of industries which in Great Britain would almost exclusively be pursued in the towns are in France successfully carried on in the country: such are the making of gloves on the Isère, the polishing of precious stones on the heights of Mount Jura, the fabrication of straw-hats on the Rhine and Moselle, of buttons in Auvergne, of lace in Normandy and French Flanders. The same spectacle is seen in Saxony and Switzerland, where em-

broidery, watch-making, and toy-making are successfully carried on in the homes of the peasantry. Able to alternate rural with manufacturing pursuits, and to fill up the idle days of the one with the industry of the other, the country people do not shrink from the competition of machinery; and in Belgium the manufacture of lace is actually passing from the towns into the country.*

The recent commercial treaties and the improved means of communication have done good both to town and country, and especially to the vine-growing departments of the south.† They get a better price for their wine, and import their corn at a cheaper rate. Hence the cultivation of the vine, which is falling off in the north, is prospering in the south. It is impossible to deny that Napoleon III., by establishing free trade and negotiating commercial treaties, has understood the true wants of France and foreseen her future necessities. Nor did he accomplish all this without some temporary loss of popularity, for the public mind was not at all prepared for the change.

In spite of its increasing commercial activity, mercantile men in France have no such opportu-

* See this interesting subject well treated in an article in the *Revue Contemporaine*, 28th February 1865.

† See *Statistique de la France*, 2^e série, t. xiii. 1864, p. xiii.

nities of laying out their capital as are open in Great Britain, and consequently no class of people in the towns is as rich as the same class at home. Merchants' clerks, as a rule, get from forty to sixty pounds, rarely more than one hundred and twenty pounds, a year. Small shopkeepers are extremely common, often dealing in but one kind of ware. I do not think that professional men, such as notaries and physicians, gain much more than the half of what they do in England, even if we take into consideration the difference in prices. Everything, in fact, is slower here. A man graduates at a later age, sets up a business later, and marries later. He is, however, content to retire earlier and with a meagre competence.

In Avignon, skilled labourers, such as carpenters, locksmiths, masons, and shoemakers, get from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d. a day, smiths 3s. 9d., dyers 1s. 8d. Weavers (*tisserands*), always the worst-paid class in France, in the winter of 1864 got only 1s. 3d.*

* These figures were collected in 1864. I have taken the trouble to compare wages and prices as they are in 1867 both in the Drôme and at Avignon; but do not think any alteration advisable. The numerous strikes which took place in 1865 have had little effect upon wages. It is significant of the southern operative, that the dyers of Lyons have struck for shorter hours instead of higher pay. Skilled labourers in Bordeaux, in 1866, got from 2s. 11d. to 3s. 9d. a day; rural labourers in the neighbourhood 2s. 1d. The harvest of 1866 was deficient, and provisions are at present unusually high in price.

In smaller towns the first four trades receive less pay than above. Trained labour in France is worse recompensed than agricultural labour. Any man who can flourish a pick or push a spade in the country round about gets 2s. 1d. a day, and this is paid to all the numerous day-labourers now in the service of the town of Avignon. The difference in favour of trained labour is only two-sevenths; a few years ago it was one-third. In England it ranges from one-third to one-half, and even higher. Thus, while the agricultural labourer in the south of France is, even when dependent on daily wages alone, as well off as the same class in England, the trained labourer is not so. At the same time, we ought not to forget that in the south a man requires less clothing, fuel, and carbonaceous food than in the north. Moreover the English labourer certainly gets through more work than the French one. The physical power of the Frenchman is so inferior, that, on an average, he can only raise from two hundred and fifty to three hundred tons, while the Englishman can raise four hundred tons, to the height of one foot per day.* I have heard this inferiority admitted by Despretz, in a lecture at the Sorbonne. He accounted for it by the greater quantity of animal food used by the English

* Haughton, *Dublin Medical Quarterly*, Aug. 1860. Dr. E. Smith, *Cyclical Changes*, p. 62.

labourer. It has, however, been proved by Professor Forbes that Irish and Scotch labourers, who, in the country at least, rarely taste flesh, are often stronger than English labourers ; and Carpenter* admits that in some cases which came under his notice the porridge-fed labourers of Scotland were found in the long-run to beat workmen who lived on a mixed animal and vegetable diet. Dr. E. Smith attributes the comparative weakness of the Frenchman to his habit of working in the morning before taking food. This much is certain, that the frame of the Frenchman is not so robust as that of the Englishman, and that the average height of the men in France was diminished by the destructive campaigns of Napoleon.† We can understand how the loss of the best men in battle, following on the continual wars carried on by the French during so many centuries, may have done something to diminish the height and strength of the whole people. Britain, on the other hand, has carried on her warlike enterprises at much less cost of life to her own soldiers. The main cause, however, of the superiority of our nation probably is, that the lower classes have, through many generations up to the French Revolution, been accustomed to a

* Carpenter, in *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, July 1850.

† Figuier, *L'Année Scientifique*, 1865, p. 452.

dietary greater in quantity rather than better in quality, and to more general comfort and ease, than the poor and down-trodden peasantry of France.

The comparative scarcity of capital and dulness of trade, the injury done to commerce by the protective spirit of France, and the more rapid increase of the town over the country population, may have something to do with the disparity of remuneration between town and country. In England, on the other hand, the best of our trained labourers are continually tempted either to emigrate, or to take employment in foreign countries. There is a proverb, that France throws away its scum and England its cream.

Women appear to have more sources of employment than in England. A respectable shopkeeper will put his wife behind the counter; indeed, the men sometimes sink into nonentities. Smart young girls are in great demand, and most of the tailoring is done by female fingers. Women gain from 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, female servants 6*l.* to 8*l.* in the year.

Wages in France have risen more than one-third since 1824.* The price of bread, the principal article

* In acknowledging with gratitude the valuable information collected in the different volumes of the *Statistique de la France*, deuxième série, it is perhaps ungracious to regret that the returns are not always brought down to the date of publication. We have, for example, important calculations in reference to the condition of workmen (*Statistique de la France*, 2^e série, "Prix

of diet with labourers in France, is much the same. In 1824 one kilogramme of bread cost 38 centimes, the same weight of beef 82 centimes, of mutton 98 centimes. The present prices of these articles are—bread 37 centimes, beef 1 franc 20 centimes, and mutton 1 franc 40 centimes.*

Considering that the price of many articles of commerce and manufacture has fallen, I am disposed to believe that the condition of the working classes in the towns has, on the whole, improved.

Notwithstanding, the town inhabitants of the

et Salaires à diverses époques") made from returns as old as 1857, and published as late as 1863.

M. About, in his book *Le Progrès*, third edition, p. 155, quotes the *Statistique Agricole* of 1859 to prove that the mean wages of a country labourer are 1s. 2d.; but he has not noticed that these are the wages not of 1859 but of 1852. Since then they have much increased: in 1855 the mean wages were 1s. 4½d., and now probably are above 1s. 8d. The price of rural labour varies considerably in different parts of France. This variation seems to adapt itself to the price of wheat. In the centre of France, in 1866, ploughmen were getting from two shillings to three shillings a day. And why has M. About, in copying the calculation of a day-labourer's income against his expenses, altogether left out the supplementary wages gained during mowing or reaping, calculated at 43 per cent? Why, indeed, but that it told against his wild conclusion that France ought to get rid of fifteen millions of her peasantry, and send them to Algeria, Senegal, Guiana, and New Caledonia?

* The prices are given in French money to avoid inconvenient fractions. I suppose everyone knows that 10 centimes make a penny, and 100 centimes 1 franc.

south of France, as far as I am able to judge, must suffer by comparison with that of the town population of our own country, Germany, and the north of France. Moreover, the country population in the same departments is much more honest and true-hearted, more constant and less vain, than their neighbours in the towns. Undoubtedly the worst qualities of the French—vanity, dissipation, fickleness, and improvidence—are brought out by a city life. In the country avarice is stronger than vanity, in the towns vanity is stronger than avarice. The town people spend their money in vapid amusements. Drunkenness—which is not so rare in the north of France as some writers seem to believe—is almost unknown in the south; but libertinage takes its place. A gentleman who ought to know assures me that the morality of women of the upper classes has much improved, while that of the lower has fallen off; from which he concludes that the absolute amount of virtue and vice in this world is always much the same.

The people are industrious as long as their strength lasts, but they never provide for an evil day; and though the number of charitable institutions and societies of every description in Avignon is remarkably large, yet there is a great deal of misery, and more begging than I ever met with in

a town of the same size. The possession, real or hoped for, of a small piece of land does for the peasants what neither education, public lectures, savings banks, nor prizes for virtue, will do for their brethren in the towns.

The superiority of country over town is confirmed by all the tests of public morality which statistics can furnish. In the rural districts the number of criminal convictions is less; pauperism is less; the number of illegitimate births less; and the number of illegitimate children adopted greater.

In Great Britain it would be difficult to prove in a similar manner the superiority of the country over the urban population. There appears to be more pauperism and more criminal convictions in the rural districts than in the towns;* though we must not forget that many of these are convictions under the game-laws. The number of illegitimate births, in Scotland at least, is greater in the mainland rural districts (10·6 per cent to the number of births) than in the towns (9·7 per cent).

We can scarcely claim any higher moral or physical condition over the French from the trifling difference in the death-rate, especially if we consider the greater amount of infantine mortality in

* See Porter's *Progress of the Nation* (London, 1851), pp. 98-648.

France. There are several reasons for believing that the mortality of European races increases as they approach the Equator; Norway, Sweden, and Russia have a lower mortality than we have.

In France the number of births, marriages, and deaths in the country are all fewer than in the town. In 1854 there was in Paris one marriage for every hundred inhabitants, in the other towns one marriage for every one hundred and thirty-two, and in the country one marriage for every one hundred and thirty-six. In Paris there was one birth for every thirty-one inhabitants, in the other towns for every thirty-five, and in the country for every forty-one. The deaths stood in the order indicated,—Paris, towns, and country, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and forty.

The increase of the population in France is regulated by circumstances which do not appear materially to influence any other European nation; hence no comparison can be attempted from the proportions of the birth-rate.

The average productiveness of the French nation is less by one-half than it was eighty years ago, while the number of married people is greater by one-half. The diminution is thus clearly owing to a lesser number of births to each marriage; and as the productiveness of marriages seems still decreasing, the population may be expected soon to become stationary; and

this in a country where emigration is not frequent. To trace this condition to any physical decline in the French nation, or to the increased use of an animal diet, as Doubleday does, would show considerable ignorance of the subject. There is no proof whatever that an animal diet diminishes human fecundity. In Iceland, where the people live entirely on animal food—fish, mutton fresh and smoked, milk, train-oil, eggs and fowls—the marriages are prolific, and the population is only kept down by a mortality of sixty-four per cent in the first fortnight from *trismus nascentium*.*

It has been remarked by a writer in the *Journal of the Statistical Society*, that where marriages are later, as in Alsace and Brittany, the people have more children than where marriages are earlier, as in the Upper Seine and Lower Garonne; but he does not seem to be aware that the same thing takes place in our own country. The Scotch marry later in life than the English, yet they have more children; the productiveness of marriages standing 3·1, 3·9, and 4·4 for France, England, and Scotland—in other words, for every ten marriages there are thirty-one

* See "Iceland investigated in a Medical Point of View," by Dr. Schleishner, *Brit. and For. Medico-Chir. Review*, April 1850. The assertion of Doubleday, that fish is not animal food, merely shows he cannot work out his own crazy physiological theory.

children in France, thirty-nine in England, and forty-four in Scotland.

In Norway, among a people of small proprietors, the women of the poorer classes try to keep down the number of their children by nursing them for two or three years. The preventive check used in France has undoubtedly become known amongst a part of our population in England, and is operative to a certain extent.

More women are married in proportion to the total number of females in France than in England, and at as early an age; but this is owing, no doubt, to the greater emigration of males from our own country.

Let the reader bear in mind that France is a country whose population is kept stationary, because the people have generally something to leave to their children, and which must necessarily increase in wealth as it increases in productive power.

The most difficult of all puzzles is to find out to what religion Frenchmen belong. Roman Catholicism is the form recognised by the country and the government, and a few years ago it was much in fashion: people who did not believe in a word of its creed recommended it to others with the utmost condescension. Every child is baptised in it, everyone is married in the church; and if you ask anyone his

religion, he will tell you that he is a Catholic. Yet few of the men go to church, and fewer still to confession. I have heard a rigid Catholic estimate that even in the south one-half of all the educated men were unbelievers—some carry the calculation as high as three-fourths; and doubts about the divine origin of Christianity are widely spread amongst the lower classes. You rarely meet with zealous Catholics, and more rarely still with intolerant ones. It is even said that many of the priests hold very liberal opinions. Things have much changed since the sixteenth century, when a difference in faith plunged the whole of France into one sustained civil war. The controversy between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, which seems to excite considerable interest in England, arouses none in France. Protestantism exists quietly by the side of its rival, neither making converts nor exciting persecution.

The women in France are more religious than the men. They generally go to the church, and confess with more or less regularity. The ladies interest themselves in keeping up the charitable societies, and seem to spend a good part of their time in dressing dolls in fancy costumes to represent the birth of Christ in the manger. The three kings of the East, the shepherds of Bethlehem, and a number of figures, such as ladies with crinolines, zouaves,

peasants, and monks, going with toys and presents in their hands to congratulate the Virgin on the nativity, are exhibited in the churches during Christmas. This difference between the religion of the men and that of the women is a striking feature in Catholic countries. A Frenchman is devout so long as his education is in the hands of his mother and the priests. He then becomes an *esprit fort*, though perhaps recommending religion "as one of the pillars of society." When he is old, he sometimes returns to it himself, and generally receives extreme unction,—either as a safe and easy piece of insurance for the next world, or to avoid scandal and to die *comme il faut*.

Very few Frenchmen are anxious to quarrel with the clergy, and still less the people of the south. From the returns in the *Statistique de la France* it appears that there are more priests in the south-eastern departments than the highly Catholic districts of the north-west. The music, paintings, and splendid processions of the Catholic Church strike their somewhat sensuous nature. Its absolutions and indulgences agree with their easy morality, and the charities it offers gain the good-will of the poor, especially in the towns. When a workman turns sick he goes into the hospital, where he is nursed by the *religieuses*. In the mean while his family is con-

soled and perhaps supported by the kindness of the curé of the parish or the *dames de charité*; his children are taught to read by the brothers of a religious order; and if he travels to another town he goes to sleep at the hospice. Relief always comes lighter from the hands of the Church.

There is a certain pietistic tone about the inhabitants of Avignon, which is perhaps the most ecclesiastical city in France. The archbishop here holds his little sacerdotal court, and there are two seminaries for the education of Catholic priests. Three of the eighteen *confréries* of Avignon still exist: the *Pénitents Gris*, which dates from 1226; the *Pénitents Blancs* (1527); and the *Pénitents Noirs de la Miséricorde* (1595). In their processions they wear the colour which distinguishes their fraternity; otherwise their costume is the same—a peaked hood entirely covering the face, with holes for their mouth and eyes, and a long gown tied with a girdle. In this guise they assemble for prayers, they collect money for charity, and go about in procession. The *Pénitents Gris* profess to keep up the perpetual adoration of the Holy Sacrament; but their number is not strong enough or their zeal not fervent enough to carry it on during the night. As there was an unusual drought in the spring of 1863, the brotherhood of the white penitents took the matter in

hand. They made a procession one evening with lighted torches. The result was that it rained within the week. These fraternities are now obliged to recruit their number from the lower classes. Long ago they bore the names of kings and nobles upon their rolls: witness that of Henry III., who was admitted to the orders of the *Pénitents Blancs* and *Bleus* on his return from Poland in 1574, and who tried to introduce a similar order into Paris.

In the Museum Calvet of Avignon is a magnificent ivory crucifix which once belonged to the *confrérie* of the *Pénitents Noirs*. The story runs that the brotherhood had the right of obtaining from the vice-legate once a year the pardon of a condemned criminal, and that the cross was given to the order by a famous artist, Jean Guillermin, to save the life of his nephew, who was condemned for homicide. In the picture-gallery there is a striking painting: the artist, in the dress of the seventeenth century, consigning, with a sorrowful countenance, his costly work into the hands of the members of the order; while two ladies seem overjoyed at the liberation of the nephew, whose chains are being removed. From a monograph in the *Décentralisation* of February 1864, it appears that this celebrated ivory crucifix was in reality made to order by the sculptor, and regularly paid for by the *Pénitents Noirs*,

and the transaction still stands recorded in their archives.

On the Rhine the inmates of the few convents that still exist are in danger of dying of starvation ; but in Avignon there are many applications to found new religious houses, and, what is singular, money never seems to be wanting. As the government is reluctant, the archbishop generally refuses permission to add to the three monasteries and twelve nunneries already established.

In the winter of 1864 we were promised a grand procession of all the religious orders in Avignon, headed by two archbishops, on the occasion of the presentation of the complete skeleton of St. Felicitas from the Pope. She was, it is said, the wife of a freedman, and suffered death for her religion in the reign of Diocletian. Possibly a very worthy woman, she could never have anticipated the tardy honours destined for her memory, which, in despite of the prayers of so many religious people, were never publicly paid, for it rained so hard in the morning that the clergy would not venture out in their fine robes.

In Avignon live a number of gentlemen who lost their estates at or after the Revolution, but unfortunately did not part with their titles at the same time. They naturally cling to a church which fell

into discredit along with themselves, and uphold a dynasty whose grandeur was contemporaneous with their own.* Undoubtedly legitimatism is common in the south of France, and many people believe that it will yet have the upper hand. It is the fashion to go to the church on the anniversary of the day on which Louis XVI. was beheaded. The *carte de visite* of the Count of Chambord is in all the print-shops ; and there is many a white cockade, and many a flag with fleur-de-lis, which will never feel the breeze till the heir of the Bourbons has landed in France to seek the crown of St. Louis. It is rare to hear anyone, even a supporter of his government, in this part of the country talk with esteem or admiration of Louis Napoleon, and demonstrations in his honour always end in failure. If, as his admirers say, France has exchanged an unquiet freedom for a quiet servitude, is there any reason to rejoice at such a sacrifice, or fall into an enthusiasm of gratitude to a man who has forced himself into the best situation in the world? Those who nourish loyalty as

* The following anecdote will show how the pretensions of the old noblesse are received. In Avignon an old marchioness returned a cap with which she was not pleased, observing, "It is only fit for the wife of a concierge." "And if the wife of a concierge had paid me the same money, I should have made it as well," replied the shopwoman. "Then I shall return it," replied the marchioness. "You can return it if you please, but you must pay for it," was the curt reply.

a religious sentiment naturally turn to the Bourbons.

Nothing is more true than the remark of Count Cavour, that the leading idea of Napoleon III. is the establishment of his own dynasty ; and in the desire to fortify his position he has overlooked all other considerations. In the provinces he has increased the central power of the government by strengthening the hands of the Préfet, and reserving to himself the entire right of nominating the Maires and Maires-adjoints. The Préfet, of course, is responsible to the Minister of the Interior, but, nevertheless, his authority is very great. A species of king in his own department, the Conseil de la Préfecture is his privy council, the Conseil Général and Conseil d'Arrondissement his lords and commons, whose suggestions he accepts or dismisses. The members of the Conseils Municipaux, like the other local deliberative bodies, are still elected by the people ; but the Préfet can, if he chooses, overrule their decisions, and even suspend the Maire, dissolve the council, and nominate a new one till the next election. This power is, however, purely defensive, and only to be exercised in cases of assumed necessity. Nothing can be done in the department without his consent ; he is at once the head of the local administration, the medium of all communication with the central government, and

the executor of its decrees. All the local institutions are under the *surveillance* of this long-handed potentate. He fills up the vacancies in the ranks of the inferior *employés*, and recommends the higher ones for the approval of government. He looks after the spies, and bribes or bullies the electors. In a word, he manages everything with which the administrative government has a right to interfere, and a thousand affairs in which it has not.

The emperor himself, in his speech at the opening of the Corps Législatif, has acknowledged that France is shackled by too many regulations; and he has promised to allow greater liberty to the municipal and general councils in the management of their own affairs. But the project of law introduced will hardly satisfy the intelligent and active party, who have long demanded more thorough reforms.* It is not easy to forget that his policy has always been to impair

* The performance has been worse than the promise. In spite of the persevering advocacy of the whole liberal party, so well expressed in the *Projet de Décentralisation de Nancy*, whose avowed object is to restore France to the self-government granted to the departments, to the communes, and to the citizens, by the Assembly of 1789, the government, after two years' consideration, imagine that they can satisfy discontent by passing a law to increase the duration of the office of municipal councillor from five to seven years. The maire still remains the nominee of the government; and as his appointment takes place every five years, it cannot fall at the same time with the election of the council. The préfet can now, in case of quarrel, keep in a municipal coun-

the liberty of the commune, to destroy the collective life of the departments, and to repress all associated attempts at improvement as the incipient workings of a band of conspirators. But if Napoleon III. is no friend of freedom, he has at least the sagacity to understand when he must give in to public opinion.

The emperor ardently courts popularity ; he considerably increased the pay of the *employés*, and resorts to somewhat undignified shifts to gain the good will of the masses. What is the *Moniteur des Communes* but an advertising sheet printed to be posted upon the walls, full of favourable notices, and pleasing and mendacious reports about the emperor's wisdom and success ?

There is even more need of a free press, and the journalists are even more vilely treated, in the provinces than in Paris. Napoleon may prevent them from blaming his policy, but he will never gain their praises till they feel the gripe of the police from off their throats. His apologists say that a government must secure its own existence ; but so must a newspaper ; and how can it do so if it is not allowed to publish the news ?

cil of his own making for two years longer ; and he gets a suspensive veto in case of a dispute between the maire and the municipal council. At this expense of real power, it is little gain for the municipal councils to have the sphere of their administrative action enlarged.

In the decree of January 19th, 1867, the emperor has promised to disuse that extra-legal and arbitrary authority which the government through the police, and sometimes the police without the government, have, since the *coup d'état*, exercised over the press. All accusations against the journals are now to be judged by the correctional tribunals. But the government can act with as much severity, and with less fear of provoking popular displeasure, through its servants the judges, as it occasionally did through the police. Prosecutions against newspapers ought to come before a jury.

The abandonment of an odious abuse of force, which could never cease to be shocking to a civilised nation governed by written laws, is outweighed half-a-dozen times by the suppression of the debate upon the address. The long discussions which took place at the opening of the Chambers, and the keen criticism to which the emperor's policy was every year subjected, might seem to Louis Napoleon as "uselessly exciting public opinion," and to us as coming too late to modify the actions of the government; but in France they stood in place of the liberty of the press. Trenchant attacks upon the policy of the government, which no newspaper could have published as a leading article without being at once suppressed, were delivered in the Corps Législatif by

the most eloquent statesmen in France, and republished without fear by every newspaper in the empire. In the provinces especially they were eagerly read, and had a very powerful reaction upon public opinion.

This was so like the liberty of the press, that it is a great loss for France to have it exchanged for the clumsy right of interpellation, filtering through the president of the parliament and the minister of state, and liable to be checked by two "bureaux" in the Senate or four in the Corps Législatif, and probably leading to nothing in the end; for the emperor could refuse to answer or evade the questions as he chooses, and the ministers in France are responsible to the nation in a very different sense from what they are in Great Britain.

The emperor gives his underlings work which worthy men will be ever slow to do, and no government can court corruption in its own *employés* without danger to itself; yet, with certain exceptions, the present administration of the country is good, though containing the ferments of inevitable decomposition. The executive, though wide and far-reaching, is yet exact and effective; the public tranquillity is perfect; and there are few complaints about the distribution of justice. The government servants are recruited amongst the best men of the

country, and though their bearing is haughtier than in England, there is little that recalls the insolent bureaucracy of submissive Germany. But the emperor has drawn largely both upon the good of former systems and the money of a coming generation, and pay-day must yet come. The same improvident system of giving a temporary employment to the workmen by creating uncalled-for improvements, and paying them on borrowed money, which is met with in Paris, is also to be found in the provinces. The present Maire of Avignon is a good specimen of a local imitator of Napoleon III. Made maire for his subserviency, he got the government to nominate him as candidate for the Corps Législatif, and then used his two offices to be elected member for the Conseil Général. His influence is now so overbearing that, with the help of the Préfet, he can carry almost everything that he desires. Accordingly he has run the town irretrievably into debt to compass very questionable improvements. For instance, he has twice commenced and twice uprooted a botanical garden, which he has now planted on the esplanade above the cathedral, which is no bigger than Trafalgar-square, and whose magnificent view, known to every tourist, is impeded by trees and shrubs which can never grow well in such an exposed position. Wholesale demolitions of valuable houses are just commencing,

to lead a broad street into the centre of the dead old town; and similar improvements are going on all over France, in most cases on borrowed money, in some on the produce of the sale of the property of the communes. But when the interest of all these accumulated debts has mounted sufficiently high to make the towns and communes turn away their labourers, when all the improvements in the streets and roads are finished, what will become of the labourers who have so long worked upon a fictitious demand? Will there not be a famine like that which took place in Britain after the completion of our great lines of railways? Such a crisis will try the strength of the government. The best security which the French have against being ill-governed is, not public opinion, but what is behind public opinion when set at defiance—revolution. It is the knowledge that the French will not be trifled with, and that they have the spirit and the courage to destroy a bad government, which keeps the government anxious and fearful to do its duty, and controls the tyrannical propensities of overpowerful officials. The good which revolution has done on the Continent is nothing to the good which the fear of it has prompted and the evils which it has prevented.

The very mention of politics in Avignon recalls

the murder of Marshal Brune. This brave soldier stopped here in 1815, on his way to Paris; *when the downfall of Napoleon was no longer doubtful*. Brune's severity when in command of the army of the Var had exasperated the royalists; and the popular voice accused him of the death of the Princess de Lamballe—at the executions of September 1792—of which he was certainly innocent. The hotel was surrounded by a furious multitude. He managed, however, to make his way to one of the gates, but was turned back by some of the national guards, and it was with great difficulty that he again reached the hotel. Here the Préfet, Maire, and Sous-Préfet tried to save him from the fury of the people. "Several individuals,"* says M. Vaulabelle, in his

* If we may believe a pamphlet (quoted in the *Biographie Universelle*) entitled *Les Evénemens d'Avignon*, Paris, 1818, one of the murderers of the marshal was a young man whose father had been, and was afterwards, Maire of Avignon and member of the Chamber of Deputies. He reproached Brune with the death of the princess, which the marshal denied.

Among other particulars we learn that a troop of women, and even of ladies belonging to a higher rank, came to dance the farandole upon the square still marked with blood, as had been done by the women after the massacre of the Glacière.

In the petition of the marshal's wife it is stated that they inscribed upon the bridge over the Rhone, "C'EST ICI LE CIMETIERE DU MARECHALE BRUNE, II AOÛT MDCCCXV" (This is the burial-place of Marshal Brune, 2 August 1815); and this inscription the préfet did not venture to erase. A porter was condemned to

Histoire des deux Restaurations, “escaladed the roof and dropped into the corridors. Two of them got into the chamber of Brune, who was standing reading a letter from his wife to soften these hours of pain. They recognised their victim by his lofty stature. The fine and manly countenance of the marshal remained calm. ‘What do you want?’ says he. One of them answers by presenting a pistol and drawing the trigger. The marshal beats down his arm—the bullet strikes the wall. ‘I will show you how to do,’ said the other, discharging a carabine, whose contents passed through the lower part of the marshal’s head. The marshal fell dead. One of the murderers appearing at a window then announced that Brune was no more.” The news were received with cries of joy. Two witnesses were found to swear that the marshal had committed suicide. After the authorities of Avignon had corroborated by their signature this cowardly falsehood, the body was enclosed in a rude coffin, to be carried

death in his absence for the murder, but no one suffered any punishment for it; no damages were allowed; and the marshal’s widow had to pay the expenses of the prosecution.

It is hardly worth while noticing that Brune did not gain the battle of Bergen, where he lost 4000 men, and was compelled to retreat. Nevertheless he gained the battle of Almaer, and was beyond all question victor in the campaign of 1799, since he forced the Duke of York to capitulate and reëmbark, and took the Russian general prisoner.

to the chapel at the artillery barracks. But the murder of Brune did not satisfy the rage of his assassins. "When the coffin enclosing the remains of the glorious soldier, who had defeated at Bergen the English and Russians, and had conquered Holland and Switzerland, was carried out of the hotel and appeared upon the square, the mob of savages, who the same morning had raged against that noble life, rushed upon the coffin, broke it in pieces, tore the shroud, seized the corpse, dragged it towards the bridge, and threw it into the Rhone, with insults and cries. At the moment in which the body sunk under the water guns were fired in odious mockery."

With the murders of Lescuyer and Brune on the one side, and the massacre of La Glacière on the other, the two parties had little reason either to admire themselves or each other. Many families connected with the murder of the marshal in particular are still in Avignon, and it is thought impolite even to allude to the affair. There is little wonder that the people in other parts of France should have a bad opinion of the inhabitants of Avignon, which for so many hundred years had served as an asylum for the scum of the surrounding provinces. "*Bon pays, mauvais peuple*," is an expression I have often heard used against them;

and those who make their vices so much more striking than their virtues have little reason to complain when they get a bad character.

Whatever may be the relative value of the qualities possessed by the people of Avignon, their character does not differ in any essential degree from that of the inhabitants of the surrounding departments. A certain violence of disposition has always been attributed to the natives of the south, and neither the criminal statistics of to-day nor the history of the past belie such an accusation. From the elaborate tables of the *Statistique de la France* it is clear that crimes against personal security are much more common in the southern than in the northern departments; and in the wars of the Reformation religious cruelty took a peculiarly savage cast in the south. The treacherous massacre of the Protestants of Orange by the troops of the Comtât Venaissin, and the terrible reprisals of Des Adrets and Montbrun, were the preludes of St. Bartholomew. The cruelty of Louis XIV. to his faithful and unoffending Protestant subjects led to the insurrection in the Cevennes and the excesses of the irritated peasantry. The massacre of the Protestants at the mill at Nîmes has led to a bad feeling between them and the Catholics, which exists to this very day, and which in 1814 was the cause of deplorable excesses.

Indeed, I have been told by one who ought to know, that there was at that time a very strong desire for a new persecution against the Protestants all over this part of France. If the south did not surpass the north in cruelty during the times of the Revolution, it certainly did not allow itself to be left behind.

I must confess that a prolonged residence in the south has considerably diminished the favourable opinion I had gained of its inhabitants in a fortnight's ramble through the country. But the people of the north of France rule the destinies of the nation, and I have not yet lost faith in their superior intelligence and moral worth.

Curious old customs of Celtic, Greek, and Roman origin still survive in the south. For example, on Christmas-day the people of Provence light three candles, and put on the table three little pots, in which the seeds of wheat are left to sprout in water. A superstitious interest is taken in the growth of these seeds. They carry the branch of a fruit-tree three times round the room, and then burn it on the hearth. The custom of hanging a branch out of the window of a house when wine is for sale recalls the old proverb, "Good wine needs no bush." In Dauphiné, on the birthday of any of the family, they light a candle for every year he has passed,

save in the case of people who do not like being reminded of their age. The farandole, which is still danced in Provence and Dauphiné, the can-diote of the modern Greeks, is perhaps the same as that described in Homer on the shield of Achilles. The festival held in the month of May was probably introduced by the Romans. The people in the department of the Gironde go on Ash-Wednesday to eat snails in the village of Candéran; and the nurses the same day pass their children under the tomb of a saint who probably never existed, in order to make them strong. These customs have fallen much into disuse in the towns; but, as usual, they have more vitality in the country.

Careful research amongst the peasantry has brought to light many curious practices which must be treated as remains of paganism. For example, in different parts of France it is customary to seat women upon druidical stones, in order to cure them of sterility. In others, the young girls go to place a piece of money, or some other offering, upon similar monuments, in order to obtain husbands. Some inhabitants of the Haute Loire "and of the banks of the Lot pay devotion to certain stones, among others to that of Livernon, the peyro martino, which they anoint with oil, as in ancient times. Do not they still, in some parts of France, pay sa-

crifice to the fountains and the lakes? superstitions that one finds amongst the Kalmucks and modern Greeks. The shepherds in Languedoc carry in their sack a black stone, pierced with holes, probably a fragment of lava, in order to preserve their flocks from the rot,—a talisman in which they have the same confidence as the ancients in the meteoric stone.’’*

There is a very marked difference between the Latin and Germanic races, which is well brought out by comparing the English and French. The latter have a pliancy of manners, a delicate sensibility, and a tendency to refine, rarely met with in the rougher Briton. If the Frenchman has anything disagreeable to communicate, he does it in the manner which he considers least liable to cause offence. The Englishman often confers favours in an unpleasant manner. If a Frenchman wishes to refuse a favour, he will very often promise to grant it, but do so in such a manner as to let the person guess that he does not intend to keep his word. The Englishman says No, without any compliments. The Frenchman regards John Bull as brutal. John Bull, who is disposed to trust in promises, considers the Frenchman insincere.

* I cite the learned and able *Recherches sur les Monuments Celtiques du Département du Gard*, par V. de Baumefort. Lyon, 1863.

It comes very much to the same thing in the end : the shortest way seems to us the best ; nevertheless, it would not be popular across the Channel. The vanity of the French is great, easily wounded, and revengeful. Rough, blunt people, who get on well enough in England, would make too many enemies in France. The Frenchman is more finical in his tastes, more artificial in his habits, and, as usual, the difference of character is strongly brought out in his amusements. The occupations of the two nations are in a great measure determined by the nature of the country they inhabit. The Englishman lives in an island, has good harbours, and an abundant supply of coal ; he must thus become a sailor, a trader, or a manufacturer. The Frenchman has a smaller coast, a poor supply of coal, with a fertile country and a fine climate ; his pursuits are therefore mainly agricultural. But both people can choose their own amusements. The Englishman is fond of out-door exercise ; he plays best at the roughest game : he likes cricket, boxing, racing, yachting, and fox-hunting. The Frenchman takes to billiards, fencing, shrugging his shoulders, dancing, and playing at cards ; he is fond of sweetmeats, and delights in dressing himself neatly, washing his face in eau-de-cologne, and loitering about. The English prefer living in the country or suburbs ; the Frenchman seeks the centre of the

largest town in which he can arrange to reside. There is, however, no want of real manliness about him: he likes exercises and amusements which demand dexterity and fineness of execution; but he never shrinks from real danger, and on the battle-field is as brave as the Englishman.

People at home, who read French books complaining of the heaviness of English society, may be disposed to envy those light and elegant entertainments created by the fancy of French novelists, and that affability of manner which is supposed never to desert a Frenchman; and people have assured me often enough that their experience has confirmed their preconceived ideas. It is not so with mine. I have been struck, as Arthur Young was in the last century, by the "excessive taciturnity" of the French at their *tables d'hôte*, which, as far as can be judged, has increased instead of diminished. It would be going too far to say that the French are not more demonstrative than the English; but they are not a frank and lively people like the Italians or Irish, and are much less conversible than the Germans. Indeed, no member of any European nation is more thoroughly satisfied with himself and less inclined to associate with foreigners than the Frenchman; and this not because he is unsociable, but from the very contrary reason. He does not care for anyone who speaks

broken French. He himself very rarely uses any language save his own, unless he is born on the frontier. But the moment a Frenchman is out of the reach of his own countrymen, he becomes the most adhesive and versatile of men. Exceedingly fond of society, he now feels himself compelled to seek it, and is most skilful not only in adapting himself to the new conditions, but in leading his new associates to take up some French ideas. The maritime supremacy of England has enabled her to obstruct and subdue the colonies of her southern neighbour; but the French have had more influence amongst the savage inhabitants of the colonised countries, though in most cases, as in North America, this influence was very superficial. It is France which teaches European manners and arts to Turkey and Egypt; and everywhere we find the Frenchman adroitly playing at foreign manners and customs, and ingratiating himself with foreign nations of the most opposite character.

At the same time the Frenchman, as a general rule, will submit to poverty rather than depart from his dear France; and when he goes to foreign countries he is more saving and readier to return home than the Englishman. The Englishman loudly proclaims the superiority of his own free government and his own manner of living; yet he will go to Russia to live under the most galling despotism, or

spend half a lifetime in India under an unhealthy climate, in order that he may exchange a moderate for a large income.

With ideas of French brilliancy and French hospitality gathered from the observations of travellers of the last century, I was not prepared for the sober reality of to-day life. Brilliancy of conversation is neither cultivated nor valued as it was in the old days of the monarchy. The gay and easy aristocracy of birth has disappeared, and those who fight their way to the top of society have not gained their position by talking. French entertainments are frequently surprisingly flat and tiresome. The practice of giving receptions to all comers on particular days of the week, though very convenient, is somewhat formal, and people given to this habit do not care about being disturbed at other times; so, if it increases acquaintance, it diminishes friendship. At these receptions in Paris the ladies sit round a table with the air of devoting themselves to some fancy-work, and the gentlemen bend over the backs of their chairs to talk to them. They always pay most attention to married ladies; unmarried girls being supposed incapable of talking above their breath, which, nevertheless, is very far from being the case. In the country, people know one another better, and mix together on more familiar terms. Yet, unless he affects the *cafés* and

clubs, an Englishman need not regret that he cannot exchange his own society for that of France, as far as lively and intelligent conversation is concerned.

It is well known that young women are under much greater restraint in France than in Britain; and if one holds out the English practice for imitation, the invariable answer is, that such unusual liberty would certainly be followed by irregularities in conduct. It is clear that individuals here and there would only injure themselves by transgressing an universally-established custom like this; a stranger has little right to profess to understand a people better than they do themselves. Yet if youthful feelings would seem to have more power over women in France, one would not readily attribute this to greater warmth of heart or depth of affection. The marriage of young ladies is arranged by the parents and relations; and as long as a dowry is expected as a necessary accompaniment to the bride, it is unlikely that this parental control will be relaxed. A Frenchman has little scruple in breaking off a matrimonial connection if he does not gain an addition to his income as well as an addition to his expenses. He makes his calculation on having two children, between whom his own and his wife's money is to be divided. Dowries are much rarer amongst the middle classes in England than on the Continent;

and in the other hemisphere an American has defined marriage as an insane desire to pay for a young woman's board and lodging. As marriage settlements are generally insisted on, and as women have an equal right to inherit their father's estate, it is more common for married women to hold property in their own hands; and one consequence of this is that Frenchwomen spend more money upon dress.

It frequently happens that young ladies are married against their consent; not that they are ever dragged to the altar or frightened by threats or ill-usage to marry men whom they detest; but they are led, by a sense of duty or convenience, or by the desire of pleasing their parents, to marry men whom they regard at least with indifference, and whom they would never have accepted had the choice been left to themselves. I once heard a gentleman argue that the women were almost always very well pleased with the husbands they were to get; but his wife interposed, much to his confusion. "They often marry men," said she, "whom they don't care about, in the hope that in time they will be able to love them. Love-marriages," she added, "sometimes take place, but they are almost always unhappy."

Women in the West will hardly renounce the pleasure of having one dream of love; and happy is she who dreams it out with the husband of her

choice without any sad awakening. But those who marry a man they do not love, may love a man they have not married. It might excite some real or conventional indignation to say anything against the fidelity of French wives. Personally I know nothing of the matter; but I have been assured by Frenchmen of all characters and social conditions, that irregularities are by no means uncommon, and it is certain that such things are looked upon much more leniently than in England. The severest things which I could say on the matter would be less severe than what some very popular French writers have written without calling down public protest on them.

The subject of amusements has been shamefully neglected by metaphysicians, and despised by divines, as anyone will find out who attempts to read their works. Amusements may be philosophically classed under two heads:

1. Collateral; that is, those which are arrived at indirectly, in doing good to ourselves or harm to our fellow-creatures, such as eating, dressing, bull-fighting, or talking scandal. Some people, it may be noticed, try to amuse themselves by doing good to others, but they soon tire of it.

2. Direct amusement; such as going to the theatre, the ball, or the café, and writing books on archæology and ecclesiastical history, which amuse those

who hear the play and those who write the books, but do not do any other good worth mentioning.

The people of Avignon are much addicted to all these pastimes, some of which invite farther notice.

The pleasure of being well-dressed is acutely felt all over France—by the women perhaps more than by the men. The ladies of the south have the advantage of being better-looking than those of the north. Hence, with Rousseau, we may smile at their simplicity in following fashions which seem more adapted to conceal ugliness than to adorn beauty. Women of the richer classes are mere copiers of the Parisian fashions, though they select brighter colours. Mourning is put on with reluctance, and is soon thrown off. The dismal effect of a black gown may be diminished by a fine mauve petticoat; gray and purple will do well enough to attest the degree of regret at the loss of an aunt or cousin.

The distinctions of condition are here well marked by difference of attire. One can, with very little practice, distinguish the peasant-woman from the market-woman, the market-woman from the maid-servant, the maid-servant from the shop-girl, by the difference, not only in the materials of dress, but in the fashion and cut. All the women of the less pretentious classes wear caps, and these are sometimes much more costly than bonnets. The peculiar dress

of the Arlesiennes, which is now and then met with north of the Durance, is highly picturesque, and often very becoming to young and good-looking women. The Greek type of beauty prevails at Arles, which was one of the colonies of Ionian Massilia. It is not unfrequent amongst the lower classes to see girls of an almost fairy loveliness, with a fineness and agility of form rarely seen among the Germanic races. The Arlesiennes wear a little muslin cap with a broad black velvet band round it, one end hanging over the left shoulder, the bodice and skirt of their gowns of different materials, with the body low; the shoulders and bosom are covered with a square of muslin or net carefully plaited, and above that by a little shawl of some gay colour. They wear long earrings, a gold chain round the neck, with a cross attached. Beauty is more evanescent than in the north; the women, especially in the towns, soon begin to fade. Hence there is all the more necessity for the time being improved. Every holiday brings out its throng of gaily-dressed women, and the diversity of costume and the brightness of colours is pleasing both to the observer and observed. There is no check to the richness of their dresses but the insurmountable bounds of fortune. The richest lady in the town is the finest dressed, and so on to the foot of the scale. The poor girl, who cannot afford a holiday dress, can at least have a few

red ribbons in her cap, a gay handkerchief on her shoulders, or a smart apron above her old gray gown. The striving to outdo one another in toilette, however, is not a contest of expense alone, but one in which elegance of taste largely enters. A Frenchwoman is little disposed to spend her money freely and leave the rest to the milliner; and the time and attention which she bestows upon the contriving, making, and putting on of her raiment would form a very considerable portion of her whole life. Two or three hours a day are often passed in the laboured adornment of the person. I have been assured by an old gentleman that he and his son were frequently engaged for a quarter of an hour in endeavouring to make his daughter's dress meet; and that ladies who go out to dinner are often too tightly laced to admit of their eating more than a few ounces of food. Indeed, one occasionally hears of them cracking their ribs in the effort to make a new dress meet.

People, especially in the south, do not furnish their houses half so well as those of the same income in England, and are not by any means so particular as to the situation and outward appearance of their dwellings; and the contrast between dwelling and attire is something striking. The dullest mortal cannot help staring at a fresh, pretty, bright-eyed young lady dressed in the costliest silks and laces—one per-

fect blaze of beauty and colours—issuing from some mouldy old dwelling, like a butterfly from its chrysalis in the chink of a dungeon wall, away to make *visites* along the unpaved streets of dirty Avignon, or half-ruined Arles, or dingy Valence.

All this cannot be done on nothing, and an absurdly large part of these people's revenue goes to the dressmaker and milliner; and as the men are by no means disposed to want in their own attire, there is often a difference of opinion as to the disposal of the family budget. On this and other accounts many Frenchmen affect a dislike to marriage, unless accompanied by a tempting dowry. It is a proverb here, that the Lyonnais will not buy houses while they can hire them, nor marry women while they can get mistresses; and no doubt the latter practice is not very rare amongst the young men of France. Gallantry is the amusement of the south, and the abuses it leads to are its heaviest reproach—a reproach which weighs on all classes, though attaching most to the male sex.

Bull-fights are not uncommon in the south of France. They are carried on in the great amphitheatres which the Romans have left at Arles and Nîmes. There is a modern amphitheatre at Beaucaire, and temporary ones are occasionally erected in other towns. The following passage from the

Mireio of Frederick Mistral will give some idea of the sport :

“ Ourrias descends from his horse ; the bulls are collected at the door of the arena. Suddenly five of them dart into the circus, tossing their heads on high, and their eyes on flame. Like the wind after the clouds, Ourrias pursues them, sometimes pricks them with his lance, sometimes outstrips them, sometimes dances before them, sometimes gives them a vigorous blow with his fist. All the people clap their hands. At last Ourrias seizes one of them by the horns. The black monster wishes to disengage his turned-up horns, he backs and flings, bellows for fury, and snorts out blood and steam ; vain fury, useless bounds ! The drover twists to him the horrible head of the brute, and then pushes it the other way. Christian and beast roll on the ground. A clamour shakes the amphitheatre. “ A good man, Ourrias, a good man ! and five broad-shouldered lads hold the bull to mark the baptism of triumph. Ourrias takes the hot iron and burns the back. A company of the girls of Arles, their cheeks flushed with galloping their white ponies, bring him a horn of wine.”

It is the wild herdsmen who take care of the cattle which feed amongst the wide marshes at the mouth of the Rhone who are most expert at this

dangerous sport. In 1864 regular professional bull-fighters were brought from Spain to revive the ancient games of the arena at Nîmes; but the wildest brutes of the Camargue wanted the fury of the Andalusian bull; they allowed themselves to be butchered without fighting; and the southern "fancy" went away disappointed.

Owing to the warmth of the climate the people of the south are little inclined for out-of-door exertion, but are very fond of being in the open air. In the smaller towns especially one sees rows of women sitting before the doors sewing, knitting, or talking to one another, while the men do their work in the open streets. Nothing but inclement weather seems able to keep these people in their own houses. The richer classes during the summer spend their leisure time in their *pavillons*—houses built in the suburbs in the middle of a little garden. The garden has seldom much care bestowed upon it, and the narrow little houses, without verandah and unshaded by trees, show how lightly the people dread what to an Englishman would be the burdensome heat of summer. But the *pavillons* of the smaller towns are generally speaking poor erections when compared with the *bastides* of Marseilles, the pretty country houses on the Rhone and Saone round the wealthy city of Lyons, and the luxurious Chinese

villas which the merchants of Bordeaux have built in the forest of Arcachon.

There is no space here to explain the remarkable difference between the French before and after the great Revolution. The refutation of old prejudices and the destruction of old institutions have led to a new view of life and manners, which has in a great measure changed the character of the whole people. Let any one read attentively the observations of travellers in France before the Revolution of 1788, and then let him cross the Channel and see whether he can find the same people. I do not ask him to seek for that attachment to their sovereigns and that worship of birth and rank which political causes have destroyed. I speak of changes in character and manners against which the Revolution was not directed. These changes have been mainly brought about and fostered by two causes : the great division of property occasioned by the French law of inheritance, which has tended so powerfully to equalise men's fortunes; and the universal prevalence of *cafés* and *cercles*, which has been so influential in destroying all conventional inequalities. *Cafés* and clubs were originally introduced from England; and though their influence upon English society and manners has been trifling, we are told by an intelligent English observer of the last cen-

tury,* that the French “live amongst themselves in a more familiar and friendly manner than we do; and they have not so much need of leaving their homes to amuse themselves, which we are forced to do by the want of domestic society, for which we are justly reproached.” In short, before the Revolution the French seemed to be more attached to their homes than the English. At that time there were very few *cafés* even in Paris, and scarcely any in the largest towns of the south. Now there are two or three in every village, and they are frequented by every class of society. The poorest day-labourer thinks himself entitled to take a few pence in order that he may meet his *camarades* in the evening. The richer man often takes his breakfast in a *café*, and spends the evening in his *cercle*. These *cercles* answer to our clubs. A candidate for admission has generally to be proposed by three members; a ballot is then taken, but it requires a majority to keep him out. In the larger towns the number of members is considerable, and it by no means follows that they all know one another; in fact, a *cercle* is but a select *café*, resorted to by the more elderly

* The accompanying passage is taken from the French translation of a book entitled *An Account of the Manners and Character of the French*, London, 1770. The author was evidently a man of some travel and considerable knowledge of French society.

men. *Café, estaminet, and cercle* are all much the same thing:—men go there to talk, to play billiards, cards, or dominoes (for the French are still gamblers), to read the newspapers, and give their opinion upon them, though the freedom of political debate is somewhat marred by the undoubted existence everywhere of government spies. Nevertheless there are *cafés* of all political opinions: Republican *cafés*, whose walls are adorned with pictures of Lafayette or Garibaldi; Legitimist *cafés*, where one dare not hum “Le Mariage du Pape,” and within whose precincts Henri Cinq is recognised as the legitimate sovereign. It is at the *café* that the Frenchman picks up most of his notions upon history and politics, and forms those light friendships which are so well suited to this transitory world. Is it not wise to secure the amenities without burdening oneself with the duties of friendship?

“Ah, good evening, Michon. Where have you been for this fortnight? I often thought of you. We were just speaking of you before you came in.”

“I have been dangerously ill for more than a month.”

“That distresses me very much. I am delighted to see that you are recovered. But are you not sitting in a draught? Bring your chair a little this way. Ah, that will do well.”

“Have you heard the last news? The Turin correspondent of the *Salut Public* has denounced a scheme of England to seize upon the island of Sicily with the assistance of Garibaldi.”

“Ah, that explains much.”

“He also mentions that England got seven millions from the Greek government for giving up the Ionian Islands.”

“That is what I said from the beginning. John Bull never gives anything but cent per cent.”

“But where did the Greeks get so much money?”

“It is believed to have been furnished by Russia.”

“That is threatening, but no doubt France will look to it.”

The influence of *cafés* and *cercles* upon French character has not escaped the notice of Buckle. In his able and learned view of French civilisation he points out how, by bringing the men together, these clubs diminished the influence of the women both in politics and social life. Though not entirely deserted by the gentlemen, the ladies are now often reduced to associate with one another, and even to be on somewhat familiar terms with their *bonnes*, who accompany them when they go out, according to the rules of French etiquette.

It does not require much reflection to guess what

the other effects are of this out-of-door existence, this life of hollow friendships and *eau sucrée*. A man who spends his time in the privacy of his own home, and now and then finds his pleasure in inviting his friends to share his hospitality or going out to partake of theirs, is a very different fellow from one who is sure of finding his society at his *cercle*, whose son is boarded out in a Lycée, and whose daughter is brought up in a convent.

We have little right to blame a people like the French, very fond of society, very vain, and not very rich, for adopting a method of life so *well organised*, to use their own expression. But we need not be surprised at the want of some of those warm and generous feelings which are best nourished at home. The French are less lively, more reserved to strangers, and less hospitable than they were before the Revolution. On the other hand, the intellectual part of their character is better cultivated. They have less etiquette, more good sense, more independence, and are still by far the politest people in the world. The aristocratic habit of duelling has fallen into disuse with the fantastic ideas which fostered it. Though there is more liberty in England, there is more equality in France. A man may make more out of a small income, and nobody is in the least inclined to interfere with his conduct or opinions.

The Frenchman is less overbearing to servants and poor people, and the homage which John Bull still pays to his titled aristocracy does not raise him in the opinion of his neighbour. Being less obstinate, the Frenchman is more inclined to yield to sudden impulses, and thus his conduct is often extremely inconsistent. The two nations may learn much from each other, though they will probably always widely differ in their tastes. Indeed, the manner of life which a Frenchman prefers, and the loss of which he regrets so bitterly when forced to leave his country, would be very irksome to an Englishman. It is curious to note that our neighbours differ from us even in their social Utopias. The new moral world of Owen differs materially from the fictions of Saint-Simon and Fourier. Their *phalanstères* are but splendid *cafés* and *cercles*, to which everybody is to be admitted, and where the human race is to enjoy an endless succession of *fêtes* and entertainments. Jealous husbands are to be abolished, and children brought up in national *Crèches* and *Lycées*. It is indeed startling to think how rapidly the French nation has been for half a century drifting towards socialism.

What makes life in Avignon worthy of notice is, that it affords an opportunity for studying the Conservative, Legitimist, or Ultramontane party of France,—the party that disinterred the ashes of Vol-

taire and Rousseau, that would place the Count of Chambord on the throne of France, that defends the Encyclical Letter, and would give back Italy to the Pope, Francis of Naples, and the Austrians. This party has a literature, and many of its publications appear in Avignon. There is a *Revue du Monde Païen*, full of antiquated criticism, and articles in the style of Lemprière's Dictionary. It also professes its willingness to deal with sciences not opposed to revealed religion. We have the usual researches upon archæology, and works of Catholic devotion; yet none of these are likely to attract a stranger. The prose of Avignon is dull enough; but the poetry, though equally conservative, has both interest and merit.

Everyone knows that France once spoke two languages, the *langue d'oïl* and the *langue d'oc*. The latter, which prevailed throughout the south, was once the most polished and cultivated, and could boast of a famous literature long before that of the north had begun to appear. Sad indeed was the destiny of that melodious tongue, which for its power of expressing the emotions had been deemed the worthy sister of the Italian, and which had been pronounced by the Courts of Love the noblest of the unlearned tongues. The proud language which had moved under the measures of William of Poitiers

and Bertrand de Born fell through the different stages of neglect and abandonment, till it came to be despised as a vulgar *patois*. Even the old poems of the troubadours were forgotten; and so low had the *langue d'oc* fallen, that one of its own versifiers could venture to write: "Your Provençal tongue is a little like the Durance—charged with mud. It is only good for hucksters, shoeblacks, fishermen, drunkards, and beggars who sleep on straw."

One of the best writers who still continued faithful to the *langue d'oc*, Nicholas Saboly, was organist in the church of St. Peter at Avignon, at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. His *Noëls*, or Christmas hymns, are remarkable for their *naïveté*; and as they are set to very fine airs, they still continue to be sung by the people of Provence. But even here we find a proof of the low esteem in which the *patois* was regarded. In one of these little poems the approaching birth of the Saviour is announced by an angel who speaks in French to the shepherds, who reply in the rustic dialect of the south; and in a colloquy between an angel and two demons, the angels still speak French, while the demons use the Provençal to give vent to a deal of undignified scurrility.

Nevertheless, this despised *patois* still continued to be the mother tongue of the peasantry of southern France, and this class was becoming every day more

numerous and important. Even in the towns, to this day, many people cannot speak French, or speak it very imperfectly. It was impossible that the intelligence of the country should not suffer by the want of cultivation of the language, which began to divide into a number of local dialects, scarcely understood by all the inhabitants of the same province. It became of great importance that superior minds should still continue to write the *langue d'oc*, since this was the only means of conveying new ideas to the bulk of the lower classes. Nearly twenty years ago, Joseph Roumanille, the son of a gardener at St. Remy, in Provence, began to publish verses now loved throughout the south. He has attained the distinction, so rare amongst French writers, of being truly popular, known in the homesteads of the peasant proprietor as well as in the *salons* of the richer and more educated. He made his Provençal fashionable; people who had been ashamed to confess that they could speak *patois*, and who forbade it to be taught to their children, now boasted that they could read *Li Margarideto* (the daisies) and *Li Sounjarello* (the dreamers) without assistance. Roumanille's poems are generally short pieces of a Wordsworthian simplicity; the rhythm is sweet and easy, the sentiments lively and natural, and the general impression pleasing and desirable.

M. Roumanille has perfectly understood the task allotted to him. He has neither attempted too much nor too little. There is nothing low or vulgar in his pieces, yet none of them are too difficult to be understood by the peasants. He excels in conveying religious and moral instruction in a pleasing form. His pathos excites reflection, and his satire comes home to the people among whom he lives. Though a devout Catholic, he occasionally indulges in a little religious pleasantry, which, although it might shock straitlaced people, has none of the mischievous irreverence of Béranger. He has been successful in adapting some of the happiest thoughts of the great poets of the north to the taste of his Provençal public. Roumanille can claim the honour of having founded a school, for his example has been followed by a crowd of imitators, the best known among whom are Theodore Aubanel and Frederick Mistral. The poems of Aubanel, like those of Roumanille, are short pieces, but the style is quite different. His muse is sometimes melancholy, sometimes pathetic, or he tries to excite deep emotions, such as hatred or horror; and his opinions and manner of viewing life are highly characteristic of the Provençal. In his principal work he compares himself to a pomegranate-tree, which is naturally wilder than the other trees. It loves to grow in

stony ground, in sunny places far from men and near God. There it gives to the desert its crimson blossoms; love and the sun make them fertile; and under its red flower grow a thousand coral seeds, a thousand pretty sisters in the same cradle. If the reader will take the trouble to procure the article of M. René Taillandier, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (15th October 1859), he will find an account of modern Provençal poetry written by one very well acquainted with the subject. M. Taillandier thinks more favourably of Aubanel than the writer of this work, for, in truth, I am not easily pleased by a poet who attempts to make me melancholy.

The name of Jacques Jasmin, the barber-poet of Agen, is already known to every reader of Longfellow; and as his *Curl-papers** have been translated into English, it would be uncalled for to review them here. Nor shall we attempt to interest our readers about all the stars in the "Avignonese Pleiad."

Had Jean Reboul written in Provençal, instead of boldly taking his chance in French, he would undoubtedly have already gained a place in our review of the poetry of the South, where he is both widely known and not undeservedly admired. M. Re-

* *Les Papillotes de Jacques Jasmin*. Paris, 1860. There is an excellent Dictionary of the Provençal language, ancient and modern, with French vocabulary, by Honnorat. Digne, 1846.

boul, a baker in Nîmes, claims to be sprung from the ranks of the people: nevertheless he cannot be called a poet of the people; he has neither the force, the passion, nor the simplicity required for such a part; nor does he appeal to that broad class of sympathies which, interesting every rank, educated and uneducated, can move all alike. Whatever his early training may have been, his poems are full of allusions and illustrations drawn from a considerable course of reading rather than from original observations, and repeat those worn-out allusions to the Greek mythology which destroy the impression of simplicity, without adding that of learning. His short pieces are graceful and pleasing, sometimes pathetic. He has religious poems, like his other brother-poets in the south of France. The best of these, "La Défaite de Sennacherib," is but a paraphrase from Byron; and if the works of the English poet were not pretty well known in France, one might be tempted to blame the Languedocian for omitting all explanation of the source of his borrowed inspiration.

In his address to Chateaubriand, and his tribute to the memory of Charles X., we have a display of those Legitimist feelings, and that scorn for innovations and revolutions, common in the lazy South:

“ Le caillou peut briser un vase d'or,
 Mais ses débris, dispersés sur la terre,
 À tous les yeux sont précieux encor,
 Et le caillou reste une vile pierre.”

“ A Siesta,” the title of one of his poems, is likely enough to catch the eye of a northern reader. When the glowing heat of the sun has caused the streets of the city to be deserted, and spread the silence of night over the middle of the day, the poet, reclining on the sofa, allows his fugitive and dreamy imagination to wander over times and places. In a variety of measures we have visions of love, unsatisfied longings, complaints of poverty and neglect; at last terrible visions of sorcery and enchantment, from which he is awakened by a friend, who comes in to take him out to the promenade in the cool of the evening. Here is an eloquent account of the fortune a poet has to bestow :

“ Je veux t'obtenir de ton père.
 Ma fortune a de quoi te faire un sort prospère ;
 J'ai des jardins, superbes fils de l'art,
 Suspendus dans les airs sur d'immenses portiques,
 Des perspectives magnifiques
 De cèdres fabuleux où se perd le regard,
 Des fleurs dont le parfum serait digne de l'ange,
 Et des oiseaux parés de si vives couleurs
 Que l'on prend quelquefois, trompé par leur mélange,
 Les fleurs pour les oiseaux, les oiseaux pour les fleurs ;
 Tout ce qu'on peut créer de beau par la pensée ;
 Et des bains de porphyre, un palais sans pareil.

Quand tu reposeras sur la pourpre affaissée,
De la plume du paon en éventail tressée
Des captives viendront rafraîchir ton sommeil,
Et de blancs éléphants, harnachés avec pompe,

Viendront attendre ton réveil,
Pour te saluer de leur trompe
Ainsi qu'un lever de soleil. . . .

Mais ma tête s'égare et mon triste délire

M'érige seul en si haut rang.
Ah ! je ne suis qu'un pauvre Franc
Qui vit en chantant sur la lyre.

Je n'ai que mon amour, mon ange, à te donner,
Des chants, dons précieux de la muse suave ;
Je baiserais tes pieds, je serais ton esclave,
Mes destins indigents se feront pardonner."

Of all the productions of the Felibres, as the singers of the new school of Provençal poetry delight to call themselves, the *Mireio* of Frederick Mistral is at once the most striking and the most likely to be relished by those who live out of the area in which the Provençal tongue is still spoken. Indeed, it has been widely read all over France, and translated into Italian and Spanish. It is a very ambitious production, and its execution deserves high praise, though an ill-natured critic could find much to blame. Under the guise of a story of humble life we have what might be rearranged into a complete poetical description of Provence. It is difficult to chase two hares at once ; and though it must be confessed that the story adds interest to the description, it is not to

be denied that the digressions often hang heavily upon the story.

What finer subject for a descriptive poem than this beautiful land of Provence! It contains within itself every variety of natural scenery and historical association. On its eastern limit are the Alps, whose torrents feed the impetuous Durance, which waters, and sometimes floods, the northern confines of Provence. To the west is the Rhone; now gliding amongst rocky hills and green islets, now passing ancient cities and castles built on lofty crags, and at last losing itself amongst the marshes of the Camargue. The country in general is full of those wide valleys and pleasant hills which vary the face of France. The olive adorns the dry and barren hill-tops with its dusky silvery leaves; the vineyards cover the slopes; gardens and fruit-trees, and fields of corn and madder, with their ever-green hedges of cypress, give a half-foreign, half-familiar air to the open country; while to the south the beautiful land is washed by the sunny waters of the middle sea.

The Gaul, the Greek, the Roman, the Goth, the Saracen, and the Frank, have all left their memories and traditions, and the Provençal language is itself a monument of a brighter day. There are more antiquities in Provence than an antiquarian could

survey in a year: gigantic aqueducts, long dry, but which once watered cities now without inhabitants; theatres and amphitheatres covered with ivy and pellitory, where the laugh and the shout have been hushed for a thousand years; castles of half-forgotten princes, troubadours, and warriors; abandoned monasteries and venerable churches; and the hundred other relics of an ancient civilisation hardly interrupted from the foundation of Marseilles. All this is rich material, and M. Mistral uses it up. His muse is decked like a jeweller's wife, with all the ornaments in her husband's shop.

As the poem contains many agreeable illustrations of Provençal life and character, the reader will perhaps be not ill-pleased to have a sketch of the story, with a few extracts, which, however, must lose much of their beauty in translation.

Ambroise, a poor basket-maker, who dwells in winter in a cottage near the mouth of the Rhone, and who wanders about mending baskets all the fine weather, comes to the Mas des Micocoules, where dwells Ramon, a well-to-do peasant proprietor. Ambroise has a son named Vincent,—an active and good-looking lad,—who accompanies his father in his wanderings. After plaiting the osier the whole day, they sit down in the evening at the stone table in front of the house where Maître Ramon dines with

his working people, in the wonted style of a southern peasant proprietor. The old basket-maker pleases them all with a song describing a victory of one Provençal vessel over three ships of the King of England.

The working people go away to water the cattle, when Mireio, the daughter of Maître Ramon, is left alone with Vincent. "Never had the hills of Baux nor the plains of the Crau seen anything more beautiful than the lovely Provençal maiden. Her look is more pleasing than a dew-drop; the light of the stars is less sweet and less pure. Her splendid black tresses hang in curls round her head; her breast is like twin peaches not yet ripe."

Sportive, lively, and a little wild, she soon commences to talk with Vincent.

"When you wander here and there mending baskets," says she, "you ought to see ancient castles and wild places and festivals. As for us, we never leave our dovecot."

The young Vincent then relates his vagrant observations and adventures, much to the amusement of Mireio. "To be the son of a basket-maker he speaks well."

"O, mother, it is a pleasure to sleep in winter; but just now the night is too clear. Let us listen to him still; I would pass my life in hearing him."

Soon after, Vincent, passing gaily along the

meadow, recognises Mireio, who is mounted on a mulberry-tree plucking leaves for the silkworms. The little coquette had hung two cherries from her ears for earrings, and does not refuse the offer of Vincent to assist her at her work.

The first embarrassed declarations of the lovers are full of nature and simplicity.

“Lower the branches; I will get at the leaves myself. It is less tiresome to work with a little company. Alone it is so dreary,” said she.

“It is the same thing with me; it is just that,” said the boy. “When we are down there in our hut, where we hear the rushing Rhone gnawing the stones, O, sometimes, what tiresome hours!”

A little after the basket is filled with mulberry-leaves, the love of Vincent and Mireio is confessed to one another. The first declaration comes from the girl. This is contrived, no doubt, to save all appearance of scheming or mercenary motives on the part of Vincent; for though both peasants, there is a great difference of fortune between them. Love marriages are perhaps rarer in France than in any other country in Europe. She is the daughter of a rich peasant proprietor, who has fields, meadows, and vineyards; whereas he is, in the eyes of her father at least, a mere bare-footed vagrant, without anything under the sun.

Moreover, there are three wealthy suitors for the hand of Mireio, who are described in a most graphic manner. They bear the sonorous names of Alari, Véran, and Ourrias. Alari has a thousand sheep, who feed in winter amongst the lakes and salt marshes of the Crau; but when on the approach of spring the herbage dries up under the sun's glowing rays, he leads them to the grassy heights of the Alps of Dauphiné. We have a fine description of the flock descending from the high valleys when the snow again begins. First skip along the lambs; next the asses with their tinkling bells, carrying the frugal baggage of the shepherds; then the goats with their reflexed horns and menacing look, and the rams with their sides adorned with tufts of gay-coloured cloth, followed by the main army of sheep and ewes. Alari himself wore leather gaiters, and reminded one of the good King David going to the wells of his father to water his flock. He falls in with Mireio, mentions the number of his sheep, and, considering this a sufficient introduction, declares his love, and presents her with a cup which he had made himself with a pocket-knife and a bit of wood, during the ample leisure which he enjoyed. This cup, a masterpiece of art, whose tracings are described with as much solemnity as Homer bestows on the shield of Achilles, is nevertheless

refused by Mireio, and we hear no more of her lover.

Véran, the horse-dealer, the possessor of a hundred white horses, uses more caution, and gains the consent of the father of Mireio, though he fails to secure that of the daughter.

The next suitor is Ourrias the herdsman. Armed with a trident and mounted on a horse, he rode about all day, chasing his half-wild cattle amongst the marshes at the mouth of the Rhone. Accustomed to such a life from infancy, Ourrias is rough and violent like his own bulls. He meets Mireio at the fountain, bluntly proposes to her, but is rejected like the rest. Suspecting that Vincent is the favoured rival, he determines to be revenged; and meeting him one day in the Crau, he upbraids him as a paltry vagabond who had bewitched Mireio. Vincent replies in a defiant manner. They fall upon one another. The fight, a veritable *pancration*, with hands, feet, and teeth, occupies three pages. In the end, the active young basket-maker strikes the savage drover powerless upon the earth, and puts his foot upon his breast.

“Thy mother has not made all the men in the world. Go and hide thy bruises, thy insolence, and thy shame far in the Camargue, among thy bulls.”

Ourrias rises, and pretends to go away, snatches

up his trident, and rushes upon Vincent, who stands motionless, the prey of a felon whom artifice had made the strongest. Ourrias plunges the trident into his breast, mounts upon his horse, and gallops away. Poetical justice, however, swiftly pursues him. He goes into a boat on the Rhone, is haunted by the ghosts who have been drowned in the river, the boat sinks, and he is drowned. Vincent, found next morning half dead, is conveyed to the nearest house, which, as may be guessed, is that of Mireio's father. He is cured of his wound by the charms of a witch to whom he is carried. To the cave of this sibyl M. Mistral devotes more space than Virgil does to the description of the infernal regions, and we cannot say with the same success. Here is one of the finishing passages :

“We are at last arrived at the very end,” said the old witch. Mireio and the basket-maker saw seven black cats under a wide chimney, warming themselves at the fire ; and they saw in the middle of the seven cats a caldron hanging over the fire. They saw two dragons, who, like firebrands, vomited under the pot two blue flames.

‘That’s the wood you use to cook your broth, grandmother?’

‘Yes, my son ; no fire burns better. It is the wood of the wild vine.’

“But Vincent, shaking his head: ‘Wood! It pleases you to say so. Let us haste, for this is not laughable.’”

Vincent, passionately in love with Mireio, entreats his father to ask her hand from Maître Ramon. The father points out the desperate nature of his hopes, and the inexcusable bar of poverty:

“Can we say to our God at birth,
I would not live upon this earth?
Can the ox plead to change his fate—
Why should man thrive upon my pain,
I get the straw, but *he* the grain?
While all submit, wilt thou complain
Thy every finger is small or great?

God hath made thee a lizard gray,
Amongst the naked rocks to play;
Go drink thy ray of the rich sunshine,
And cease to murmur at His decree.—
Ah, wherefore use such words to me?
I love her more than God or thee,
And cannot live if she's not mine.”

These considerations do not reconcile Vincent to the inequalities of condition, and at length his father is persuaded to go to Père Ramon on his difficult mission, which he executes with much delicacy and address. All is, however, unavailing. “Keep your dog, and I will keep my swan,” replies the rough old peasant; and the basket-maker is driven from the house in spite of the prayers of Mireio. The poor

girl is in despair at the harshness and insulting language of her father and mother, who had never crossed her wishes before. The turmoil of her feelings impels her to do something; and, remembering what Vincent had one day said, that if ever any misfortune were to befall her, she ought to seek help at the shrine of the Three Marys, she determines to make a pilgrimage to this sacred spot. The Saintes Maries is a favourite place of pilgrimage on the Isle of the Camargue. It is an old Provençal legend, that the Jews had seized the three Marys—Mary Magdalen, Mary the mother of John the Evangelist, and Mary the mother of James the Less—with several other saints celebrated in sacred history, and had sent them adrift in a rotten boat without oars, helm, or sails. By the help of Providence they landed at the spot where the chapel now stands, whence the first light of the Gospel spread over Roman Gaul.

Dressing herself in her holiday attire, Mireio unbolts the door, and, without telling anyone, takes the road across the desert plains of the Crau, where, according to an ancient tradition, lie buried under its vast shroud of stone the giants who made war upon Heaven.

“That morning saw Mireio roam
Farther and farther from her home :
Upon the Crau the sunbeams smote ;

The shrill cicada, crouching low
For shelter from the torrid glow,
Like cymbals clashing to and fro,
Kept up its never-changing note.

Nor man, nor tree, nor shade were there,
To cheer that desert lone and bare ;
No flocks were seen in the sunshine bright :
The shepherds months ago had led
The sheep, which winter's rains had fed
On the savoury grass now parched and dead,
To browse on some grassy Alpine height.

Under the burning summer heat
Mireio glides with restless feet :
The lizards in their tiny caves
To one another said, 'I trow
Some madness hath possessed her now,
To face the glare that from the Crau
Flings back the light in trembling waves.'

The *mantes*, insects green and long,
Languid beneath the sunshine strong,
Yet cried out as they saw her run,
'Turn back, turn back, O pilgrim maid,
Turn back into the forest shade ;
Go seek the springs that God hath made,
Nor tempt the fury of the sun.'

Utterly exhausted, Mireio gladly avails herself of the aid of a boy gathering snails in a basket, to take to the market at Arles, to make the cough-healing *tisane d'escargots*. The little fellow takes her to his father's hut, where she rests all night, and the next morning ferries her over the Rhone.

Here one would think that M. Mistral began to

fear that he was getting on too fast with his story; he now loses himself, like his own Rhone, in the deserts of legend and the marshes of digression. The poet has all the relish of an antiquarian for old local histories and ancient customs; and the desire to imbed such things in his verse often destroys the simplicity of his charming pictures of country life. It would be tedious to follow him any farther.

Mireio, affected by sunstroke from the exposure, reaches the chapel with difficulty, and dies in the arms of her lover, and amidst the tears of her parents. During her agony the three Marys appear to her, and give a somewhat tedious account of the conversion of the people of Arles, and St. Martha killing the *tarasque* with holy water.

Such legends illustrate nothing but the fact that the people on the banks of the Rhone are much inferior in imagination to the dwellers on the Rhine. Indeed, want of invention is a defect which may justly be charged on the Provençal poets from beginning to end. The Troubadours simply gave a gorgeous dress to the tales of Arthur and of Charlemagne, and none of the new school can claim the merit of originality.*

* In a poem published this year, M. Mistral has come forward as the rival of the old Troubadours. He sings the adventures of Calendau de Cassis, the lover of the Princess of Baux. Like his

M. René Taillandier tells us that *Mireio* was admired in Paris before it was read in Provence; and this we can easily understand. Leaving the limited circle of ideas common to an ignorant peasantry, Mistral was obliged to use obsolete words taken from the mouths of old men and from the writings of his predecessors; hence his poems are not readily understood even by the people for whom they were written. The same remark applies, though in a less degree, to the verses of M. Aubanel. Both of them have thought it necessary to give a literal prose translation in French opposite each page of poetry, after the manner of Smart's *Horace*. The question instantly starts up, Why did they not write in French? Why prefer a small illiterate public, not peculiarly disposed to admire works like theirs, to the great French nation? M. Mistral has the answer ready: "Those who have not lived in the South, and especially in the midst of our rural population, have no idea of the

predecessors in such romantic poems, the young gentleman performs a number of dangerous adventures, receives all the necessary assistance and unhoped-for deliverances, and in the end proves himself worthy of his mistress, who pushes him into all kinds of dangers in order to raise him to a higher ideal of conduct. Following the policy of the great critics of the big quarterlies, I shall wait the opinion of the press and public ere I give any more space to M. Mistral, who has left off describing the manners of Provence for the incidents of history and mediæval legend and romance.

incompatibility, of the poverty, of the tongue of the North, when set to deal with the manners, the wants, and the dispositions of the people of the South. The French tongue transplanted into Provence has the effect of the dress-coat of a Parisian dandy stretched upon the robust shoulders of a sun-burnt reaper. Born under a rainy climate, smoothed down to the etiquette of courts, fashioned, above all, to the use of the educated classes, this language is naturally, and will always be, distasteful to the free way of dealing, to the boiling character, to the rustic manners, and to the lively speech of the Provençals. As it is more artificial, more conventional than any other tongue, it is better adapted than any other to science, philosophy, and politics, and to the wants of a refined civilisation. But it has not acquired this high character with impunity : Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, England, and Germany have their epic poems ; France has none, and perhaps never will have."

There is some truth in this. The French language, peculiarly fitted for science and social intercourse, from its extreme neatness and precision, is not nearly so well adapted for poetry. The difficulty of composing verses in French has been confessed by Voltaire while commenting on the choice of Fénelon to write *Telemachus* in prose ; and Rousseau has ridiculed the ambition of the French to have

operas in their own language, which he tells them is more fitted to give utterance to the cry of the colic than the voice of passion. French poetry, to a foreigner at least, is always more difficult to read than that of the Italians or Germans. But can the Provençal fairly claim any real superiority over the French, which it resembles so closely? Language, we know, derives much of its expressiveness from the associations connected with the words. If hate and love be more powerful in the South than the North, then the words used for them will have a more striking association connected with them, and thus be thought more expressive; but it would make no difference if the French word had been used in Provence, and the Provençal word used in the North. M. Taillandier is so provoked at Mistral's attack upon the French language, that he gives us what is very likely a correct judgment on the Provençal. "It is very rich," says he, "to express simple things, well adapted to pictures of country life; but poor, dry, and awkward whenever the thoughts rise a little higher."

The modern Provençal poets have been so far carried away by their temporary success as to indulge in a scheme of literary secession which would materially affect the whole French nation. So far from believing their *patois* as likely to become extinct, they imagine that by continuing to write, and

by going back upon old models, they will succeed in fixing and purifying the language, as the modern Greeks are understood to be doing. The *langue d'oc* never possessed the cultivation of the Greek, and even in its most glorious days philosophical and learned works were generally composed in Latin. Why should our modern Troubadours not go back gradually to the real source of the fountain, the language of Virgil and Cicero?

The truth is, the legacy of a decaying language is a great misfortune for the people of the South. The peasantry have little need to be weighed down by the intolerable burden of being obliged to learn a new language ere they can increase their knowledge or better their condition. The children of the poorer classes when they go to school are taught to read in a tongue which they do not understand, and hence they make slow progress. The country people are very far from being content with their jargon. I have heard them regret their inability to speak French with tears in their eyes. "Did you ever see a country like this France," said an old farmer to me, with passionate emphasis, "where the poor speak one tongue, and the rich another?" The sooner that such decaying languages as Provençal, Bas-Bretagne, Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Basque, or Wendish, are forgotten by everyone save by

German professors, the better it will be for the welfare of the ignorant peasants, whose intelligence they impede and confine.

The modern Provençal poets should be content with supplying a temporary want, since there appears little probability that the language will preserve their writings, or their writings preserve the language. What remains of the *langue d'oc* is passing away, and its decay will probably go on in the same ratio as the spread of education. The government has ceased to translate its proclamations into the vernacular of the South, and by separating the southern conscripts does its best to prevent the soldiers talking in *patois*. So many causes at work cannot be baffled by a few poets and antiquarians. France in the end will speak but one language.

THE BELLRINGER OF ST. DIDIER.

AFTER the last Pope left Avignon, a legate held the post of governor of the Comtât, and the city continued to be filled with priests and monks. Rabelais found it so full of bells and steeples that he gave it the title of *L'île sonnante*. Conspicuous among those which time and change have left is the church of St. Didier; a gaunt old edifice, erected in the fourteenth century, ere the popes had gone back to Rome. Look into the church; it is a large building, with lofty nave and pillared aisles in a mixed Romano-Gothic style, the ungracious submission of the South to the grand ecclesiastical architecture of the North. It stands in a quiet little square, or rather heptagon, shaded by a few trees, and surrounded by old houses. Two or three low buildings still cling like barnacles to its veteran sides. Mark the booth of the old Savoyard cobbler, and the shed where the Swiss *marronnier* sells his chestnuts always hot and nicely roasted. The worn-looking old church is surmounted by a steeple two hundred feet high, standing upon the square roof like the huge extinguisher of a Cyclopean candle, quaint and ungainly, rather than pic-

turesque. There was once a little churchyard behind St. Didier; but the *maire*, with an audacity which some city magistrates at home might well imitate, carted away bones and tombstones together, and causeyed over the ground. During the French Revolution St. Didier became a temple of reason, and later a storehouse for forage, then a Catholic church once more.

Follow me, reader, up the few steps at the foot of that square tower which supports the steeple. The door opens, we ascend the winding stair, which is dimly lighted through five arrow-slits that pierce the wall. Now you are safe up so high, knock at the door of the aërial residence of Clement I.

Clement Fanot is the bellringer of St. Didier. His bedchamber is a little arched room under the steeple. Ten steps higher are his two other little boxes of apartments, built like swallows'-nests above the roof of the church aisles, between the flying buttresses. His *salle-à-manger* looks into one of the great stained windows of St. Didier's, which is opened at pleasure by Madame Fanot, who can thus hear Mass without leaving her own dwelling. Occasionally, it is said, the smell of soup mingles with the fragrance of the sacred incense; and the curé, put out in his discourse by the clatter of culinary operations, interrupts the solemnity of the service

by shouting out: "Less noise up there, Madame Fanot!" The space left between the other buttresses is adorned with flowers in pots, and made useful for drying clothes; it forms besides an admirable balcony, pleasant to sit in on summer evenings.

There is a story that somebody once asked, "Who is that very tall young man there?"

"O, it is the son of Mr. Jones, who is being brought up for the Church."

"Brought up for the Church? He might be brought up for the steeple."

Clement received very little education at all; he was born for the steeple, or rather for the belfry. When he became bellringer of St. Didier, Clement, who had a genius for music, longed to have an instrument worthy of his taste. The number of permutations and combinations which can be played upon three bells is rather limited; he desired a fourth, and expressed his desire to the curé.

"Get a new bell? Quite impossible!"

"Could he not mention the matter to the archbishop?"

"The archbishop could not even get the government to give him the palace of the Popes to live in. The government was very stingy."

"But the archbishop might use his influence with the Pope."

This was too much for the curé's temper. Never was such a proposal made since St. Didier was built. How many generations of bellringers had worn the winding-stair mounting to the steeple, content to sound for matins and vespers to call the people to mass, and to toll when a ghost was passing away fortified with the sacraments of the Church! Submissive children of the infallible faith, they were now all forgotten, like the million blasts of the *mistral* which have swept over Avignon the windy. Decidedly M. Fanot did not know his place.

Nevertheless, the thing would not go out of his head. M. Fanot was miserably poor, but about this time he became letter-carrier to the *Commune*, a Conservative newspaper, conducted by good Catholics, for which he received a few extra francs. He hoarded them together in order to buy a bell. Two years passed away, and his family had suffered the want of many of the necessities of life before he had enough of money scraped together to present himself at the bell-founder's.

But will it be believed? The curators of the church declared they would not let it enter the door. Clement protested that it should, and, as he had great opportunities of access, it was difficult to prevent it. Hearing that the bell was coming, two or three of them assembled to oppose its entry; but

while they were talking at one door, Clement got it quietly smuggled in at another. The curators were furious. "We shall throw it out into the street," cried they. They seized the bell; but it was not so easy to throw out eighteen hundred pounds of metal, so they abandoned the project and went home. Some of Clement's patrons took up the thing in the newspapers, and a bitter paper war resulted. For two months the bell lay in a corner of the church covered with a cloth. The curators got so much exasperated by the squibs in the newspapers, that they told Fanot that he must take his bell away or it would be broken. In despair poor Clement rushed to the abode of the archbishop, a kind-hearted man, still remembered with regret by the people of Avignon, who sent a note to the curators ordering the bell to be consecrated and hung up in the steeple; for every bell must be baptised ere it is rung. The priest washes it with holy water, anoints the outside with consecrated oil, perfumes the interior, repeats the name of the saint in whose honour it is hung, with appropriate benedictions, and finishes off with the sign of the cross.

Clement had fairly earned the title of an original, and originals are by no means common in France. The French have their code of conventionalism, somewhat different from our own, and occasionally trans-

cending the laws of morality; but they are always the good children of *comme il faut*. The remark of Rousseau is true to this day: "This people, too fond of imitation, might be full of originals without any one knowing of it, for no one dares to be himself. One must do as others do. That is the first axiom—the supreme decision of the country. This excessive regularity gives the most comical air to their most serious ceremonies. It is all laid down, —when one ought to send to inquire for your health; when to leave a card, that is to say, make a visit which one does not make; when to pay it in person; when one may be at home, and when not, even though in reality there; what offers one ought to make, what offers ought to be declined; what degrees of sorrow one ought to show for such and such a death; how long one ought to mourn in the country, and when one can dare to seek consolations in the town; the hour and the minute when affliction will suffer one to give a ball or to go to the theatre."

Anyhow the thing took the fancy of many people in Avignon, an ecclesiastical and pietistic town. Clement's triumph, celebrated in the *Commune*, was blown as far as Paris. In the *France Musicale* of 5th June 1853, M. Castel-Blaze revealed the existence of the "incomparable original" (*il fanatico per la musica*), "the melo-maniac, who had so victoriously

corrected the *thème* of our Republic No. I. The Republic broke down the bells to convert them into pence, and Fanot collected pence to make a bell." Clement's reply is worth translating :

“ *Si-Fanot, bellringer of the parish of St. Didier, in Avignon, to the well-beloved and illustrious Castel-Blaze, at Paris.*”

“ HONOURABLE COLLEAGUE,—It is with a gratitude which cannot ring false that I am about to chime my thanks for the sonorous article which you have consecrated to me in the *France Musicale*. Eternal honour to you who have understood the elevation of my genius, and who have exalted it in a manner worthy of it and of yourself! But, alas, you are at Paris, and I am in my steeple. You will not then hear the hymn that I sound for Castel-Blaze; you will not hear it,—but all Avignon shall. If the administration of the electric telegraph would only put at our disposal one of the wires of the great Æolian harp which it has strung between Paris and Avignon, we should apply, you your intelligent ear, and I my thanks-giving mouth, and I would send through the intervening space the strong cadence of my gratitude. I take advantage of this opportunity to announce the solemn air which I am preparing. You might hear one of the most beautiful cantos of

the undefined and sonorous poems that I write in bronze, and which have had the inappreciable honour of attracting your attention.

“In truth, when I think of death, as a good Christian ought in order to lead a good life, I shudder with fear and horror. When I am no more, O my dear bells, I shall ring you no more. What do I say? I shall ring you for ever; the body goes to the dust, but the soul is immortal. If the soul is immortal it lives, if it lives it acts, if it acts it can ring bells. Then, when my body will be lying at St. V éran, the prey of worms, my soul will revisit you, O my bells! I shall address you, you will answer, and you will let the town and the world hear the airs which we both love so well,—the divine melodies which I have collected for you, for Avignon, Paris, and the whole world; since at the voice of your generous call every son of harmony will put himself in accord with Si-Fanot. But what do I say? I shall ring the bells to all eternity; for even as St. Peter keeps the keys of heaven, Si-Fanot will ring the bells. After the favour of getting into Paradise, it is the only thing that I will ask from the God of mercy, who refuses nothing to the elect; and my crown of immortality, instead of being composed of shining stars, will be a steeple with twenty-five bells.

“Often during the mysterious watches of the

night, my darlings, they will hear you ; they will awake with a start and say : ‘ It is the soul of Si-Fanot who rings the bells ; God grant him peace ! ’

“ Permit me, then, honourable colleague, to join a sincere prayer to the fervent expression of my gratitude. Could you not compose a few airs for me ? What happiness for me, for my bells, and for the city which I render famous ! If I could place upon my music-desk one or two compositions from so celebrated a composer as yourself, then your music *would* become quite *heavenly*.

“ I have the honour to be one of your most frenzied and grateful admirers,

SI-FANOT.

“ Avignon, 10th June 1853.

“ P.S. You will, perhaps, find that my four notes are not sufficient for your musical composition. Dare I ask you, would it be impossible to get up a collection for me in Paris ? A subscription, I mean, for a fifth bell. My four notes are ‘ Fa, La B, Si B, Ut.’ It is plain that there ought to be a ‘ Sol.’ The expense might be about three thousand francs ; but that would be easily picked up in Paris, if you took the thing to heart. You would then have a right to stand god-father to the fifth bell.”

It will be seen from the postscript that Clement did not stick at any expedient to add to his *carillon*.

He went about hawking and making collections, taking bits of old copper and tin to be melted down for the future bells. He even ventured to write to the Empress, in order to make up the money for the "Sol" which he wanted "to make the city of Avignon hear the hymns to the honour of the Lord and your august spouse our magnanimous Emperor. This work of art, great Empress, might cost as much as four thousand francs."

Clement was so little discouraged by a polite refusal from her Majesty that he tried a similar petition to the Emperor. He suggests that a twenty-four pounder taken from the Russians should be melted down into a bell. The Emperor in reply, through the *Ministre des Cultes*, reminds the curé of St. Didier that the budget is not sufficiently elastic for such extraordinary expenses. Clement, however, found private charity more compliant. He has now eleven bells, and is collecting for a twelfth.

In addition to the faithful performance of his duties as a bellringer, M. Fanot distributes letters throughout the town, gets up lotteries, and is often employed in more delicate missions. He is, in short, the city's factotum—a species of Avignonesse Figaro. He wrote a *Guide for Avignon*, which has already passed through six editions. The book contains a sober and well-written account of the history and

monuments of Avignon, with a street and trades' directory. He does not forget to notice that the church of St. Didier possesses "*un carillon parfaitement harmonieux, suite de mes économies et de mon savoir faire.*"

Here is a story of Avignon which he told me, a genuine tradition of the old papal city. Benedict XII.,* you know, was the son of a miller; and when the old miller heard that his son was made Pope he set off to see him. Well, he came to the palace of the Popes at Avignon, but it was with difficulty that he could get any of the grand servants to listen to him. At last he succeeded in making them believe that he was the father of the Pope. But they said that he could not be presented to his Holiness in the clothes which he wore; so they dressed him in a magnificent robe of honour, and led him into the presence of the Pope, who sat on his throne with his triple crown on his head, and the cardinals and great people on each side. So they announced that my lord his father was coming to see him. But Benedict looked strangely at the old man as he approached. "This is not my father," said he.

* In 1334 the French and Italian cardinals, tired of a series of intrigues to get one of their own party chosen, as if by a sudden impulse, elected Jacques Nouveau, a man of humble origin, to the vacant pontificate. He was too fond of heavenly things to make a good Pope. "My lord cardinals," said he, "you have elected an ass." He took the title of Benedict XII.

“What!” cried the old man, “are you not my son?”

“No, no, this is not my father,” replied Benedict. “My father was a miller.”

So they took away the old man in confusion. However, he reflected a little and demanded back his old clothes, put on his miller’s coat and his old night-cap, white with flour, and pushed through the courtiers into the presence of the Pope. “Ah, that is my father now,” cried Benedict in descending from his throne, and throwing himself into the old man’s arms.

But to return to the steeple. The more bells Clement got, the more clamour he made; nor did he ever dream of consulting anyone when he ought to play. He got a collection of the choicest airs, and as he could not read music, he made a sol-fa system of his own. By means of a rope descending from the belfry into his bed-chamber, he could indulge in a peal between two slumbers. He passed his leisure in playing upon the bells, and the whole of Avignon heard his music. But, as a Hindustani proverb says, “Under the candle there is darkness;” so under the steeple there was more noise than harmony; though Clement was a good player, his bells were not perfectly matched, and then the din and clamour were obstreperous. “The old church, all vibrating and sonorous, was in a perfect ecstasy of bells. One

continually felt the presence of a spirit of noise and caprice, who sang through all these mouths of copper." The rough *charbonniers*, who held their market of wood and charcoal in the Place St. Didier, had to bawl into the ears of their customers, when Clement was sounding in the steeple. The disputes in the Café Baretta had perforce to cease; and when a mother had hushed an infant to his noontide slumber, cling-clang went the nasty bells, and baby was awake in a moment. The poor frail old charwomen who lived in the attics were driven half wild by Monsieur Fanot. On holidays he would get half-a-dozen boys to assist him, and to it they would go, hammer and tongs.

The man who attempts anything above the common will one day be startled by the malice and envy of his fellow-townsmen. Petrarch, who had no domicile save at Vacluse, but whose parents came from Florence, was stung by some venomous criticism issuing from that city. "The Florentines," he said, "like better to be beaten under a foreign general than to be victorious under a fellow-citizen." Monsieur Fanot was not to fare any better than his predecessor in the art of sweet sounds, and to say the truth, the accompanying petition to the maire of Avignon, signed by thirty of Clement's unwilling auditors, had some justice in its complaints. The petitioners,

dwellers in the Place St. Didier, did not wish "to prevent the bells being rung to celebrate the ceremonies of the Church. What they ask for is, the stoppage of an intolerable abuse, in which the maniac, who is bellringer, is continually indulging, only seeing in it a deplorable subject of self-love, certainly very much out of place, especially when we remember how he compromises the dignity of the Church with his discordant and vulgarly profane airs. The results are deplorable for the quiet of this quarter; and our tenants, anxious to escape from the deafening din, are leaving our houses. In truth, it is impossible for anyone at work to enjoy during these periods of noise, the calm necessary for his occupations," &c. &c.

One would have thought that the disorderly Fanot would have himself received an *avertissement*, or his bells been struck by a suspension; but the maire lived far from St. Didier, and the archbishop was a patron of the "original;" and so the petition was disregarded.

I had the honour of being led up the steeple by Monsieur Fanot, who explained the apparatus for producing his titinnabulations, which reminded me not a little of the musical instrument constructed for the use of Mr. Gulliver, when in Brobdignag. Getting upon his high chair, M. Fanot commenced a concert for my amusement, to enjoy which one might

desire the precautions that Gulliver considered advisable in order to let him enjoy the music of a Brobdignag band, namely, getting his little house carried a mile off, and shutting the door and windows.

Clement is a thoroughly good fellow, full of good-natured vanity, but without a trace of malice in his composition; and his jolly proportions would do no discredit to John Bull. He is in his fifty-fifth year; his performances are not now so vigorous as they once were; but I can readily admit, what is currently believed in Avignon, that Victor Hugo, who had studied our hero, when still a young man, was indebted to him for the original idea of Quasimodo. Read the following extract from *Notre Dame de Paris*: "Quasimodo was bellringer of Notre Dame. What he loved above all, what awakened his soul, what rendered him happy, was the bells. He loved them, caressed them, spoke to them, understood them. The great bell was his well-beloved. It was she whom he preferred in that family of noisy daughters, who played around him on holidays. You have no idea of his joy, upon those days of high festival. When the archdeacon said to him 'Go,' he mounted the stair of the steeple quicker than another could have descended. All out of breath, he entered the aerial chamber of the great bell, he looked at it for a moment with satisfaction and love; then he sweetly

addressed it; he stroked it with his hand, as one does a good steed before taking a long race.”

In addition to this, Clement is avowedly the hero of a burlesque epic, by Joseph Roumanille, the Provençal poet of the South of France. Roumanille had already written some of his most celebrated pieces, and being a bookseller in Avignon, had the opportunity of studying Clement ripely, when he commenced *La Campano Mountado* (The Mounting of the Bell). It is a burlesque poem, something in the style of the *Lutrin* of Boileau, full of humorous touches, mixed with serious reflections and pithy remarks. It must not be supposed that I have in any way mixed up the poetry of M. Roumanille with the prosaic truth of history. On the contrary, the poem rather takes off from the real merit of M. Fanot by assigning a part of the undertaking to supernatural actors. M. Roumanille is a good Catholic, and Dr. Newman would no doubt see in his treatment of the subject “the very genius of Catholicism,” an easy jocose way of treating sacred things.

In the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. there lived in Avignon one Nicholas Saboly, a musical composer and writer of sacred poetry, whose *Noëls* are still very popular in Provence. The poem opens with the apparition of this personage in the steeple of St. Didier to the newly-installed bell-

ringer. Saboly compels the terrified Clement to take an oath that he will never rest until he has hung upon the steeple seven bells fit to play the sacred airs the composer had made for the church of St. Peter at Avignon, of which he was once the organist. Clement is rather uneasy about this imprudent vow; but the appearance of the Legitimist newspaper, *La Commune*, delivers him from his perplexity. He is made carrier to the journal, and sets about collecting for the bells, when he meets with an enemy upon whom he never counted.

“When God created the angels,” the poet tells us, “He made some of them brown and some of them fair. One, as blond a creature as an ear of ripe corn, was chosen to be the drummer of all the minstrel angels that assembled at the foot of the Father singing ‘Gloria.’

* * * *

“Well he knew to play the drum and make the roll-call of Paradise.

* * * *

“A great tower shining with gold and silver raised on high its head in the holy Jerusalem; bells of all kinds, voices, sweet organ voices (for there is nothing bitter in Paradise), send forth joyous peals, as in the month of May the birds warble their merry carols in their nests.”

This musical angel had also the privilege of ringing the bells in the holy Jerusalem; but unhappily lost his situation by being implicated in the rebellion of Satan and the expulsion of the angels from heaven.

“Our bellringing cherub was the last to fall; from an angel he became a devil on earth. Ah, since then how much mischief has he done! Who knows how many bells have been cracked, how many drums bored through, how many organs knocked out of breath, since the banished angel began to roam about doing mischief far from heaven?”

This perverse sprite naturally takes a dislike to Clement, and does his best to hinder his undertaking. The moulding of the bell commences; and M. Roumanille here gives to his Provençal readers some fine passages from Schiller's *Lied von der Glocke*. In this species of translation M. Roumanille is particularly expert.

The bad spirit succeeds in causing the bell to crack when on the mould; but a second one is victoriously completed. Then comes the petition of the inhabitants of St. Didier against the addition of a new bell, and Clement's prayer to the Virgin for help: “Come to dry my eyes, and give me quickly your benediction, and I will sweep your chapel, and

give you an air upon the bells. Convert the opposition and tear the petition. Convert my poor wife. Take in hand the oar of my little bark, and bring it into port, otherwise I shall die in a week. See, I have no more pulp than a sabre, and am no fatter than a handful of nails. You might count the bones in my skin as easily as the teeth of a rake."

The bell is put into a cart to be taken to the church; the horses, under the malign influence of the spirit, refuse to go on; but Clement overcomes this difficulty by drenching them with holy water.

The undertaking finishes with a grand dinner to celebrate the victory of Monsieur Fanot. In the midst of the festivities suddenly appear on the wall the mystic syllables, "Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si!" All the company started, "Belshazzar-like, amazed;" but Clement explains what the writing means. He must not rest till he has got the full number of seven. The company wish all success to the great undertaking, and the whole thing finishes with a good song in honour of the hero.

* * * *

It has been determined, in the conclave of the parish, that, lest the example of Clement should turn the head of some succeeding bellringer, his house is to be dismantled at his death. By his will his music-

book and album for visitors are left to the Musée Calvet; but his bells will still hang in the steeple of St. Didier.

“Noch dauern wird's in späten Tagen
Und rühren vieler Menschen Ohr,
Und wird mit dem Betrübten klagen
Und stimmen zu der Andacht Chor.”

THE LAURA OF PETRARCH.

THE father of Francis Petrarch was a citizen of Florence, who had been compelled to leave that city by the triumph of the Guelphs. The poet was born at Arezzo (1304), probably in the midst of domestic misfortune and indigence. When only eight years of age he was taken to Carpentras, a town near Avignon, where his father set up a school. The future poet having learned all that his father could teach him, was sent to Montpellier to study law, and afterwards passed to the more celebrated university of Bologna. He is said to have mastered the canon law, but his literary tastes were too decided to allow him to follow the profession of an advocate. On the news of the death of his father he returned to France with his brother. They found that their patrimony had suffered from embezzlement, and took to the Church for a calling. His brother finally retired into a monastery, where he died. Petrarch lived for some time at Avignon, then the residence of the Popes, where his verses began to attract attention. He gained the friendship of the Cardinal James Colonna, and his future

life seems to have been easy and prosperous—the life of a poet, scholar, and philosopher, the friend, rather than the dependent of the powerful personages who became his patrons and protectors. At the age of thirty-one he was called to Rome to receive the laurel crown for poetry in the Capitol. He passed much of his life in Italy; but his favourite residence was the celebrated valley of Vaucluse, where he tells us most of his works were planned and composed. He enjoyed the friendship of some of the most eminent men of his time; amongst others King Robert of Naples, Stephen Colonna, the Prince of Padua, Philip Cabassole bishop of Cavaillon, Boccaccio, and Rienzi. He had little reason to claim the merit of being contented with a small fortune, though we do not doubt his assertion that his tastes were simple.

“Nothing,” he tells us in his *Letter to Posterity*, “displeases me so much as pomp, both because it is an evil in itself and because it is tedious and fatiguing. In my youth I suffered from a violent love (which, however, was faithful and honourable), and might have suffered from it still had it not been quenched when already on the wane by a bitter though opportune death. I wish I could say that I have been absolutely a stranger to sensual desires; but that would be untrue; though I can affirm that

if the fervour of youth and the temptations of a warm temperament have carried me away, I have always felt the baseness of such inclinations; and from my fortieth year, a time when enough of warmth and force still survive, not only have I cast from me every indelicacy, but have even lost every remembrance of it, as if I had never seen a woman in my life. This I regard as very fortunate, thanking God, who has freed me, while still strong and robust, from so odious a servitude. But to turn to other things: I have observed pride in others, not in myself. Being always little, I was still less in my own opinion. My anger never hurt anyone but myself. I can boast that I have ardently sought and been faithful in cultivating honourable friendships, and, though prone to anger, I easily forget an offence, and long retain the memory of a benefit. I was favoured with the friendship of princes, kings, and nobility to such an extent as to excite envy. But it is the misfortune of old men that they have often to bewail the death of their friends. The greatest kings of my age have loved me and sought my society; why, I do not know. I was on the footing of such equality with some of them that I felt from their greatness no inconvenience and many advantages. Nevertheless, such was my love of equality that I was led by it to shun the society of

people to whom I bore every good will. My genius was well balanced rather than acute, fitted for every good and healthy study—especially for moral philosophy and poetry. In the course of time I neglected them for the pleasure which I have found in sacred literature, keeping poetry only for amusement. I was much addicted to the study of antiquity, as this age always was displeasing to me, so that it was only the love of my friends which prevented me desiring to be born in another age. Trying mentally, at least, to live in former times, I was very fond of the works of historians, though disgusted at their disagreement. On a doubtful point I preferred the author who seemed to have the most authority and probability on his side.”

“Petrarch,” says one of the most learned of Frenchmen, “deserves the title of the first of the moderns: for it was he who inaugurated amongst the Latin races the delicate sentiment of the culture of the ancients, which is the source of all our civilisation. The middle age had again and again sought to reknit the broken thread of classical tradition. But the middle age, in spite of this admiration, could never comprehend the true source of the life and genius of antiquity. Petrarch, on the contrary, was truly an ancient. He first of all rediscovered the secret of that noble, generous, and liberal way of re-

garding life which had disappeared from the world since the triumph of barbarism. On this account Petrarch detested the middle age and everything connected with it."

Petrarch's reputation in his own age, as a poet and philosopher, was certainly as great as in any succeeding one; but in his letters he often complains of the malice and envy of critics. The Latin epics, eclogues, and epistles, on which he imagined his fame alone could rest, are now forgotten; and the Italian sonnets and canzones which he pretended to despise as trifles are now the only sources of his immortality. He tells us that he thought it not worth while to write for the vulgar, and his poems have never become acceptable to them. A number of men of taste have in every succeeding generation admired his Italian poems so fervently that his name, through their praises, is known to thousands incapable of appreciating the beauty of his verses. This, perhaps, might be said of many great poets. What would become of Æschylus, Sophocles, Lucretius, or Dante, if their works had to depend upon the suffrage of the multitude?* Shakespeare, who

* That Æschylus and Sophocles gained the suffrage of the Athenian citizens is a proof how much higher the standard of taste was in their time. Nowadays the quantity of a man's reputation is more valued than the quality.

assuredly did not despise popular applause, and had every means of courting it, led a comparatively obscure and neglected life, and his merits as a poet were only appreciated after a century had accumulated the testimony of so many minds of high poetical taste in his favour. Homer is the only genius of the first class who ever became a truly popular poet.

But the Latin poems of Petrarch—so much admired in his own age—are only remembered by their being composed by the same hand which indited the amatory verses in honour of the lady into whose history it is our purpose to inquire. Such an inquiry does not admit of much novelty. Though the author has not neglected the originals, the opinions represented are little more than the results arrived at by some modern critics. Where their opinions disagree, he has compared them; where they appear to have gone too far, he has stopped; and what one has neglected, he has supplied from the researches of another, occasionally mending a broken link by a reference to the originals. Almost the only merit this essay can claim is that of making the subject intelligible to the English reader who is indisposed to study more learned compositions.

While we have the most clear and authentic accounts about the life of Petrarch, that of Laura is surrounded with doubt and mystery. Much of this

is owing to the nature of her relations with the poet, and to the reserve which he used in speaking of her even to his most intimate friends. This everyone ought to bear with good-humour; but the same forbearance is not due to the determined attempts of some critics to introduce their own nonsensical theories upon the subject. The greatest offender is the Abbé de Sade, who published three quarto volumes, containing upwards of two thousand pages, upon the life of Petrarch. Laura was, he imagined, the wife of Hugo de Sade, a nobleman who lived in Avignon in Petrarch's time, and he (the abbé) was thus a lineal descendant of the immortal Laura of Petrarch. This hypothesis originated with its author, and is confirmed by nothing at all, save that Laura de Noves, the wife of Hugo de Sade, must have died about the time when Petrarch lamented the loss of his mistress; and that at her marriage-settlement Laura de Noves had two gowns, one *green* and one *scarlet*. Now, Petrarch expressly mentions that, among several other colours, the lady of his affections wore *violet* and *green*.

From the will of Laura de Noves, given in the original by the Abbé de Sade, we learn that this lady was the mother of eleven children, and the very discordance of such a fact with the strong and enduring passion of the poet is quite sufficient to make

us dismiss the baseless theory. How, indeed, could tradition have failed to remember such a striking incongruity? yet its constant testimony is that the Laura of Petrarch belonged to the well-known family of Sade. Was there any other of that name—unquestionably a common one in that age? According to Pithon Curt, the author of a learned work on the nobility of the Comtât Venaissin,* there was one Paul de Sade, who must have been a man of some consideration and influence, since he was exempted from lodging any of the train of Pope John XXII. when he entered into Avignon. “Laura de Sade,” Pithon Curt tells us, mentioned in the will of her father, dated 19th May 1345, “is this Laura so celebrated for her beauty and the passion which Francis Petrarch, the poet and philosopher, and the finest genius of his age, had conceived for her.” In the will, which Curt appears to have seen, she is mentioned as the ninth child and second daughter of Paul de Sade. All reasonable doubt about the lady’s family has been put to rest by the discovery of an ancient manuscript, by Mr. Bruce Whyte.† This was found to contain a biography of the poet, written

* *Histoire de la Noblesse du Comté Venaissin, d’Avignon, et de la Principauté d’Orange.* Par Pithon Curt. Paris, 1750. Vol. iii. p. 168.

† *Histoire des Langues Romanes.* Par M. Bruce Whyte. Paris, 1841.

by Luigi Peruzzi, who was not only a contemporary, but the brother of one of Petrarch's most intimate friends, Simon Peruzzi. The information the author gives about Laura is not very detailed, especially when coming from one who had resided at Avignon.

Laura was born, as Peruzzi tells us, in the village of Thor, on the road to Vacluse. This is confirmed by what Petrarch says in the fourth sonnet, that she was born in a little town (*picciol borgo*). It appears that the family of Sade had property in the neighbourhood of Chateau Neuf; but it is certain that they were not the lords of the village of Thor, which remained in the hands of the family of Amic from 1201 till 1405.*

Le Thor is now a town of above four thousand inhabitants, about ten miles from Avignon, from which it is hidden by the hills of Chateau Neuf. It is still surrounded by the wall of which Peruzzi speaks, and which is now five hundred years old—no wonder that it is mouldering fast away. The antique-looking old town lies in the midst of the most flourishing lands in the Comtât. Nothing, in fact, can be richer than the prospect which one sees from the hill occupied by the old castle of Thouzon, about a mile and a half from Le Thor. The fields are green with

* See *Dictionnaire des Communes de Vacluse*. Par M. Jules Courtet. Avignon, 1857.

the cereals of northern Europe, as well as the plantations of madder for which the locality is famed; the olive, the vine, the fig, the pomegranate, and the mulberry, are all here to add wealth to the inhabitants of this glowing climate. Formerly the Sorgue, which is now only allowed to irrigate the cultivated lands, filled the neighbourhood with marshes. This serves to explain a little anecdote preserved by Peruzzi.

One day Petrarch, going from Vacluse to Avignon, recognised Laura amusing herself with some of her companions; and going to address them, with his eyes fixed upon his lady-love, he totally overlooked a pool of water, into which he tumbled. The ladies laughed, and Petrarch made the sonnet, beginning—

“Del mar Tirreno alla sinistra riva.”

Laura's family being thus settled, curiosity naturally prompts us to inquire about her appearance. We learn from the manuscript of Peruzzi that Simon Memmi, a celebrated artist of that time at Avignon, had introduced the figure of Laura as one of the persons in the scene of St. George on horseback after killing the dragon, among his paintings to adorn the cathedral at Avignon. Petrarch admired the likeness so much that he composed two sonnets upon it (sonnets xlix. and l.).

I was informed by the Abbé Granget, the author of a learned work on the history of Avignon, that the paintings indicated by Peruzzi still existed at the portal of the cathedral, but they had faded so much that they could only be seen when the doors were thrown open and the sunbeams struck into the church. Unfortunately, I failed altogether to see anything of the picture of St. George, save the traces of two heads, though the one on the opposite side is still distinct enough. It is a fresco in the rude style of that age, apparently representing the baptism of Christ. But perhaps this interesting portrait has not perished utterly. As the tradition that Laura was represented in the scene of St. George and the dragon seems to have held its ground in Avignon, it is likely enough that copies of the portrait were taken while its colours were still fresh, and it is possible that one of the two portraits of Laura in the Museum Calvet of Avignon may actually preserve some of the traits which have faded away from the wall of the cathedral. The oldest of them dates from the fifteenth century, and bears the name M. Laura. It represents a woman of about thirty years of age. She wears a hood, the front hair is red, and a semi-circle of pearls is allowed to fall over the upper part of the forehead. The nose is long and prominent, the face somewhat in the Greek

type. The artist has given little expression to the countenance, and the bust is drawn with such ignorance of the human frame that it could only resemble a woman who was deformed. The Abbé Costaing, whose theory requires him to get rid of this portrait, says it is that of Madame de Sade; meaning, I suppose, the wife of Hugo de Sade. If so, it is singular that this lady should have the complexion and colour of hair which Petrarch assigns to his mistress.

Luigi Peruzzi confirms in prose the praises which Petrarch in poetry bestows so freely on Laura. "While Petrarch lived in Avignon," says he, "in his youth, among other maidens was one named Laurecta, of the family Salso (Sade), which at present is among the most considerable of the town. She for beauty, conduct, and manners deserved everything he afterwards sang and wrote in her praise, calling her Laura in order to avoid the diminutive name, and in order to sound better in verse." He also tells us that when Queen Joanna of Naples came to Avignon, the principal ladies of the city assembled to greet her, and among the rest Laura. The queen (who was well acquainted with the poems of Petrarch) was struck by her beauty, and taking her aside from the rest kissed her on the eyes and forehead, which excited the mirth as well as the envy

of the ladies. Petrarch, who was also there, made the sonnet,

“ *Real natura angelica intelletto,*”

which, in the absence of this explanation, has puzzled so many commentators.

If one rejects the suspicious embellishments of tradition, and the soap-bubble theories of antiquaries, all has been told that biography has left us of the life of this interesting creature; and we must now turn to the poems of Petrarch, the most elegant and enduring testimony of a tender and lasting love which has ever been bequeathed to language.

It has been said that there are scarcely any thoughts in the sonnets and canzones of Petrarch which had not appeared in the songs of the troubadours of southern France and the poets of Italy; but while he excelled the ancients in depth and purity of feeling, the lover of Laura is altogether free from the excessive coarseness which disfigures the productions of so many of his more immediate predecessors. Indeed, the very peculiarity of Petrarch's lyrics is a delicacy amounting almost to mysticism, yet warmed by the deepest and tenderest of human passions, and in which respect I think he is original. The Beatrice of Dante has no resemblance whatever to the Laura of Petrarch. In both the love is veiled, but the one veil covers the statue

of an angel, the other a beautiful and living woman. In the one case we have adoration, in the other love.

The merit of the sonnets is not by any means equal. It was by continual practice that Petrarch arrived at excellence; the early poems are often feeble, obscure, and full of far-fetched allegories and mediæval conceits. That some writers should have believed that the mistress of Petrarch never existed save in imagination, and that a passion, the eloquent expression of which has been the admiration of lovers for so many centuries, was but the counterfeit of a gallant hypocrisy, merely proves that they wrote upon a subject which they took no pains to master; indeed, one can, with a little trouble, extract from the sonnets and canzones a history of the course of this celebrated attachment.

In this task I have derived much assistance from the work of the Abbé Costaing,* conservator of the

* *La Muse de Pétrarque dans les Collines de Vaucluse.* Par M. l'Abbé Costaing de Pusignan. Paris, 1819.

The Abbé Costaing has consulted original manuscripts of Petrarch, and he has found that both the Latin and Italian poems are full of errors. No one gifted with even a moderate knowledge of Latin will be disposed to deny this on examining the edition of Basel (1554), the very spelling of which is detestable. At the same time, one hardly feels safe in the hands of the abbé. His references to the manuscript, and the changes which he makes in the text, are so numerous, and chime in so happily with his own theories, that the reader feels the desire of seeing the

museums of Avignon. His theory is that Laura was born at Vacluse, of the family of Adhemar, the trunk of the illustrious houses of Baux and Orange; Petrarch's love was little more than the homage which a poet pays to beauty and virtue, and Laura lived and died a virgin. I do not know that the abbé has found any successor in defending this speculation about the lady's origin; and the reasons which he gives to support it remind one of the commentaries of Dr. Cumming upon the meaning of the Apocalypse. But though he often misses the mark he occasionally hits it. He has succeeded in proving, to my mind at least, that Laura did not habitually reside at Avignon, but in the neighbourhood of Vacluse; and, if she did not belong to the family of Baux, that she lived in the closest intimacy with the ladies of that illustrious house, who possessed the Castle of Saumane near Vacluse, afterwards the scene of the orgies of the notorious Marquis of Sade. We learn from Pithon Curt that the brother of Laura de Sade

originals, all the more that the abbé's translations of Latin and Italian passages are calculated to mislead an unlearned reader. For instance, he renders *donna*, a lady, by *vestale* or *vierge*; and translates "*Pose in man lo stile*,"—*Exécutait en marbre avec le ciseau*, in order to make out that Simon Memmi left a bust as well as a painting of Laura; he restores the celebrated note on the leaf of Petrarch's copy of Virgil from sheer imagination, and punctuates the passages he quotes in a most unnatural manner,

gained by marriage a portion of the seignury of the town of Lisle, near Vaucluse ; and no doubt he was one of the gentlemen (*vir Sorgae*) alluded to in the Latin eclogues. The abbé has shown that the eclogues of Petrarch contain many details about the history of his passion which had been totally overlooked or forgotten. But unfortunately the abbé did not know where to stop ; and though one feels that he is going too far, it is difficult to know when to part company from him.

But to return to our subject. We can gather from frequent allusions in the sonnets that Laura was a young lady of fair complexion and golden hair ; her eyes were of sapphire ; she was of a pleasing countenance, and does not appear to have been indifferent to the adornments of dress.

Their attachment commenced in 1327, when Petrarch was twenty-three years of age, and Laura probably eighteen. In the tenth eclogue, the poet, under the name of Sylvanus, relates to his friend Socrates his first meeting with Laura :

“ It was in an elevated forest in that distant place where the clear Sorgue from one mountain and the pale Durance from another flow towards the Rhone. Here I, transplanted from the Tuscan Arno, possessed a piece of barren land : such are the changes of fortune. I cultivated the unploughed fields, and poverty

attended the work. Wandering one day amongst the sunny woods, amongst the rocks and knotted oaks, a beautiful laurel grew beside the banks of the river. I was attracted to it, and, after it offered me a shade, my whole thoughts were turned to her. The pleasure of my youth passed away. She was a rustic laurel, but the most pleasing flower of the river.* Forgetting myself, I devoted my song and my time to her alone; nor could the rugged situation of the place turn me from the worship of my Laura."

This is but another version of the lines in the sonnet: "I was wandering in the place where the Sorgue and Durance go to join their clear and turbid waters into a greater stream; where was my academy, my dwelling-place, and my Parnassus; where I passed my time when the beautiful Laura appeared to my eyes." (See also sonnet cxxxviii., "Una candida cerva.")

The Abbé Costaing, who knew the country well, has placed the scene of this first meeting in the forest of Galas, about two miles from Vaucluse; and there is an air of probability in his theory that the third eclogue contains an account of what followed. Laura, surprised at the sudden appearance of Petrarch, takes

* "*Rustica laurus erat, sed flos gratissimus amnis.*"—Abbé's Ms.

"*Rusticus ardor erat, sed erat gratissimus ardor.*"—Text of edition of Basel.

to flight; but the poet gains an interview on some other occasion and declares his love to her; she shuns all his compliments, being resolved to lead a virgin life. Many passages in the sonnets make us smile at the whimsical notion of the last century, that they could have been addressed to a married woman; for example: "I saw a young lady sitting under a laurel tree, whiter and colder than snow;" and the inscription on the collar of the white hind (Laura) in sonnet cxxxviii.: "Libera farmi al mio Cesare parve,"—It seemed good to my master to make me free.

He describes his life as rendered utterly miserable by the force of his passion; now, it is hanging by a thread; now he menaces to commit suicide. It is clear from some of the later sonnets that the coldness of Laura diminished, and that he was admitted into her company upon terms of intimacy. In sonnet lxxvi. he addresses his friend Sennucio: "I wish that you should know in what manner I am treated and what life is mine. She is sometimes humble and sometimes proud, sometimes harsh and sometimes tender; now dressed plainly, now dressed gaily; now gentle, now disdainful." Gradually her mood becomes less capricious. On his announcing to her that he was going to leave her for a while, she turns pale (note, sonnet lxxxiv.); and on his leaving she lays aside the pearls, the garlands, and the gay gar-

ments, the laugh, the song, and the pleasant conversation.

On one occasion a gentleman presents each of them with a rose, with the remark that the whole world does not contain such a pair of lovers. It appears probable that Petrarch alludes to secret interviews with which he was favoured; but when Mr. Bruce Whyte goes on to assert that he can prove, from the sonnets, that Laura was seduced, and states his opinion that she was kept in obscurity by her family on account of the disgrace her conduct had thrown upon them, he evidently gives an unnecessarily unfavourable explanation of a few obscure passages. He talks of Petrarch attempting to escalate her chamber, but there is nothing about escalading, or anything like it, in the sonnets which he quotes.

The notion that Laura ever lost the esteem and goodwill of her family is refuted by twenty passages both in the Italian and Latin poems of her admirer. Read, for example, the affecting description in the *Trionfo della Morte* of her dying (*intorno al casto letto*), surrounded by the ladies who had been her companions and friends bewailing her loss and praising her virtues. Equally unjust is it to Petrarch to see in him a finished seducer of the Squire Thornhill school. We have the testimony of several of his contemporaries, among others Villani and Boccaccio,

to the purity of his life. He deserved, says the latter, the title of Parthenias Alter. We have the voluntary declaration of Petrarch himself, that his love for Laura was faithful and honourable (*unicus et honestus*); and in his celebrated dialogue with St. Augustine he again introduces the subject :

“This is my witness in presence of him with whom I speak, that there was never anything base or obscene in my love, and nothing culpable save its intensity. She,” he says in the course of the dialogue, “recalled my youthful mind from all baseness, and withdrew it from low thoughts to higher aims. A lover is sure to assume the manners that he sees beloved; and no one was ever found who could with more biting effect venture to correct, I do not say directly, but in the bearing of her words, anything that she saw in me reprehensible. Hence those who never left anything untouched left her in admiration and veneration. It is not, then, wonderful if such a preëminent reputation aroused in me the desire of a greater fame, and softened the hard labour necessary to obtain it. What did I desire, when a young man, more than to please her alone who alone had pleased me?”

The part which St. Augustine bears in the dialogue forbids us supposing that Petrarch borrowed an excuse from the low morality of that base and

dissolute age which, nevertheless, was capable of producing a high ideal both of female virtue and of manly honour. And, though this ideal was unfortunately too high for the immense majority of mankind, there is nothing incredible that it should have been realised by Petrarch—a man who appears to have possessed all the deep passion and glowing imagination of Rousseau without his inconsistency and low vices. Petrarch was an enthusiast in this as in every other passion which occupied his mind. In his love for the past, in his dreams of liberty for the present, as in his restless desire for reputation, he showed a powerful and constant nature, thoroughly subjugated by the force of ideas. Laura—a woman of a style of loveliness not very common amongst the dark beauties of Italy or southern France; pure, sweet, and gentle, full of maiden fancies; receiving the poet as a friend, yet shunning him as a lover; in the end yielding to his homage and attractions by degrees so slight that they were scarcely perceptible even to his watchful and refined sense—must have exercised over this imaginative Italian a fascination which to many may appear incredible. She was, if we may believe an ancient tradition, an admirer of the Provençal poetry, and had been educated by her aunt Estienete Gantelmi, Dame de Romanil, a member of one of the courts of love, and from this lady she may have

drawn some of those fantastic notions which made her at once so attractive and so difficult to please.

Petrarch confesses that his love for a time carried away his sense of honour and virtue ; but Laura resisted all his seductions. “ Moved by no prayers, conquered by no blandishments, she kept fast in her virtue, and against the temptations of her own and my youth. Against many different things which would have bent a mind of adamant she remained firm and impregnable.”

One very natural question must present itself to the mind of the English reader : Why did the whole affair not end, like most plays and romances, in a marriage ? A question difficult to answer. Petrarch had taken the tonsure and held four church benefices ; but this, according to the custom of those days, did not prevent him marrying. There is a tradition that John XXII., wishing to see the lovers united, offered Petrarch a suitable provision for marriage ; but that the poet refused, saying he was unwilling to become a husband lest he should cease to be a lover, an answer perfectly in keeping with the tenets of the Troubadours and the decisions of the courts of love. To all appearance the views of Laura were no less romantic, though the whole affair looks somewhat absurd to a more prosaic mind. However this may be, anyone who seriously examines the

question must come to the conclusion that this celebrated passion was by no means a piece of mere poetical sentimentalism.

Petrarch's affection at the beginning seemed to have been as violent as that of the lover of Julie in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*; but gradually it subsided into a more temperate and chastened feeling, which seems to have held its ground for twenty-one years. In his letter to John Colonna, describing an ascent to the top of Mont Ventoux, Petrarch speaks of his love :

“ Much still remains of this doubtful and unpleasant affair. Already I have ceased to love what I was accustomed to love—or, rather, I love, but with greater modesty and more sadly. At last I have said the truth. So it is, I love; but I would like better to hate; nevertheless, I love, but unwillingly, perforce, with pain and reluctance. In myself I feel the force of the famous line :

‘Odero si potero, si non, invitus amabo.’

(I will hate, if I can; if not, I shall love unwillingly.)

The third year has not yet passed since that perverse and mischievous will which seized upon me and ruled over my heart without contradiction began to have another will rebelling against it; and between these two the struggle for masterdom is still doubtful and painful.”

Like all human passions, that of Petrarch had its alternations of violence and weakness. Neither the virtue nor the fidelity of the poet were perfectly without reproach; and it is possible that the boy who was permitted by the Pope Clement VI. to take the name of John Petrarch was actually his son, though the Abbé Costaing would make him an adopted child. The learned critic, however, irrefragably proves that the lady whom the Abbé de Sade pretends to have been the daughter of Petrarch was in reality his sister.

Fleeing from the "impious Babylon" of the Popes, Petrarch passed most of his time at Vacluse. This, as its name indicates, is a shut-up valley, about eighteen miles from Avignon. Steep hills of calcareous rock sink or slope down to form a narrow glen, in the middle of which run the abundant waters of the Sorgue. In some places the rocks present their naked and whitened masses to the sun; at others they are buried under the sloping soil, which is covered with vines. The little level ground in the middle of the valley is cut in two by the river, whose waters flow past at a rapid rate. Its source is the celebrated fountain of Vacluse, which issues from a chasm in the rocks at the head of the valley. During the summer time its waters subside enough to allow one to enter into the lofty grotto which their passage

has worn out; but even in the greatest heats its stream is fresh and cold. Here Petrarch occupied himself in composing his poems, writing his letters, and cultivating a little garden. His friend, the Bishop of Cavaillon, had a residence in the valley, which, nevertheless, Petrarch describes as a solitude. At present it contains about six hundred inhabitants.

Petrarch was not so enamoured of this retreat as to forget the outer world. He made frequent journeys in all directions, and was absent in Italy when the death of Laura took place. It was not entirely unexpected: several of his sonnets give expression to his anxiety for her health; and in the *Dialogues with St. Augustine* he speaks as if she had been visited by several alarming illnesses. "Exhausted by frequent attacks, she has," he adds, "lost much of her former vigour." Though the context makes the meaning of this passage clear enough, much discussion has taken place about the abbreviation *ptbs.*, which the Abbé de Sade insisted upon rendering by *partubus* (*crebris partubus exhausta*), and the Abbé Costaing by *plthysmatibus*, but which the majority of critics have more judiciously rendered by *perturbationibus*. Laura died in the year of the plague (1348), apparently of a lingering illness. Nothing seems more strongly to prove the deep tenderness which Petrarch had for his mistress than the plain-

tive notes he sings after her death, by which he tells us he seeks to forget his pain. We have all the degrees of genuine grief, passing from despair into sad resignation. Sometimes he sees her shade floating about the woods and rocks of Vacluse, and notices the expression of pity upon her face for the sorrow of her faithful lover. We have in our own language one of the most beautiful tributes which grief has ever given to the memory of the departed ; yet, for deep feeling and power of language, one might almost prefer the sonnets of Petrarch, *In Morte di Laura*, to the *In Memoriam* of Tennyson. To render these sonnets into another language is an attempt sure to end in failure. Poets like him, remarkable above all things for their powers of beautiful expression, can only be appreciated by those who read the original forms they have chosen ; and of all poetical measures the sonnet is the most difficult both to compose and translate, since its measure, and even its length, are limited by inflexible rules. Let us, however, for the sake of those who do not read Italian, try a literal translation of one of these sonnets which seem least liable to suffer from the process :

“ Broken is the old column (referring to the death of the old Colonna) and the green laurel which gave shade to my weary thoughts ; I have lost what I cannot hope to find again from the north to the south,

from the shores of India to the shores of Africa. Death, thou hast taken away my double treasure which made my life proud and happy, which neither earthly power nor oriental gems nor the force of gold can restore. But if it is the will of Fate, what can I do more than have my soul sad, and the eyes always moist, and the face bent to the ground? O, this life of ours, which in prospect is so beautiful, how easily it loses in a single moment what many years of painful effort have acquired!"

This is true poetry—the art of saying great things simply and naturally, and, at the same time, making the words beautify without weakening the thought.

It would be endless to reproduce all the theories and fallacies which have been emitted about Laura. The note on the leaf of Petrarch's manuscript of Virgil may be passed over as spurious; but the story of the tomb found at the church of the Cordeliers is too well known to be treated with so little ceremony. In 1533, the sepulchral vault of the family of Sade, in the church of the Cordeliers at Avignon, was opened by Maurice de Sèves, a learned antiquary of Lyons. In the tomb was found a bronze medal engraved with the letters "M. L. M. J.," which were then variously interpreted, "*Madonna Laura Mortua Jacet*," or, "*Mortuæ Lauræ Miserere Jesus*." Besides this interesting relic—which reminds one of the story

in *The Antiquary* of Aiken Drum's lang ladle—they found a lead box, containing an Italian sonnet written on parchment. It was clear that Petrarch, who was in Italy when his mistress died, could not have composed the verses for her funeral; and the statement they contained that the subject of them was born and had died in the town of Avignon, is irreconcilably at variance with the assertion of Petrarch, that his mistress was born in a little town. Moreover, the verses are so bad that the Italian critics have rejected them on this ground alone. The credulity of that age, however, accepted the vault in the Cordeliers as the tomb of Laura, and the nauseous verses as the funeral tribute of Petrarch. The same year, Francis I. came to do honour to the hallowed spot, and composed the well-known lines :

“ En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir
Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommée,
Plume, labeur, la langue et le savoir
Feurent vaincus par l'amant de l'aimée.

O gentille âme ! estant tant estimée,
Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant ?
Car la parole est toujours resprimée
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.”

Nevertheless, it cannot be proved that the tomb of Laura was there. Petrarch himself, in his eleventh eclogue, describes the place where she was buried. Her sister, under the name of Neobes, goes with two

companions, *Fusea* and *Fulgida*, to pour their lamentations upon the tomb of Laura. The place is not very clearly indicated. "Take the way where you see the uncombed necks of oxen held in knotted halters, and many lairs of dogs under the low threshold, and gray oaks" (or gray dogs) "beside the walls."* Nothing baffles the ingenuity of the antiquary. The Abbé de Sade has found this passage in perfect accordance with the belief that Laura was buried in the church of the Cordeliers. Benvenuto de Imola had already given him the clue. The road

* Let the critical reader compare the following texts :

"Carpe iter hac quâ nodosis impexa capistris
Colla boum, crebrasque canum sub limine parvo,
Videris excubias gilvosque ad claustra Molossos.

Ægloga X.

Francisci Petrarchæ Opera Latina
Basileæ, 1554."

Here is the reading of the abbé's Ms. :

"Carpe iter amnis, quâ nodosis implexa capistris
Caula boum ; herbasque è clatro sub limine parco
Videris exiguas, glaucosque ad claustra Molossos.
Ille locus tua damna tegit, jugi in auspice consa."

I add the abbé's own translation into French :

"Prenez le sentier du bord de la rivière, au vallon des bœufs, là où se trouve une bergerie au milieu des rameaux nouveaux de l'yeuse, vous verrez sous l'intérieur de ce toit modique, et à travers ses barreaux, de petites herbes qui y croissent, et au-dehors des murs de l'édifice des chênes verts qui l'entourent. Ce lieu recouvre l'objet qui vous était le plus cher, il est enfermé dans cet hospice de la colline."

(*iter*) was nothing less than a street in the middle of the great city of Avignon; the oxen harnessed by the neck are the Father Cordeliers; and the dogs which guard the convent are the monks who lift their voices for God and his servants. The Abbé Costaing, on the other hand, maintains that he has found the place, a ruined sepulchral monument in the valley of Galas, near Vaucluse. Laura, in the eclogue, goes by the name of Galatea. Certainly the poet is not happy in his choice of names; but Galatea (*improba puella*) is worse still than Fulgida or Fusca, and we are naturally prepossessed in favour of the abbé's statement that the original name written by the hand of Petrarch was Galas Thea, the Saint of Galas, which of course would confirm his theory as to the place of her burial. But our conversion is by no means complete. The place where Laura was buried will probably never be certainly known. It is not impossible that new manuscripts may yet be found which will throw some additional light upon the history of this celebrated lady. In the mean time, though precise details are certainly wanting, there is nothing to excuse the vague scepticism in which ignorance has prompted some writers to indulge, and the rash theories and desperate guesses which a little knowledge has taught to others.

Petrarch survived Laura twenty-six years. In

1374 he was found dead at Arqua, in his library, his head resting on an open book. He died much beloved and regretted by all the cultivated spirits of his age, with the reputation of a good, as well as that of a great man.

On one of the pillars of his monument are inscribed the well-known lines attributed to Petrarch himself:

“*Inveni requiem : spes et fortuna, valete ;
Nil mihi vobiscum est, ludite nunc alios.*”

“I have found rest. Farewell, hope and fortune : I have nothing more to do with you. Now go and deceive others.”

ARCACHON.

NONE would imagine, when sailing down the river below Bordeaux, that the left bank of the Garonne, though clad with vineyards and enlivened with towns and villages, yet covers an extensive desert; but a few miles into the interior will conduct one to the *Landes* of Gascony—a sandy waste between the Garonne and the sea, occupying, in the days of Arthur Young, a space of three hundred square miles. Next the sea stretched sandy downs, whose surface, continually shifted by the winds, not only refused to allow any permanent soil for vegetation, but even invaded the cultivated lands, and buried houses and churches under its advance. In other parts, owing to the impermeability of the subsoil, the plain was at successive seasons a lake, a marsh, and a malaria-haunted desert. In 1789 M. Bre-montier, one of the forest administrators, set a-going a scheme for fixing and fertilising these sandy wastes. He planted the seeds of the broom and *pinus pinaster*, and covered the spots with the branches of trees firmly fixed to the ground, and

overlapping one another, so as to form a kind of thatch, which would prevent the sand from shifting until the seeds had grown up. In six weeks the broom had risen as many inches, and afforded a protection to the pine-shoots which slowly rose under their shade. In seven or eight years the pine-trees had overtopped the broom, which they soon smothered. M. Bremontier thus succeeded in establishing zone after zone of plantation, covering the country at right angles to the wind, and affording a shelter for farther advances. New seeds were gathered; the thinnings of the broom and pine-trees were used to bind the soil where the seeds were sown, and extensive pine-forests by degrees covered the desert. Large tracts of land covered with marshes were since 1850 rescued by the employment of surface-draining; 260,000 acres of communal land have been wooded by this second triumph of French agriculture, a part being sold to defray the costs of improvement.

The desire to regain his lost health has made man build towns on spots where nothing else could have placed them,—on the wild summits of the Himalayas and the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, and even on the heights of the Alps. Similar considerations induced strangers to cross the *Landes*, and seek bathing in the Bay of Arcachon, where it is said the

water is salter than in the neighbouring Bay of Biscay.

It was observed that the *resiniers* who pass their days in the pine-forests preparing the Bordeaux turpentine enjoyed a singular exemption from phthisis, bronchitis, and rheumatism. The temperature of Arcachon was a degree or two milder than the neighbouring city of Bordeaux. This led to the foundation of a sanitarium deeper in the forests, called the *ville d'hiver*.

At present Arcachon consists of two towns. The *ville d'été* lies upon the shore, and is much resorted to by bathers in the summer season. In 1864 the number of bathers who visited it was as large as 280,000. It is connected by a railway with Bordeaux, and already possesses a fixed population of 4000 inhabitants; 1500 summer-houses of all kinds of architecture, in which the Chinese predominates, placed at intervals amongst the pine-trees, their white walls contrasting strongly with the deep green of the foliage, make up the summer town. Beyond is the long sandy beach, the blue sea, and the monotonous desert across the bay. He who is inclined for relaxation may find it in the *Casino*, the lower story of which is in imitation of the Alhambra, and the upper taken from the mosque at Cordova. It contains a library and reading-rooms,

a magnificent concert-hall, cafés and billiard-rooms, and is surrounded by gardens, where concerts are given in the open air.

The winter town is upon a height, deeper in the forest, and consists of about forty villas couched amongst the pines, and provided with every species of modern comfort and luxury. They were built under the direction of the Pereires, the feus being granted by the state. The price of rooms in the winter town is : for a double-bedded room, from half-a-crown to six shillings a day ; for a single-bedded room, from half-a-crown to three shillings and fourpence ; breakfast and dinner cost half-a-crown each. These charges include attendance.

Popular and medical observation had made out, in different parts of the world, that certain diseases derived benefit from the exhalations of pine-trees, and the attention of the author of this work had for several years been directed to collate and explain these remarkable facts. “Dr. William Ireland,” observes a reviewer in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, August 1863, “seems to have proved satisfactorily that ozone is a powerful disinfectant.* Pine-trees evolve it in large quantity ; even the bark seems to

* See his paper in *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, July 1862,—“Notes on the Medical Topography of Kussouli.” The author has no pretension of having been the first to indicate the disinfecting properties of ozone.

emit it. Where these are abundant, health prevails." Of the importance of this subject the Bombay government appears fully aware, for it has directed Dr. Cook to make arrangements for the systematic registration of the daily amount of ozone in the atmosphere throughout the Presidency.* Now the position of the *villas d'hiver* in the forest of Arcachon insures a vast supply of this purifying agent; so that there can be little question as to the beneficial effect of breathing the invigorating atmosphere which surrounds the invalids who resort thither. The notion of the superior salubrity of such sites is neither new nor confined to Europe. Johnstonus, in his *Dendrographia*, published at Frankfort in 1662, observed that it is wholesome to walk in groves of pine-trees, which impregnate the air with balsamic particles. "In Germany," says Dr. Ireland, "it has been observed that in districts where pine-forests are abundant bronchitis and rheumatism are not so common as elsewhere; and Professor Albers, of Bonn, regards it as certain that patients suffering from these disorders derive benefit by removing to such localities. Ozonised cod-liver oil, the reader must know, has lately been recommended in phthisis."†

* *Lancet*, 13th June 1863, p. 677.

† See "Observations on the Medical Administration of Ozon-

“Dr. George Wood, Pennsylvania, says in his *Treatise on the Practice of Medicine* (fourth edition, Philadelphia, 1855), in regard to changes of climate in *phthisis pulmonalis*: ‘For Americans there is probably no better residence than the interior of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. The immense pine-forests of these regions may add the advantage of their exhalations to those afforded by the comparative dryness and warmth of the climate.’”

The beneficial effects of the emanations of pine-forests on phthisis have also been noticed by Foissac;* and mattresses of pine-leaves are used in some of the hospitals in Germany.

Not only is the quantity of resinous matter secreted by trees in a southern climate like this considerably greater, but its exhalations are more copiously diffused by the superior power of the sun's rays. The smell of terebinthinate vapours on entering a pine-forest is often very penetrating. At Arcachon it sometimes causes pain to people with a delicate chest. It leaves a scum on the top of the wells, and imparts a resinous smack to the water.

ised Oils,” by Theophilus Thompson, M.D., in *Trans. of the Medico-Chirurg. Society of London*, vol. xlii. p. 349; also *Lectures on Pulmonary Consumption*, by Theophilus Thompson. 2d edition, with Appendix by his son, Dr. G. Symes Thompson.

* *De l'Influence des Climats sur l'Homme*, p. 225. Par P. Foissac, M.D. Paris, 1837.

While experimenting from the top of Kussouli in the Himalayas on the quantity of ozone at different elevations, my attention was directed to the emanations of pine-trees. Their resinous secretions are believed to contain a not yet isolated compound of ozone, which certainly possesses its active properties, and notably those oxidising properties which render ozone so powerful a disinfectant. Whatever the active principle might be, it had been proved by observations in all parts of the world that the air of pine-forests possessed healing properties, especially over bronchitis and rheumatism.

I was thus prepared to appreciate the advantages of the resinous baths at Die. More than a hundred years ago four labourers were cutting wood on the top of Glandaz, a lofty mountain in the Alps of Dauphiné. One of their number was disabled by a sudden attack of acute rheumatism in the legs. He was, however, still able to arrange the cut wood in the pitch-furnace. After working a little at this employment, which exposed him to the resinous vapours that issued from the wood, he felt his complaint gradually disappearing. The cure was rumoured about among the peasantry; but the knowledge of this method of treatment remained confined to the valley of Chatillon till about twenty years ago, when it began to attract some attention.

It struck Dr. Chevandier at Die that it was very singular that peasants suffering from rheumatism should cause themselves to be borne to an elevation of above 6000 feet, where the ground during a great part of the year was covered with snow, in order to expose themselves to the vapours of a pitch-furnace, and that they should return, often on their own legs, from this ordeal, apparently so dangerous, cured of their complaints. He considered that the remedy must be a valuable one, and that it would be still more so if applied under more favourable conditions. Getting a pitch-furnace erected at Die, he commenced to examine the subject with all the zeal of a philosopher.

Having thus learned the conditions under which the remedy could be applied, he commenced to treat patients for rheumatism and bronchitis with much success, but, from the limited population of the country and the slow diffusion of the knowledge of the cure, with very little profit.

At present there are, I believe, about twenty different establishments in the south of France for this method of treatment, most of which use the species of pine-tree which grows on the summit of Glandaz. It is called *eouve* in the dialect of the province; but it neither appears to be the *pinus cembrot* nor the *pinus mugho*, as asserted by differ-

ent observers. There is no solid reason to suppose that any highly resinous species of conifer would be destitute of the same healing properties, though I would not recommend the ordinary turpentine of commerce being substituted.

The baths used at Sallières, near Die, still preserve the original type of the pitch-furnace. They resemble a large baking-oven. The fire is below, and the layers of pine-wood, covered with honey-coloured resin, are strewed upon the floor. It is found advisable not to raise the heat beneath so high as to char the lower layers of wood in the bath. The patient sits upon a bench, wrapped in a porous covering of wool. This is a rough kind of ordeal; and I do not advise an old man, or one liable to cerebral congestion, to undergo it. Anyone who wishes to study the French peasant proprietor will find plenty of that class at this establishment; and the fare is good, though homely. In the other establishment at Martouret the vapour is introduced through pipes to a row of enclosed seats, in which the patients sit wrapped in loose woollen mantles. The accommodation is better at Martouret, and the whole arrangements of a more pretentious character.

I have had numerous opportunities of observing the effects of this method of cure, and have no hesitation in saying that its effects are much superior

to those of the most celebrated mineral springs, and to the ordinary medical treatment, in rheumatism, sciatica, and chronic bronchitis. At the same time I do not wish, in introducing the subject here, to persuade any patient to resort to the baths at Die without consulting his own medical attendant. Though physicians may be slow to recognise a new method of cure which lies beyond the sphere of their ordinary observation, they are, after all, the only judges in the case. The public may induce them to examine the subject, and stimulate their languid powers of attention, but it can do little more.*

* Those who wish to pursue the subject may read the article of Dr. A. Chevandier, "Sur l'Emploi des Bains de Vapeur térébenthinée contre le Rhumatisme," as well as the article of Dr. Benoit—both in the *Revue Médico-Chirurgicale de Paris*, Mai 1852; and the *Revue Médicale Française et Etrangère*, 15^me Juin 1854; and a paper by the author "On the Therapeutic Effects of the Resinous Vapours of the Coniferæ," *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, February 1864.

A MODERN TROUBADOUR.

FRANCISKA COTTA was the daughter of a professor in a gymnasium of a town in the north of Bavaria. She was one of many children, and lost her mother at an early age; but her education was carefully prosecuted by her father, a man of worth and learning. Franciska was sent while still young to fill the duty of a governess.

A few years after she left her home, her father died, and her brothers and sisters were separated to earn their bread in various employments. She herself was independent, for her accomplishments and skill in teaching were now sufficiently known to procure her a good situation. She became governess to the children of the Graf von Schwefelberg, who possessed great estates and rich mines in Bohemia. This nobleman often resided at the court of his intimate friend the Duke of Elfenstein, one of those petty princes who shared the dismembered states of the great German nation. He was an amiable and accomplished ruler, fond, like the Duke of Weimar, of encouraging men of letters. A celebrated German poet and some minor *literati* lived

at his court, and assisted him both to rule and to make verses. The duke had marked the talents of the young governess, and when the Baron von Schwefelberg had no further occasion for her services, he advanced her to the dignity of directress of the education of his own daughters—two amiable young ladies with meal-coloured hair and light-blue eyes. This appointment caused some enmity in the small capital of Elfenstein, and insinuations were buzzed about that it was not owing to her accomplishments alone that Fräulein Cotta was so much in favour with the duke. These base insinuations, however, had little success; they served only to make the governess more careful in her conduct. She was necessarily very staid in her demeanour, and full of that didactic propriety which ladies of her profession are compelled to assume in order to overcome the romping tendency of their pupils. She was not of noble family, and as everyone else at the ducal court was at least a Von, there seemed no chance of her ever forming an honourable alliance. German pride is great and persistent, without being unnecessarily obtrusive. Not that she thought either of loving or being loved: her mental discipline was too strict to let such incorrect fancies invade her thoughts, but perhaps they might disturb her slumbers and give a colour to her dreams. In her waking moments

she only thought of increasing her acquirements, and imparting them to her pupils. Her friends regarded her as the very pattern of decorum and mental tranquillity. It might have been she of whom a German versifier of that age has sung :

“ Sie lebet streng im Kreise ihrer Pflichten,
 Sie weiss sie unverdrossen treu zu üben.
 Fremd ist ihr eigenes Hassen oder Lieben :
 Sie hat nie Streit in ihrer Brust zu schlichten.”*

Fräulein Cotta spent a part of the year in Leipzig for the benefit of her two pupils; and here she met with a young Frenchman. This was an acquaintance which he was evidently most anxious to improve, and which she herself was disposed to suffer in order that she might have an opportunity of exercising herself in the French language. Though not a *savant*, the Frenchman was a real philologist. Nothing in general is more tedious than the labour of expressing one's ideas in a foreign language, which we are always sure to do worse than the stupidest of those who speak it as their native tongue; but there are some who love to play with the instrument of thought, to examine it, and speculate about it, to shift from one language to another, as if the

* “ She lives strictly within the circle of her duties,
 Which she knows how to perform with calm fidelity.
 Strange to her is her own hate or love :
 She has never any quarrels to smoothe within her breast.”

increased difficulty of expression gave a zest to the thought. It would not amuse the majority of our readers to furnish a specimen of the colloquies which used to take place between two such pretentious linguists as the Frenchman and the governess. At one time they talked in French, at another in German, sometimes in Italian. Then, again, one would tell a story in German, which the other would translate *extempore* into French, and *vice versâ*. They had as many subjects of conversation as words, for every word might become the subject of a conversation. The Frenchman seemed to love travel more as a means of getting at people who spoke in unknown tongues, than from any useful lessons he could learn from a difference in history, manners, and tone of thought.

"I have formed a project," said he, one day. "I have found a friend who can speak Latin, English, and Spanish. We intend to set out for China, through Central Asia. We believe that with French, German, English, Latin, and Spanish, we will always find someone who understands us, and then we shall return, after having learned the different languages of the countries through which we travel."

Fräulein Cotta combated this proposition with arguments which it would be tedious to reproduce. The truth is, she was beginning to take an interest in the young Frenchman deeper than words and

more seductive than philology. The stranger had gifts which might have made him agreeable to ladies who would have thought Adelung or Mezzofanti sad bores. He had a light handsome figure, black hair, an eye as quick and bright as a partridge's, and one of those fine profiles which are occasionally met with in the south of France, perhaps the heritage of the Greek colonies of Marseilles and Arles. He had besides a taste for music and a beautiful voice. Fräulein Cotta was a proficient in that high and difficult style of music which does so much honour to German composers. They gradually passed from prose conversation to songs. These were at first, be it understood, always illustrative of some point in philology.

“Tyroler sind lustig,
Tyroler sind froh!
Sie trinken ihr Wein,
Und tanzen ach so!”

sang the Frenchman, circumwaltzing the room. “You observe, Fräulein, that in the Tyrol they do not say *ihr Wein*, as you would say, but *ihr Weinel*.”

The Fräulein not only observed this verbal eccentricity, but noticed that the gentleman danced very well.

“You have quite a different language in the south of France, which contains many beautiful songs.”

“Ah, that is our own Provençale, *la langue d’oc* ;”

whereat he commenced singing a number of those spirited poetical compositions, most of which have remained untranslated, owing to an excessive warmth of expression and freedom of description, which have not till very lately been approved of by the British public.

The interesting stranger was introduced to the Graf von Schwefelberg, who invited him to visit him at Elfenstein during the autumn. Here he became a visitor of some note. This was after the Peace of Tilsit, when the influence of France throughout the whole of Europe was so great that one can scarcely form a proper estimate of it, even by reading some of the works published about that period. Napoleon was a name of terror and enchantment, and the French the heroes of Europe. The Duke of Elfenstein had fortunately taken a part with Saxony and Bavaria in the alliance with France, and there was no wounded national pride to heal in his little principality. People naturally desired to know something of the history of the new-comer, but little could be gleaned from him. His name was Henri Manobre, he was a native of Provence, his family had suffered for their attachment to the cause of royalty in France. He appeared to have no profession, but was not in want of money. The most probable conclusion seemed that he was one of the old nobility of France,

who had been expelled by the Revolution, and that he had changed his name to escape deportation or annoyance from the hands of the existing government.

This was confirmed by the fineness of his make, his small hands, the ease with which he mixed amongst the aristocrats of Elfenstein, and the readiness with which he accommodated himself to their stiff etiquette and cumbrous titles. He appeared to be too well acquainted with military affairs not to have served at least a campaign; but no one could make out anything more, and the mystery that surrounded him of course added romance to his other attractions. He was most attentive in paying his court to the ladies, and it was jealousy which first taught Fräulein Cotta how completely the stranger had gained her heart. She, who was ordinarily so distant and circumspect, and had elaborated such fine maxims of maidenly reserve and purity for her pupils, perceived that she had unwittingly become the slave of a passion which she was unable to resist. For the first time she blamed the niggardliness of nature—perhaps unfairly; for without being beautiful she was comely enough. Her light brown hair and clear complexion, dark blue eyes and fine soft voice, might have charmed many who had no relish for the deeper beauties of her mind.

The imagination of the Germans is great, without possessing the fire and intensity of the Latin races of the South; and round this half-unknown Frenchman she could throw all the fanciful qualities which her heart desired, and which her experience convinced her did not exist among her everyday acquaintances. If it is true, as it often is, that people like their opposites, there was much to excuse her attachment to this young man. She mastered everything with consummate application, and was not to be turned aside from any study in which she wished to succeed. He, on the contrary, never attempted anything for which he was not peculiarly fitted, and thus accomplished everything he attempted with an almost miraculous ease and celerity. She admired the rapid play of his ardent and adroit intelligence, without ever considering how superior she was to him in real and solid attainments. He soon perceived her passion, and was ready enough to take advantage of it. Unfortunately, Franciska had no more idea of the power of her own ardent feelings when thoroughly awakened than of the situation and character of Manobre, and she had soon bitterly to regret the loss of the greatest good which a woman can possess. And in truth her repentance was as great as it ought to have been. She shuddered at the idea of her fault becoming known, and cursed the hypocrisy that still kept her,

so guilty and impure, the friend and instructress of the tender and innocent.

Breaches of the laws of chastity were certainly, if there was any truth in scandal, not unknown amongst the ladies of Elfenstein; but then they were as a general rule only committed by married women, who took good care that the affair could not be juridically proved against them. This gave the poor young lady little consolation, and her only hope of escaping the stings of her conscience and the misery of her situation was to induce her lover to restore her to the position from which his treachery and her own weakness had made her fall. To bring this about she took to expedients which she would have loathed before.

Her first efforts were directed to discover his history and to fathom his character. Not even the undue intimacy which he had obtained could tempt him to reveal the former. She could gain little of his past life, save the confirmation of what has been already given. But she satisfied herself that he was not of any high family, and that neither his circumstances nor his aspirations were so lofty as to place him above herself. This gave her some relief, for she loved him with the devotedness of a woman who has already sacrificed much, though she bitterly regretted that she had placed her fate in his hands. His character was difficult to fix; inconstant as the light

that flickers through a poplar grove, shade and sunshine fitfully succeeded one another. He had many amiable qualities and some base ones, but in truth he was neither good nor bad. Selfishness was his leading motive of action, nor was it in any way overruled by the moral sense. His notions of right and wrong were entirely conventional, and his highest estimate of himself that he was no worse than his neighbours. He resembled one of those beautiful orchids which cling to the trunks of trees in tropical forests. They take the sap as it is brought to them, good or bad, take as much sunlight as the overhanging boughs allow, take as much breeze as the forest does not turn aside; sometimes, though more rarely, the rain of heaven will drop upon them, but then they can only drink it through the leaves. He said he loved her, and she would fain believe it—but why could he not marry her?

His situation for a time rendered that impossible.

What was his situation then? she asked. Were his actions not free?

Unfortunately, they were not.

What, then, was the invisible chain that bound him? He was most averse to any explanation, but she succeeded at last in getting at his real history and situation, which I prefer giving in my own words.

Everyone has heard of the siege of Toulon. Our ministers, making war upon the French because they did not like the form of government that nation had adopted, sent a fleet to distribute arms, and help an insurrection amongst the Legitimists of southern France. The thing turned out ill, and the English, Spaniards, and their partisans were blocked up in Toulon. Napoleon Buonaparte, an officer of artillery, till that day little known to fame, seized a hill commanding the harbour, and the English fleet left in such a hurry that they forgot to take with them even the leaders of the insurrection which they had done their best to excite, though they had time to burn twenty-eight merchant-vessels in the harbour. This is an unpleasant page in our history, yet there is no nation in the world to whom one can so readily expose the historical crimes and blunders of the past, and who is readier to take a lesson from them. Revolutionary vengeance alighted like a vulture upon the unresisting victims cooped within the walls of Toulon. The captives were drawn up in rank and mowed down by the grape-shot of the French artillery. A list was drawn up of those who had received royalists into their houses—an offence sufficient to cost their lives. One of these was a wealthy citizen who had shown hospitality to a merchant of a town of Provence implicated in the rising. By a heavy bribe

he succeeded in inducing the functionary who had the charge of the roll of death to strike out his name. It was but a dip of ink and a scratch of the pen, but it saved the lives of two men and impoverished two families. The names of the citizen and his guest were so well known that the functionary thought the risk too great to treat upon such reasonable terms as he had accorded to others. The bribe was a heavy one, and both families had to exhaust their fortunes in paying it. Paul Sabatier, the name of the unlucky guest, returned to his family and his county town, and tried to mend his fortunes with indifferent success.

It was with the bitterest feelings that Sabatier saw his eldest son caught by the conscription, and marched off to fight under the banners of the Republic, because they were not able to pay the heavy cost of a substitute. In a few years the second son was to take his lot from the ballot-urn.

In the principal square of the town an unusual crowd was assembled, talking with great rapidity and animation. Young men passed in to the Hôtel de Ville looking very anxious, and returned bearing the number which was to decide their fortune in life. If it was a high number they bore it on their hats, their faces radiant with pleasure, and threw themselves, sobbing with the vehemence of the South, into

the arms of their mothers, who were waiting trembling at the door. If it was a low number, they came out with the billet in their hands or their pockets, keeping up a look of manful resignation.

Several of Sabatier's family waited in a corner to learn the result of the ballot. Anselme soon came out, but a single look showed them all that fortune was still spiteful. Not that a stranger would have seen anything unusually lugubrious in the face of the young conscript; but his mother and sisters missed the bright smile which they knew would hail his escape. That evening the family were gathered in an anxious committee of ways and means to gain money to buy the cost of a substitute; but Anselme would not hear of it. He was not a politician like his father, and cared little either for the King or the Republic; but, like most of the young men in France, his imagination was fired by the exploits of the victorious Republic, and the adventures and hopes of fortune it held out to those who served in its armies. There was no use raising money; he would go and be a soldier. After all, his brother had not got on so ill, and he himself might make the fortune of the family.

The reader need not imagine that Anselme had any innate love for war and battles. He was fonder of playing on the guitar than hearing the rattle of

musketry, and would rather have had a scuffle with a Provençal girl than been walked up in the doubtful attempt to bayonet a sour-looking Austrian. He was rather active than strong, and had more address than force of character. He loved better to please people than to command or quarrel with them. If he felt like a knight-errant setting out to meet adventure,—for the imagination of the South embellishes everything over which it plays,—he thought a good deal more of the damsels he would meet in his path than of the giants and champions whom he was destined to overcome. The realities of military life soon commenced. He found the drill disgusting, and was always slipping away from the raw restraints of discipline. But his amiability and gaiety of disposition made him beloved by the whole regiment.

At Macon, where he was first quartered, he soon found a damsel with whom he could exchange amiable glances, and, wishing to do her all the honours possible, he persuaded the regimental band to give a midnight serenade to the fair one, an honour with which she was no doubt delighted. Unhappily, the colonel of the regiment had taken up his quarters in a house hard by; his martial indignation was aroused at hearing the warlike instruments turned to such soft and ignoble notes. He instituted a rigorous inquiry, which ended in the detection of

the audacious recruit, who was put under arrest for a month. Sabatier resolved to get loose of direct military service as quickly as possible. He made a campaign in Italy and one in Germany, and it was soon discovered that he possessed uncommon ability in learning foreign languages, a faculty not very general with Frenchmen. He thus easily succeeded in being employed on commissariat duties, which he discharged to the satisfaction of his superiors and with some profit to himself. Several years thus passed away, most of which he spent in Germany.

After the battle of Jena, the whole of that great country seemed to lie at the foot of France, to be treated any way Napoleon desired. But the French Emperor feared the hatred of the Germans, and was apprehensive of a coalition amongst the rulers who divided that people into insignificant principalities. He, therefore, thought it advisable to have agents who should keep him informed of the state of feeling in Germany, and watch the formation of secret societies whose aim was the destruction of French supremacy; and on this service Sabatier was employed. Could anything be more agreeable? He was well paid; he could spend his time as he wished; the more he enjoyed himself, the more he insinuated himself into the people's good graces, the better he

did his duty; and the government was willing, as far as it could, to help him into good society. He was not ill-natured, and, as his reports were made upon a country not under French rule, he had none of the odious duties of a *mouche*.

He had found it necessary to conceal his service in the French army, and to change his name for that of Manobre.

His story gave occasion for some reflection. Would the French government allow one whom it had intrusted with such confidential employment, and who already knew some of its secrets—would it allow him to leave its service, settle at a small German court, and marry a German woman? He was still on the strength of the army, and still under military authority. If he deserted he might be seized and shot. At any rate he could never hope to go back to his country again. Could she not wait a year or two, when he might succeed in throwing up his commission? He was touched at her despondency, and shed tears when he left Elfenstein to return to Leipzig.

They continued to correspond, and one evening he received a letter from her. The Graf von Schwefelberg, she said, had taken a fancy for him, and would intrust him with the management of one of his estates in Bohemia. The emolument was higher

than what Sabatier derived from his present employment, and some interest could be brought to bear upon the French government to give him his discharge. One condition was not mentioned, though clearly understood,—that he should marry the woman whom he was bound to marry already. The offer was very tempting; he only wondered why Graf von Schwefelberg was so much interested in Fräulein Cotta. Was this out of pure kindness of heart? Was it solely to cover her indiscretion with him that he must marry her and settle upon a nobleman's estate? Thus a woman by her imprudence loses the confidence even of the man who has abused it.

He was still considering the proposal, when he received another document. It was from the government, ordering him within a week's time to proceed to Dantzic. Napoleon was preparing the memorable expedition against Russia, and Sabatier's services were again needed for military duty. There was no choice but to obey. He spent the week's grace allowed to him in a visit to Elfenstein. Franciska received him affectionately, but firmly refused any renewal of her former weakness. The few days soon passed away, and with a sad heart she again saw him depart, promising faithfully to return whenever he could. The more she clung to the hope of being married, the further off seemed to be its realisation.

The gigantic army, the whole force and manhood of the west of the European continent, passed through Germany by various roads for the Russian frontier, there to be joined by the troops of Austria. Sabatier did not accompany the main army any farther than Smolensko. After that battle he was employed on commissariat duties, to keep up the supplies of the army advancing on Moscow. He had always a foreboding that his department would be totally inadequate to carry out the duty of clothing and provisioning so vast an army in a hostile and half desert country. Indeed, the preparations were from the outset insufficient. Most of the soldiers had not even a greatcoat, without which no Russian would ever think of going out of doors for five minutes in the winter season. Sabatier was therefore prepared for the tidings of disaster which came from the north; and after severe exertions, and many hardships undergone in the endeavour to help the miserable failure of supplies, he set off to join the army on its retreat. Glad he was when he heard that a body of French troops was at a neighbouring village.

"What regiment is here?" said he to the first Frenchman he met.

"Seven hundred of the Imperial Guard."

"Is the Emperor with them?"

"Yes."

Sabatier was weak with cold, fatigue, and hunger, and when he joined his countrymen he felt sure of getting some refreshment. The men were partaking of a decoction of raw oats or rye.

“Can I get something to eat?” asked he of one.

“I do not know,” answered the man; “this is all we have got, and our shares are served out. You must wait till to-morrow.”

“I will give you five francs for that mess,” said he.

“No.”

“Ten francs, then.”

“No, not for a hundred francs. It is all I have got to-day.”

He went round the troops, bidding for a few mouthfuls of food, but nobody would part with their share. They lay down, cold and weary, to sleep. During the night a report spread amongst the wretched slumberers that the Emperor had set out for Paris. This was the second time Napoleon had deserted his army—once when it was blockaded in Egypt by the English, and now among the disasters and misery of a Russian winter. The deserted troops reached Wilna. Here our friend, utterly exhausted, sank down, unable even to rise to seek for some food. Luckily, his brother arrived and found him, but was unable to get him anything to eat. Sabatier gave his brother some money, and told him to go out and

accost the first Jew he met, who would manage to get him some food if he paid him well. His brother found one of that singular people, who, as usual, were turning the calamities of others to their own profit.

“Can you get me any bread?” said the Frenchman.

The Jew drew a small roll of bread from a pouch in his dirty mantle, and sold it for half a franc. The brother returned with it to our friend, who felt his strength revive.

“Get me another,” said he.

“But you must not eat too much at a time.”

“O, get me another, it will do me good; I am hungrier than ever.” They got him another roll, and he devoured it eagerly.

This was about the middle of December 1812. News came that the Cossacks were approaching. The French marched from Wilna at midnight. Sabatier's brother was in a gig with the inspector Lignac. There was no seat for another, but as he was too weak to march they got a rope and tied him on to the back of the vehicle. They had with them twenty wagons laden with treasure. About a league from the town there was a slight slope, and the wagons stuck hard in the snow. Beating and goading the horses was of no use; you might have yoked twenty to one wagon, it would have been all the

same; the beasts had had nothing to eat, and were quite exhausted. They sank down in the snow. What was to be done? The Cossacks were behind. "Break open the casks," cried Oudinot, "and take as much money as you can. Carry it, and restore it at the end of the march."

Everyone helped himself; some did not give back all they had taken. At the next stage our friend bought a pony. I think it was the third day when they reached Gumbinnen, within the Prussian frontier. The last march Sabatier felt his strength failing. He had no sensation in his feet; it was only by pressing them downwards that he knew they were still in the stirrups. He made his way to the hospital, and letting the animal go, threw himself on the ground. He crawled on his hands and knees upstairs, and entered one of the wards. It was chokeful of men, dying or dead; some had beds or cots, others lay strewed on the floor. The air was full of groans and stifled plaints, and the stench was frightful. Sabatier lay down at the door. There was no one to attend to anybody. Next morning a Prussian lancer came, probably to carry away and bury the dead. Sabatier addressed him in German:

"Can you find me a lodging with someone who could take care of me?"

The man looked at him.

“ I will pay you well.”

The man reflected. No bad fellow after all, perhaps, who, like most people, preferred to gain money in an honest manner. Sabatier remembered that when he had passed through Gumbinnen before, he had lodged with an old woman who kept a bierkeller. He had advised her to take her brandy at once to the commissariat and sell it, or else the soldiers would help themselves. When the soldiers were thirsty, they would just fire into a barrel, put their mouths to the hole, take a draught, and then walk away. I have heard a similar story from a German lady. The French came to her door, walked into the house, went to the wine-cellar, took out the bung of a barrel of wine, drank as much as they wanted, and left it running. Very different this from the polite Frenchman who would not pass you on the stair without taking off his hat ! The Prussian found the old woman, who remembered Sabatier, and engaged to take care of him. Our hero was conveyed to the house, and carried into a clean little room. Great was his relief on being put between two feather cushions, and seeing the kind old woman bustling about the room. The stove was put on, and he got some warm soup. They then pulled off his boots, clipped off his stockings, and examined his feet. Ah me ! the frost-bite was too deep, the

whole feet were black with gangrene. Young Sabatier was a cripple for life. The line of demarcation between the dead and living tissues was slow in forming, and people thought it lucky that he escaped amputation of both his legs. He had a bad cough, and his voice was totally gone. This, indeed, was the case with thousands of the survivors, who suffered so much from inflammation in the windpipe that they could not raise their voices above a whisper. Sabatier had for weeks worn his cap day and night. His hair had got so matted together that it came off in lumps, and he became totally bald. The old woman, not being able to pay constant attention to her sick guest, got him a lodging in another house, where he long lay in great pain and misery. One day a Cossack appeared at the door of his little room, and brandishing his sabre, cried out, "French thief, give up your money!" Sabatier was dreadfully afraid of being ordered to Siberia, for he would certainly have died on the road. He had picked up a little Russian, so he cried out, "I am not a Frenchman; I am a German."

"Where do you come from?" cried the Russian.

"From Leipzig," replied he.

"And what is your name?"

"Carl Schulte."

The behaviour of the Prussians to the survivors

of the retreat from Moscow illustrates at once the bad and good points of human nature. When the French soldiers, ghastly and emaciated, their clothes torn and filthy, passed through their villages, the people would pursue them wherever they durst with coarse and indecent taunts, for there is a fund of insolence and little delicacy in the Prussian character. Yet, after all, they had suffered from the hands of the French the deepest humiliation a nation proud of its military glory could endure. Prussia had again drawn the sword against the Wälscher; the war of liberation had commenced. Poets were putting their hatred of France into those spirited verses which the Germans still love to sing. Professors of metaphysics were leading their students against the foreign bayonets. The women were selling their jewels to gain money to buy shot and shell to tear the limbs of the Frenchman. The whole heart of Germany was roused for the grim struggle which saw them victors in the dreadful day of the bloody battle of Leipzig. Sabatier, unable to move, was constituted a prisoner of war. He was conveyed to Königsberg, where he remained in his lodging under the eyes of the police.

There are always gentle hearts whose loving-kindness extends to the whole human race, and who rise above the base temptations that embitter the divisions

of rival factions and hostile communities. The terrible sufferings of the French army had excited the compassion even of their enemies. A subscription was raised in Königsberg for the benefit of the poor soldiers who had managed to cross the Prussian frontier. The ladies showed themselves less influenced by hostile feelings against the unfortunates whom the chances of war had thrown upon their compassion. Sabatier was quartered in the house of a *Steuer-empfänger*, where he was kindly treated. His general health had much improved; the black hair again covered his head; and as he could speak German fluently, his liveliness and amiability soon began to interest the people of the north. One day the collector was unable to balance his accounts; Sabatier offered to help him, and soon found out where the mistake lay. As he could write German characters, and was a ready and correct accountant, he was employed as amanuensis in the collector's office. In the evening he handled the fiddlestick, and sang the songs of Provence to the ladies. He was a welcome guest at many convivial meetings in the town; and when the war was over, and the Prussians knew that they had now the upper hand, they regarded their French guest with more goodwill than ever. He was offered several situations in order to induce him to settle at Königsberg.

Naturally his heart turned to his own people. He wrote to his mother for money to carry him to France, and after many farewells set out for the long and tedious journey. From the time the retreat commenced he had never written to Elfenstein, and he had not even made up his mind to visit it on his way, his circumstances were so much changed. Having little consciousness of internal worth to support the wretchedness and mutilation which he now suffered, his misfortunes seemed to him to bring humiliation and shame in the eyes of others. People had valued and loved him for his abilities, his beauty, and his power of pleasing; and now he must be content to take their opinion at a lower rate. But as he passed Leipzig old recollections and associations came into his mind, and softened his heart. He resolved once more to visit Elfenstein, if it were only to say a few farewell words.

Throughout this miserable campaign of Moscow Franciska had suffered cruelly. Every dreadful detail had torn her heart, and her anxiety had for several months been intense; but as she had heard nothing of Sabatier since the commencement of the retreat, she had given him up for dead, and tried, in deploring what was lost, to forget the remembrance of what was amiss. But when she saw him return, pale, worn, and suffering, dragging himself pain-

fully along upon crutches, she could not stem the warm burst of sympathy and affection.

“Come and live amongst us,” said she, “and we shall take care of you.”

“But you see how much I am changed,” said he; “I can only be a burden to anyone who cares for me now. I have lost everything, for I have lost myself.”

“Do not use such words,” she said; “it grieves my heart to hear them; much is still left for you to do. Besides, I am independent now; the education of my two pupils is complete, and I have received a liberal pension from the duke.”

“Ah, Franciska, how keenly does your devotion reproach me!”

It was soon all made up between them. Sabatier could not help feeling the generosity of Franciska; perhaps he felt it over-much—at least it weighed disagreeably upon him. Fräulein Cotta, on the contrary, felt that his misfortunes in a certain degree freed herself from the false position in which her weakness had placed her. The indelicacy into which she had been driven, of seeking instead of being sought, seemed no longer so intolerable, for she saw how much he needed the care of one who loved him; and she hoped that his disposition would now be rendered more serious and constant. When it was

known that they were to be married, everyone seemed pleased, and congratulated Sabatier upon his good fortune. "She is an excellent Fräulein," they would say, "and you could not do better." The only question was whether the marriage should take place at once, or whether he should return to France, see his family, settle his affairs, apply for a pension, and then return to spend the rest of his days in Germany. The latter course seemed more pleasing to him. The idea of going to live in his own country in weakness, when he had left it in the strength of youth, promised but a contrast the most pointed and miserable. He would prefer now to live amongst scenes which would not bring back the association of lost strength and vigour; so he once more bade her farewell, and set out in the coach, whose tedious stages were to land him at his native town. Franciska at first received letters from him at short and regular intervals, written with much tenderness and feeling, and great command of language. One of them made her joyful for days; her heart would bound with pleasure at some happy and heartfelt expression, which she would return again and again to read.

Gradually his letters became fewer and fewer, and their contents less and less warm; and at last he only wrote when stimulated by her own urgent inqui-

ries. What is more wearisome than waiting for letters which come only to disappoint us? Unhappy they whose hearts' ease rests on the faith of the stranger!

“Bright and fierce and fickle is the south,
But dark and true and tender is the north.”

If your word is strong as a chain of iron do not plait it with those whose oath is light and brittle as a band of twisted osiers. Sabatier had given his word in good faith, and meant to keep it; but his disposition was inconstant, his intentions easily changed, and his sense of honour a shallow and partial judge when turned against himself. New scenes brought new thoughts and feelings into his mind, and his feelings had ever more power to govern his actions than his plighted word. After all, why should he marry a woman of another people? Why could she not find a husband among her own countrymen? Why was everyone so anxious to get him to marry her? Was her indiscretion with him the only one she had ever played, or was it meant to cover some other? He was of a jealous and suspicious nature; then there was a difficulty about getting his pension, and he could not leave France till it was settled; his mother too was most averse to the idea of him marrying a foreign woman. Moreover, there was another objection which is generally of some weight with a man—she was several years older than he.

And so it turned out that he was persuaded by his mother to marry a girl of his own town, who brought him a little property. But, ashamed of the way he had treated Fräulein Cotta, and fearing some mischief if he announced the truth, he kept on writing to Germany as if he were still in a condition to fulfil his engagement; and so the poor Fräulein went on, tormented with a flickering hope which was so surely a cheat and a snare.

One day, while Anselme Sabatier was sitting with his lively young wife, a letter came for him.

"Four francs to pay!" cried she, looking curiously at the handwriting. "Why do you continue getting such expensive letters?"

"It is from a good friend," said he.

"It must be from a very good friend," she replied warmly. "On what subject can you write to fill so much paper? It is a woman's hand too."

"You are mistaken," said he, seeing that his wife was becoming jealous; "but it is of no consequence, —I will not take the letter."

He brought the letter back to the postman, and said that he could not take it in. At that time Sabatier performed the office of secretary to the maire. About a week after, that functionary said to him :

"You were to have been married in Germany, it seems?"

“Yes,” replied he, taken completely off his guard.

“And why did it not take place?”

“The lady was too old, and my mother was not pleased about it.”

Excellent son! His dutiful obedience was not without its reward. He had a pretty little wife who was very fond of him, and gave him several promising children; he set up a warehouse, his business thrived, his health improved, and he felt satisfied that he had acted for the best.

* * * * *

The rejected letter had been opened at the post-office, in order to ascertain the address of the sender. It was full of complaints and inquiries as to the cause of the coldness and evasive nature of the letters of her betrothed, full of that touching eloquence which comes from the fulness of the heart. It was written in French. The postmaster, after perusing it with much interest, added at the end, “He has been married for three months,” sealed the letter up and returned it to Germany, in order to reclaim the postage. The address was not very satisfactory, and it was again opened on crossing the German frontier and again perused. The German postmaster felt some interest in reading and studying the contents, and he resealed it carefully and sent it to its proper address.

Such an important event as a letter being re-

turned from the south of France spread in half an hour to the very frontier of the principality of Elfenstein, and the Wirkliche Geheimrätthen von Roon heard through his servant, who was acquainted with the sweetheart of the postman, who was the gossip of the servant of Fräulein Cotta, that the Fräulein had been very downcast that day, and had been heard weeping in her own room. Frau von Roon was by many people esteemed to be the greatest gossip in Elfenstein; she told everybody's secrets, and through a singular inconsistency in human nature, everybody came to tell their secrets to her. She listened to them in such a bland and sympathising manner, and took such a deep interest in other people's affairs, that no one could resist making her a confidante. Such was the lady who went next morning to call upon Fräulein Cotta. She looked sad and depressed, spoke little, and seemed indifferent to everything. At last, after much fencing and many artful passes, Frau von Roon ventured on a direct thrust—"Have you had any news from France lately?"

"O, I know what you refer to," said Fräulein Cotta in a heightened tone. "It is true I have been misled, betrayed, and abandoned. Very likely you have read my letter. I saw that it had been opened in Germany; and had it been opened in South America it would have been hard that you

did not hear of it. However, I beseech you, let me alone. If I have erred I have suffered sorely, so leave me and go and gossip about it elsewhere."

Was ever Wirkliche Geheimräthen so treated? The W. G. von Roon went away indignant to buzz the story through the town. The truth was Fräulein Cotta was beginning to wander. Desolated with continual disappointment, heart-sore, stung with the coldness and faithlessness of the man she had trusted, this last insult, with all its bitter accompaniments, had fairly upset her reason. Her insanity assumed the form of the deepest dejection and self-reproach. She renounced all intercourse with her old friends, declaring that she was unworthy of them. She would ask again and again if the food that was brought was really meant for her. If so it was too good: let it be taken away and given to the poor. She dressed herself in the meanest clothes, and gave away everything in her house. Everyone pitied her and tried to console her. The duke himself came to see her, and administered some sublime philosophical consolations, which were much admired by everyone, save by the poor mad lady. They had at last to remove her to an asylum, where she died after two years.

* * * * *

A few years ago I became acquainted with An-

selme Sabatier. He had made a little money, which he had invested in land. His house was the most uncomfortable one imaginable, though situated in a pleasing locality. The garden was overgrown with weeds and covered with rubbish. He only used one little room on the first floor. The furniture was mean and scanty; one or two chairs, a sofa and a bed, a looking-glass, and an old stucco cast of Achilles. The uncarpeted floor was covered with dust; and the room was sometimes not cleaned for three or four days at a time. His wife had been several years dead; one of his sons was in a foreign country; the other son lived in the same house with his father, but as they had no tastes in common, they had little intercourse. The father was never tired of talking against the son, who appeared to be an original—cooking his own food, shunning society, and avoiding any situation which should entail upon him a large amount of work or any connection with the existing government. He did not care for music, never sought the company of women, and went to church through sheer opposition to his father (at least the old man thought so).

Sabatier was as fond of languages as ever, and still spoke German fluently. He spent his time going about to hear the music of the regimental bands and the choirs of the different churches. He was

very fond of telling stories of his amorous exploits in France and Germany. "I once wrote a book," said he, "full of all kinds of amusing stories about myself and my companions, which I reduced into the form of a novel. One day, unhappily, I ate some figs after dinner, after which I went to the library. I was sitting by the stove, when I felt faint and giddy, and tumbled on the floor. I got a great knock upon my head, and the floor was all covered with my blood. The librarians carried me away into another room, put me on a sofa, and gave me some brandy. My son came and brought me away to the house. I was not able to rise for three weeks after. I was very ill at one time, and my son tormented me about the Ms. He said it might be unpleasant if a stranger should read it. I was so weak and ill that I could not fight with him, so he took it away and burnt it. At last my strength came back, and I was able to get on my legs again; but from that day," said the old gentleman, summing up the moral lesson he had derived from his illness, "from that day I have never eaten any figs."

Sabatier had no servant, and took his meals with a neighbour.

"You see," said he, "I would keep a servant, but all the old men who keep servants make fools of themselves. One of my friends married his ser-

vant the other day. Women are the death of old men. If it were not for that I would still make my court to the ladies." Then he would sing in his cracked old voice :

"Mädchen, ist's Winter :
Mach Stübchen fein warm ;
Und setzt dich am Ofen,
Und nimm mich im Arm."

"The only pleasure I have left now is hearing music. Ah, what a tiresome thing old age is! I have brought up children, and they have abandoned me."

He had a daughter still, I said. (I knew that she was a widow, and lived in the same town.)

"Ah God, my daughter!" replied he, almost with a cry of pain. "She only stays here to be present at the spoil when I die."

I never knew what his daughter had done to displease him so deeply. He had a granddaughter, a girl of seventeen, whom he kept at a *pension*. He would take her to live with him ; but then she would soon get admirers, who would be running after her, and keep him in a state of continual anxiety. How could he, a poor old cripple, be racing after a girl of seventeen? So they must live separate. One day he showed me a letter from her. She lamented that she was not allowed to come to live with him, but

hoped that if she was never to see him in this world, she would at least meet him in paradise. He dwelt with some bitterness upon this highly proper sentiment.

The government had not given him any pension. He had made several applications; but the constant reply was, that he had returned to France after the time prescribed, and that nothing consequently could be done for him. People whose hearts swell with reading the martial deeds which make nations proud, never shudder at the meanness which makes them refuse to lighten the sufferings of those who have been wounded in their cause.

The injury to Sabatier's legs was irreparable. From one of them the whole foot was gone; even the half of the heel-bone was away, and the ill-formed stump was covered with a hardened scab. On the other about half the foot remained. It was eighteen months before the sores had cicatrised, and one cannot wonder that he was slow in returning to France. He wore thick leather shoes stuffed with woollen cloth. Upon these clumsy and ungainly apparatus he had painfully hobbled along for fifty years, one of the broken tools which tyrants cast away. War has always been carried on at the expense of a few individuals, upon whom all the dangers and misery fall; the rest of their countrymen shake themselves

easily free from the burden of alleviating their sufferings by anything above a miserable pittance when wounded.

He still managed to walk about, though well-nigh eighty years of age, and looked after his own affairs. Indeed, he was too suspicious to commit them to anyone else. His hand shook so much that it cost him half an hour to write out a short receipt.

It was evident that his strength was fast passing away. The idea of death was terrible to him.

"I do not like to be alone," said he; "I like better to be in society, for then I do not think of death. I always try not to think of it. All I hope is to live a year longer, for it will be no more."

Yet how could he avoid thinking of death? the idea pursued him everywhere.

"Ah, I see," cried he, "the worms have been gnawing my clothes; well, in a short time they will be gnawing myself."

Another time he remarked, "My room is full of dust; but it is well that I accustom myself to it. I must soon go down to the dust."

His greatest pleasure was to talk about the adventures of his youth.

"I had a collection of love-letters," he said, "which I had arranged by their dates, and was fond of reading after the death of my wife. You know there

was no harm in that; but I cannot find them. I suspect my son, the monster, must have burnt them." Then he would commence singing some old Provençal love-song.

According to the magnificent idea of Plato, the shades of men who had passed an impure and sensual life upon the earth used to haunt the cemeteries, mourning for the loss of the body, with which every source of enjoyment had vanished. Such seemed to be the case with this poor old man while he was still alive. He had no religion, and had apparently no remorse for the follies and vices of his youth; but it was curious to observe how these vices made wretched his remaining days. Vanity unsatisfied, sensual desires never again to be pleased, suspicions which his own conduct had engendered, avarice which his selfishness had nourished, and misanthropy which he could justify by an appeal to his own life: these, the obedient servitors of his youth, were now the harping tyrants of his old age. What a telling demonstration of the utility of the higher virtues, at which selfish men sneer!

RURAL LIFE ON THE RHINE.

BELOW the Sieben Gebirge the appearance of the country becomes changed. The Castle of Drachenfels and the Schloss of Godesberg, on the opposite side, are the last of those romantic strongholds which crown so many craggy hill-tops overlooking the Rhine. Instead of rolling between vine-terraced hills, the noble river now passes through a gently undulating country, which soon smoothes down into level plains and marshy meadows. The villages, no longer crowded into the narrow ledge of ground left between the hills and the river, recede into more convenient if less picturesque sites, secure from the floods and away from the heavy mists which rise from the Rhine. The last of the vineyards may be seen on the sides of the Rosenberg, about two miles from Bonn; but the grapes are sour and the wine of poor quality. After a year's residence in Bonn and six months at Wiesbaden, we took up our abode in a village on the right bank of the Rhine. To be on the right bank is an object of pride to every German, the inhabitants of the other side being sup-

posed to have learned something of the insincerity and inconstancy of their French neighbours.

Schiller in his address to the young Prince of Weimar, who was setting out for Paris, wishes :

“ Dass dich der vaterländ'sche Geist begleite,
Wenn dich das schwanke Brett
Hinüberträgt auf jene linke Seite,
Wo deutsche Treu vergeht”

(That the spirit of the Fatherland may accompany thee when the frail board bears thee over to that left side where German truth disappears). This board is, of course, the floating bridge, which may still be seen swinging back and forward at many small towns on the Rhine and Moselle. The author of the *Log of the Water-Lily* confesses to being puzzled by the working of these bridges, which, however, is simple enough. A chain is fastened to the river-bank, and prevented from sinking by six or seven little boats floating on the water at regular distances. The other end of the chain is attached to a square scaffolding furnished with seats, which is supported on two large flat-bottomed boats. The current, of course, pulls the bridge downwards, acting equally on every side ; but by turning the rudder of the two boats it is made to act more powerfully on one side, and from this side the bridge sways bearing goods and passengers. In short, the downward motion of

the current is converted into a lateral one by turning the rudder. The people are no longer contented with their floating bridges, for the transit is tedious and continually interrupted by the passage of ships, and at Bonn, after talking the matter over for ten years, they have got a little steamboat.

The climate of the country about Bonn is very pleasing to a Briton. Though somewhat cold in winter, it is dry and bracing; rainy days are not common. The orchards in early spring are white with blossom; the hills bloom with the violet, the anemone, and the lily-of-the-valley; while at night the song of the nightingale is heard from every tree. The summer is rather warm, but the autumn delightful.

The soil is fertile, the country round about the town, covered with market produce of every kind, resembles a large garden. The wild Flora does not materially differ from that of England. There are no large proprietors. The general size of the properties is from ten to fourteen acres; a few possess from forty to sixty; and two or three have as much as a hundred and sixty acres. As a general rule they are their own tenants, though some of them take care of little pieces of land for their neighbours. Scarcely any are dependent on farming alone. I only know of one, who rents a farm of about a hundred and

twenty acres. The houses of these little proprietors are generally somewhat scattered, as the people naturally prefer building on their own land. Sometimes, however, they are in the line of the village street; behind are the farm-buildings, with the garden, green with cabbages and shady with plum-trees. The houses are as a rule well built and in good repair. The peaked gable and slated upper story which strike the eye of the stranger are being slowly replaced by a less picturesque form of architecture. The furniture is plain and scanty, wooden tables and chairs, no carpet, beds in the well-known German fashion; an army of dolls and puppets on a shelf, and little pictures in the style of Giotto, are the only ornaments.

On work-days the peasant wears his linen blouse, and his stout wife and rosy fair-haired daughters go about in their blue wrappers. The women work very hard, often going out to the fields with the men. They eat black bread, and live much upon vegetables, such as potatoes, beans, peas, haricots, salad, and onions. They are fond of cappus, better known as sauer-kraut, which consists of chopped cabbage stowed in a barrel until fermentation has produced a taste and smell not very agreeable to a novice. It is eaten with pork.

The Germans generally make four meals a day.

The poorest people drink coffee, frequently without sugar. Those better off add beer and wine. A true German prefers beer.

On the whole, the German peasant lives upon a much less palatable diet than would content any-one in England who could possibly get better fare. At the same time, it would be difficult to prove that a more tasty diet would be a more nutritious one. It is noteworthy that the Germans still live upon rye bread, which has been almost entirely given up as food by the peasantry of France and England. Yet rye bread, though sour to the taste, is as rich in nutritious principles and as digestible as brown wheaten bread, and more so than the ordinary white bread. Travellers often find in the sordid appearance and homely manner of life of the peasant proprietors the proofs of extreme poverty; but it must be remembered that they are generally very parsimonious, working hard and living frugally more from choice than from necessity. The people hereabout may put by fifteen pounds a year; at death they are often worth from seven hundred to one thousand pounds.

The transfer of land is beset with no difficult formalities. It is as easy to buy a field as to purchase a pig, the trouble of conveyancing being sometimes less harassing than that of driving the porker

home. The government charges one per cent upon the value of the land. The charges of the notary are, of course, not so easily specified; but they generally fall between two and a half per cent and one-half per cent, or fifteen shillings the hour counted from the time the notary leaves his house until he returns; and as the Germans are rather slow in their movements, it is possible that the notary may find this the most agreeable, as well as the most profitable, way of going to work.

When the land is let it generally brings about double the rent. Three times the rent is expected in Britain. But the capital expended upon the land in Germany is smaller.

The love-affairs of the peasant proprietor on the Rhine are more free from selfish calculation than those in France. The son or daughter may get a rood or two of land on his marriage, with a few necessary household articles, and then he must shift for himself. The people are readier to marry, and have more children, than the French; hence day-labourers are more numerous, and consequently they are not so well paid.

In 1861 the excess of births over deaths in the district of Cologne was about one per cent.* Though

* The district of Cologne includes the country from the district of Coblenz to that of Düsseldorf. Its population in 1861

there is little emigration work is generally easy to be had. In the same district there are 26,402 proprietors cultivating their own land, 1,898 tenants, and 111,444 wives, children, and other dependents. The number of proprietors who have some additional occupation is 9,820, tenants 1,680, and 43,693 women, children, and dependents. The actual number of day-labourers is 11,733 males and 5,601 females; that is, less than half the number of proprietors.

It is apparently very easy to estimate the relative condition of the labouring classes of two nations by comparing the amount of their respective wages with the price of food in either country. Sometimes, however, they use expensive or innutritious food; and then, although we know the purchasing power of their wages, if we really wish to understand their material condition, we must also calculate the actual waste in the disposal of their money. The frugality of the peasant on the Rhine gives him an advantage over his brother in England. His rye bread costs him one-half the price of white wheaten bread, without being less nutritious; and he has not that hankering after sapid articles of food which Dr. E. Smith in his Parliamentary Report attributes to the English peasantry. His wages are lower. The pay of

was 557,496, of whom 381,111 inhabit the country. See *Statistik des Regierungsbezirkes Cöln*, von Fr. Halm. Cöln, 1865.

an agricultural labourer on the Rhine ranges from 1s. 4d. to 2s. a day. 1s. 6d. a day is perhaps a fair average. 1s. 10d. a day is the average of England. In Scotland wages are seldom lower than 2s. a day, and the people are frugal in their habits, and sagacious in their expenditure. All articles of food are cheaper in Germany. Meat is 5d. the pound; pork, 7d.; wheat is 36s. 9d. per quarter; rye, 27s. 3d.; barley, 22s. 10½d.; oats, 14s. 5d. Houses are cheaper than in England (from 2l. to 3l. a year), though clothes and groceries are considerably dearer. There are few families in the country who depend entirely on their daily earnings; "they have almost always a cottage, a field, and a cow or some other live stock" (*Statistik*). The number of days in which country labourers are actually employed is calculated at three hundred. Day-labourers in towns get 2s. a day. Workers in factories get 2s. 6d., skilled labourers 3s. and upwards. It is obviously amongst the higher ranks of trained labourers and the mercantile classes in towns that we can look for superior wealth and well-being in our own country, and not amongst the lower classes of our agricultural population.

We notice the same improvement in the condition of the German peasantry during the last fifty years met with in most other civilised countries.

Wages have more than doubled, while the price of corn has only increased by one-fifth or one-sixth. More comforts and luxuries are, therefore, within their reach than formerly.

The system of agriculture pursued here is well fitted for the existing circumstances of the small proprietors. As a general rule, they are averse to change, though by no means the fixed enemies of improvement. They form into agricultural societies, and discuss practical questions with considerable intelligence. Their desire to accumulate manure is weakened by no sanitary considerations; and they are careful not to exhaust the soil. Fifty years ago they often were obliged to leave the land fallow; but now the rotation of crops is well understood. They prefer cultivating rye to wheat, as it gives a better yield and more straw. They grow two crops of hay, or turnips and wheat on the same ground the same year. But we do not meet with that rapid succession of crops which spring up under the warmer sun of Southern Europe. They have, however, a considerable variety of produce, such as rape, lentils, potatoes, barley, oats, beets, and turnips. On rainy days they thresh their corn with the flail. As may be guessed from the smallness of the properties, draught cattle are not very abundant. I have seen an ox and an ass yoked to the same wagon; and

it is common enough to meet the women going to market with milk-pails in a little cart drawn by a dog of no very huge proportions—a custom which prevailed in England in the time of Charles II.

On this part of the Rhine there is little pasture ground. The expectations of the Royal Commission on the Cattle Plague that a greatly increased supply of butcher's meat could be drawn from neighbouring countries by high prices only show their own ignorance of the nature of the farming which prevails out of England. Belgium, to be sure, raises more cattle, acre for acre, with one-sixth of her soil in grass, than England, which has nearly two-thirds of her land set apart for pasturage; but the number of cattle reared could not be materially increased. A great landed proprietor in Britain can convert his estates into grazing grounds by turning out his tenants; but the small proprietor who farms his own land can only hope for a profitable return by applying his own untiring industry and that of his family to bring out all the powers of the soil.

Most of the woods in the district of Bonn have disappeared. The owl and hawk are now rare; and in 1861 the crops were plundered by innumerable swarms of field-mice, and although poison was distributed and great numbers destroyed, this vermin

is still disagreeably numerous, and must consume a great deal of food.

Game is here pretty abundant ; where the landholder has less than three hundred acres joined together without any break it is treated as public property, and the right of shooting over the different *Gemeinde* is farmed out for those who are willing to pay for it. Poaching is by no means uncommon, as it is not attended with any great danger or followed by very severe penalties. Venison and other kinds of game are cheap in the Rhine country. The wolf sometimes approaches the villages, and the wild boar occasionally appears among the vine-terraced hills of the Moselle. Individuals dressed up in loud hunting costume, as if they were in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, may be seen strolling about at the railway stations during the winter-time ; but, as a general rule, the Germans are not over fond of the difficulties of the chase, as may be guessed from their mode of hunting. Deer are driven upon the guns of the sportsman and slaughtered with as much ease as in a butcher's shambles. In Scotland this species of amusement is beginning, I am sorry to hear, to supplant deerstalking, a pursuit too manly and fatiguing for the lords of money-bags who evict the Gael from our Scottish hills. In Germany foxes are systematically tracked in the snow or shot. Fish

are caught on the Rhine with nets; in its tributaries they are abundant, but have little reason to fear the cruel stratagems of the rod.

Fruit-trees grow everywhere, plum-trees most of all; great quantities of plums are sent to England. The fruit-dealers buy them off the tree at three shillings the hundredweight. In Weimar and Saxony I have seen the roads lined for miles with rows of apple- and plum-trees, whose fruit are gathered for the use of the Gemeinde.

In the country local affairs are managed by the *Ortvorsteher* or Council of the Gemeinde, who are elected by the tax-paying inhabitants. The *Ortvorsteher* name three men, out of whom the government chooses the one most pleasing in its sight to be *Bürgermeister*. If none of them is acceptable, a new list may be given, and still another. But if the same names are repeated, or if none of the men named please, the government can put in its own man. The *Bürgermeister* is a paid official. This method of choosing him may seem a very faint trace of popular election; but it must be remembered that the people in the rural districts of our own country have no voice whatever in the election of their own magistrates nor of the quarter-sessions which vote away their money. The council of the Gemeinde fix the local taxes. The *Bürgermeister* is the President,

and has the casting vote. He is also President of the School Commission. He has the care of the parish roads and commands the inferior police; keeps the registers; and, where the Code Napoléon is in force, he has to perform the act of civil marriage. He represents the Gemeinde to the Central Government. The Kreis-Corporation, which is composed of deputies from the Gemeinde and landed nobility, regulates the raising of some of the taxes; but owing to the greater powers allowed to the Gemeinde and Bürgermeister, it is of less importance here than in the eastern provinces.

On the Rhine all traces of feudal powers were swept away by the French invasion, while the feudal burdens and restraints on the purchase of lands were abolished in Prussia Proper by the Count von Stein and his successor the Prince von Hardenberg. Neither people of title nor large landed proprietors, where they exist, have any direct voice in the management of the rural police or the making of roads, as in England and some other parts of Germany. The repressive tendencies of the government are less felt in the country, and as there is much equality of condition there are no local tyrants.

Besides the small proprietors it is easy to guess the other inhabitants of the village,—a few small shopkeepers, the doctor, the priest, the schoolmaster, and

a Jew butcher and usurer. The doctor is less pretentious, though not less skilful, than a village surgeon in England. Apparently he is poor, never so well off as the apothecary, who is appointed and protected from competition by the government. In Germany you often meet with country doctors who have no horse; their legal fee is one shilling and sixpence a visit. The pay of an assistant-surgeon in the Prussian army is 4*l.* 1*s.* a month; in the French army it is nearly double; and in the English four times higher.

The Jews are to be found in the villages and smaller towns in Germany; and most of the banking is in their hands. Their influence in political matters is very great. A large proportion—it is said one-fourth—of the *Wahlmänner*, those chosen to elect the members for the Prussian parliament, are Jews, and they almost always take the liberal side. They are now much less tenacious of their ancient customs, and are often freethinkers in religion. Judaism is thus more a caste than a creed. The Jews in Germany are increasing more rapidly than the Christians—a result which is owing to the lower rate of mortality, not to the greater number of births or marriages. I believe that there are more Christian women enticed into the synagogue in order to marry Jews than Israelites who either become Christians

or abandon the profession of their own religion. Bach, Giskra, and Kuranda, three of the most eloquent speakers in the Austrian parliament, are Jews.

No government is more tolerant in religious matters than the Prussian; but in the Catholic districts of the Rhine the Jews meet with little good-will from the country people. The old story of their crucifying or eating children, the foundation of more than one Rhein-Sage, still finds belief amongst the simple villagers. And even in Cologne, a few years ago, a woman who had lost her child, seeing a Jew passing, accused him of stealing it. The man was followed by a crowd, crying "*Mach den Kerl caput*" (Kill the fellow), and it was with some difficulty that the Israelite could get out of their hands.

Alsace, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Nassau are Protestant; but in the country below, as far as Holland, the proportion of Catholics to Protestants is about three to one. This is mainly owing to its having been subject to the Archbishops of Cologne and Trèves. Towards the end of the sixteenth century Gebhard, Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, fell in love with the beautiful Countess Agnes of Mansfeld. His passion was returned; but the lady's two fiery brothers forbade all further intercourse unless he should marry the countess. Gebhard yielded to his passion, deserted the Catholic faith, called the

Protestant party around him, and, in the year 1582, led the beautiful Agnes to the altar. This bold step naturally caused the greatest excitement and indignation amongst the Catholic rulers of Germany. The Pope deposed and excommunicated the sacrilegious prince. The Bishop of Liège was named Elector of Cologne, and, as Gebhard refused to give up his dignity, a fierce civil war took place. More than one good sword was drawn for the cause of the Reformation; but the Protestant princes, displeased by Gebhard's preferring the Calvinistic form of faith to the Lutheran, refused all direct assistance; and the Prince of Orange, hard pressed by the Spaniards, was unable to give him either men or money. Gold was, above all things, needed to pay the mercenary bands that held his Catholic cities. Agnes went to England to ask the help of Queen Elizabeth, which she might have obtained had the English queen not become jealous of the attentions that the Earl of Essex paid to the lovely German lady. Thus abandoned, and surrounded by enemies, the whole country fell into the hands of the Catholics. The last stronghold of the Protestant party, the Castle of Godesberg (1593), yielded to the Bavarians, and the unfortunate prince took refuge in the free city of Strasbourg, where he followed the office of chorister in the cathedral. He died in 1601. Thus

this portion of Rhine Prussia remained under ecclesiastical rule till the French Revolution, when it was occupied by the Republican armies. In 1814 it was ceded to the Prussians, the commencement of an era of comparative prosperity which the people are not very ready to recognise.

Though mostly Catholics, they are not inclined to be over zealous. The village priest, educated at the University of Bonn, is not at all fanatical. He mixes freely with his parishioners, equally ready to confess the women or play at skittles with the men. The poorer classes abstain from eating flesh on Fridays, as well as during the rest of the week, and the richer people put up with fish and meat-soup, and eat the flesh on Saturdays.

Here and there on the roads and byways of the Rhine country one meets with stone crucifixes or statues of the Saviour or the Holy Virgin, adorned with little offerings of flowers that attest the faith of the country people. In some districts those memorials are very common. Many of them are hundreds of years old, others erected by the present generation.

Pilgrimages are common in the Rhineland. Most people will remember that of the holy coat of Trêves, which led to the secession of Ronge and the foundation of the Deutsch-Katholisch Church, a form of deism which still upholds its existence. The ordinary

pilgrimages commence by a placard pasted up at the door of a village church, requesting all pious souls to assemble on such a day, and walk in procession to some well-known shrine, generally a few miles off, but sometimes as far as several days' journey. Placing the village priest in front and bearing their religious banners, the pilgrims march along in double file, repeating some prayer or portion of a psalm. Often they bear some present to the saint of the chapel whose intercession they seek—a flower, a piece of needlework, more rarely a picture or a silver lamp. There are shrines where girls go to pray for husbands; and it is customary for those afflicted with some illness to go on pilgrimage in order to be cured, or to send their relations if they are not strong enough themselves. Heine, in his *Wahlfahrt nach Kevlaar*, describes this custom in some verses, which I have done my best to translate :

“The mother of God at Kevlaar

Will wear her best array,

For many a sick one cometh

To seek her shrine to-day.

The people bear what offerings

Their untaught art can trace—

Hands and feet from molten wax,

To hang in the holy place.

He who offers a hand of wax,

On his hand will heal the wound ;

And he who offers a wax foot,

Then will his foot be sound.

Many a cripple to Kevlaar goes
Who soon will dance and spring,
And many a palsied finger
Will rouse the viol string."

On All Souls' day they light the tombs of their relations with candles and lanterns, and hang crosses over the graves with fresh flowers. On that night the churchyards are full of people, and many tears drop on the graves. The spectacle is an affecting one, but, from the lowness of the tombs, there is nothing like the blaze of lights which one sees on similar festivals in Mahomedan cities like Mooltan. The peasants believe that on this night all the souls in purgatory who have finished their term of expiation go up to paradise; and people who have lost their relations sometimes keep the house lighted all night, in case their friends should come to see their former abode ere leaving for heaven. They have many superstitions, such as that it is ill-luck to see a spider or a hare cross the road, and good luck to see a flea on your hand. They hold Hallow-e'en, burning nuts for themselves and their sweethearts, with other customs such as are found in Scotland.

Many of the country people believe in ghosts. An old man, living near Vilich, made a vow to perform a pilgrimage to a distant place, but died before he was able to accomplish it. Some time after, his

daughter, going out in the twilight to milk the cows, saw the ghost of her father hovering near her. At first she was frightened and ran away; but the spirit appeared again, till at last she had the courage to speak to him. He told her that his soul was unable to obtain any rest because he had not yet fulfilled his vow, and that she must perform it for him. She set off barefooted on the pilgrimage; and after her return was no more scared by the ghost of her father. There is no doubt that the girl believed in the apparition, and made the pilgrimage. I have heard a similar story, not so well attested. A child of four years old was continually crying out that she saw her father sitting on a stool near the stove. The father had been dead several months, and the widow, becoming frightened, went to consult the parish priest, who gave her a wand, with a piece of white cloth at the end. When the ghost again appeared the child was directed to make an invocation, and stretch out the wand to him. On touching the figure the piece of rag instantly took fire. (This reminds me of the story of a mad old woman, who continually saw red-hot devils. "No wonder they are red-hot," remarked she, "if we mind the place they come from.") The ghost explained that he was still in purgatory on account of some neglected vow, and on its being performed it took its departure. Such delusions not only re-

fute themselves, but destroy one another. If we compare a number of the best-attested ghost stories, taken from different countries, we find that they all implicate or confirm the truth of the religion of the country, and that we must reject them all or admit the truth of many irreconcilable religions. Now we have a Greek who sees the ghost of a drowned mariner mourning that he cannot cross the river Styx till his body is buried; then we have a Catholic ghost affirming the existence of purgatory; here we have a Mussulman who sees the Iman Ali mounted on his charger, crying, "O man! was it for this that Allah made thee?" there a Hindoo ghost complaining that low-caste men have polluted his tomb. In all we trace the fictive imagination of the ghost-seer.

The education afforded by the government of Prussia has already done much to raise the character and intelligence of the people; but it ought to be noted that it only commenced with the expulsion of the French. The present King of Prussia, whose attention is engrossed by the military budget, is little disposed to be liberal to the great educational institutions which his predecessors have founded. On this account the education of the people is not so carefully attended to as that of some of the minor German states, though it will look well beside the dismal ignorance of the rural populations of England

and France. Everyone is forced to go to school from the age of five to thirteen. Five years is often too soon. As a German physician has remarked, though this early schooling may seem useful in forcing the intelligence, it leaves a more permanent effect in the form of sloping shoulders and weak eyes.

If the parents are too poor, the government provides books and instruction; but no excuse is accepted save that of moral or physical incapacity. The necessary funds are raised by local taxation, so that everybody contributes, whether he has children or not. Though poorly paid, the village schoolmasters are well-informed and sometimes learned men.

In Scotland, when children are maintained by the parish, the inspector of the poor sees that they are sent to the parish school, and withdraws the allowance when their parents or guardians make them work for their maintenance. On the other hand, a government which forces all parents to send their children to the school must also be prepared to indemnify the parent for the loss of their work, where that work is necessary for their subsistence; and this is a dangerous principle to accord. The evils of mendicity which it tends to produce might be worse than the evil of ignorance which forced instruction combats. It is no doubt true that even gratuitous instruction would not, in the first or se-

cond generation, ensure that all the available children should be sent to school; but something very near this result would certainly be reached in three or four generations, unless the circumstances of the people were deteriorating.

In Prussia the law of compulsory education occasionally falls severely on individuals. I know of one case, a widow with five children, who only got sixpence a week as parish relief for each child. The three eldest, who might have helped her, had to go to school; and the poor woman, who was unable to work from an ulcer in the leg, was driven to the most desperate shifts to keep them and herself alive. Self-preservation is the first duty of nature, and no law can be well applied if it keep people half starved in order that they may learn to read.

The most favourable result one can expect by imparting education to the poorer classes is rather to raise the standard of intelligence, morality, and taste among the whole body than to banish ignorance from every individual member. As long as there are people in this world whose whole care is to obtain their daily bread, and whose whole time is spent in toil, so long will there be ignorance and indifference to information. You cannot keep the cord loose and the bow bent at the same time, nor can you always have the muscles on the stretch without relaxing the

activity of the brain, nor make a poor peasant coming in from his work at nightfall care about the histories of other days, still less for the weak generalisations which popular writers skim from concrete science. Nor is it to be wondered at if on Sundays and holidays he demands something more stimulating than a Conversations-lexicon :

“ Ein starkes Bier, ein beizender Taback,
Und eine Magd im Putz, das ist nun
Mein Geschmack.”

A song is the solace of the German from the cradle to the grave. A large proportion of them can play on some instrument, and from the universal diffusion of musical taste they excel in singing in chorus. The imagination of the Germans is creative, like that of the Greeks and Hindustanis, though they lack that correct taste and finish of detail possessed by some races of inferior inventive power. Swift long ago remarked, that the greatest inventions were made by the dullest people, the Germans; and it is easy to trace the play of their imagination in mental philosophy and natural science as well as in poetry. The German peasantry are undoubtedly the inventors of most of those ingenious and pleasing little stories of which the collection of the brothers Grimm gives some of the best specimens. Perhaps no two other European nations could make up such a series be-

tween them. Surely the low opinion which Mr. Laing formed of the intelligence of the German peasantry, and which Buckle did so much to promulgate, requires reconsideration. "German authors," says the former, "both the philosophic and the poetic, address themselves to a public far more intellectual and more highly cultivated than our reading public. . . . In our literature, the most obscure and abstruse of metaphysical or philosophical writers take the public mind in a far lower state, simply cognisant of the meaning of language, and possessed of the ordinary reasoning powers. . . . The social influence of German literature is, consequently, confined within a narrower circle. It has no influence on the mind of the lower or even of the middle classes in active life, who have not the opportunity of leisure to screw their faculties up to the pitch-note of their great writers. The reading public must devote much time to acquire the knowledge, tones of feeling and of imagination, necessary to follow the writing public. The social economist finds accordingly in Germany the most extraordinary dulness, inertness of mind, and ignorance, below a certain level, with the most extraordinary intellectual development, learning, and genius, at or above it." *Laing's Notes of a Traveller*, first series, pp. 266, 267.

Mr. Buckle promised to explain this peculiarity

of the Germans: and no doubt had he lived we should have had a volume full of acute remarks and illustrations, drawn from an immense circle of reading, of the dull and illiterate character of the German people, and of the high attainments and vast knowledge of their *savants*. But it is likely enough that the book would have been vitiated by the same ignorance of the daily life of the people which spoils many a page of his able volume upon Scotland. No doubt much of the philosophical and critical literature of Germany requires some trouble to understand, because the German language is naturally involved and cumbrous in the construction of its sentences, and because the learned public of Germany is twice as large as that of Great Britain. A German *savant*, sure of a larger audience amongst highly-educated men, ventures to go deeper into his subject, and to communicate ideas which the vulgar would despise or pass by. On this account science and learning receive more additions in Germany than in England. It is not that the learned public in Germany are more distant from the half-learned one, but because the learned public is nearer, more numerous, and more influential. Learning is more honoured for its own sake by the body of the people; and this is one of the reasons why in Germany there are so many men willing to devote their lives to it; another is,

that there is less hope of distinction elsewhere than in England. A German *savant* is a true German, simple, fond of praise, but devoted to learning. He is unpractical, but the whole nation is unpractical. An English professor would rather associate with a rich banker than with a poor scholar, and is not satisfied unless he can give as good dinners as a wealthy merchant. The Germans assign the rank of prince to the rector of a university, who may be a professor with less than a hundred a year.

The Germans are heavy but didactic, fond of information and instruction, remarkably eager to learn foreign languages, especially French and English. Germany, in proportion to her population, prints twice as many books as England; and she has a very large popular literature. If many of their books and magazines are heavier and fuller of direct information than in England, it is certainly not because the people are duller, more difficult to be entertained or instructed. Highly accomplished men and women are commoner amongst the middle classes than in England. When I see officers in the army who can dispute on metaphysics, or amuse themselves by translating Burns from the original Scotch into German verse, clerks who read Petrarch and Dante in the original, cobblers who form themselves into debating societies, peasants' children who

tease strangers to teach them a foreign tongue, and servant girls who will part with some of their scanty wages to get French lessons, I may be excused for believing that the German people are neither dull nor illiterate. Though it must be confessed that the Catholic and Protestant forms of faith are still professed by the mass of the people, it is also true that the amount of scepticism has, even in the lowest classes, attained a diffusion which might have attracted the emphatic admiration of our anti-Christian philosopher.

It is a well-known theory of Buckle's, that advance in material civilisation is always accompanied and promoted by a sceptical and inquiring spirit. Now, since the days of Goethe and Herder, of Wieland and Schiller, German philosophy and German literature have been highly sceptical; indeed, they have led both France and England in this direction. No doubt this spirit of inquiry and speculation has been more active in theology than in politics; nevertheless, it has not been idle in the latter department. Yet, somehow or other, the material prosperity and the political and social liberty of Germany is behind that of England and France.

The truth is, the German character, in the village, in the town, and in the university, is much alike. The German peasant is both better instructed and fonder of instruction than his brother in England or

France. The curiosity to know about other lands is much more striking amongst the lower classes than even with the well-educated peasantry of Scotland : but the German is deficient in native pith and vigour. Wanting in practical energy, he is too apt to waste his time in day-dreaming. He may get on indifferently well amongst his own fields and dressing his father's vines, but when he goes to emigrate he allows himself to be cheated of his capital, or is long in learning how to put his hands to new work. The same may be said of the richer classes in the towns, as well as of the professors in the university. Everything ends in beer-froth and tobacco-smoke.

Take the case of the struggle still going on between the King of Prussia and the Lower Representative House. The first elections were made in 1855 ; and the Deputies sent were so highly Conservative that people ventured to prophesy that the Prussian Commons would only choose what the king wished. But so rapid was the growth of political intelligence in the country, where everyone has a vote of some value or other, that the feudal party, which in 1855 had a hundred and eighty members, fell to fifty in 1858, and to eighteen in 1861. At the same time, the Ultramontane party elected by the Catholic districts of the Rhine fell from seventy to sixty, and then to fifteen. The Liberals now imagined that by

simply refusing consent to the budget they could obtain such measures as a reconstruction of the Upper House, and the complete freedom of the press, proclaiming loudly at the same time they were the most loyal people in the world, and would never rise against the king. The king took them at their word, and levied as many taxes as he needed on his own authority. Never was a nation more thoroughly united. As the ostensible point in dispute was the reduction of the term of military service to two years, the Liberal party might have counted on the soldiers, a national militia, who one and all detest the conscription. Why, then, has a single bitter and obstinate old man for so many years set the whole nation at defiance? Everyone understood the question; everyone was interested; there was a great deal of passive opposition to the court. Many officials set at naught the threats of Von Jagow, and voted for the popular side. But what results? As a German lady remarked to me at the time: "They like to sit round the stove and talk against the king; but do not imagine they will do anything more."

The king, satisfied with the new organisation of the army, his own work, was anxious that it should be tried in actual warfare, and, in spite of the opposition of the Lower Chamber, his minister succeeded in involving the country in the Danish war. Had

the Danes gained a single battle from the Prussians, the consequences might have been as serious as the victory of the Scots over Charles I. at Newburn. Bismarck might have met with the fate of Strafford, and the king been forced to abdicate. But the result strengthened the royal cause and depressed the spirit of the representatives, who now felt less sure of the support of the people.

There were two feelings very strong within the breast of every German reformer—the desire for parliamentary government, and the desire for German unity. Count Bismarck played off the one against the other. By grasping at the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, he sought to interest the people in his ambitious designs, and to substitute the desire of conquest for that of liberty. Europe saw the singular spectacle of a people with arms in their hands bemoaning their fate at being forced to go to war with most of the larger states of Germany by an unprincipled minister whom they detested. Led with all the skill, determination, and celerity which they themselves so sorely wanted, and displaying against the Austrians that bravery which they so lacked in their contest with the crown, they abandoned the Assembly, which still hankered after the right of being free, instead of the privilege of being the tool of a victorious conqueror; and Count Bismarck became,

as he had foretold, the most popular man in the kingdom. It is to be hoped that the nations which have been annexed to Prussia will, free from all hereditary attachment to the House of Hohenzollern, throw the weight of their numbers into the Liberal scale, and that the whole people may yet have the constitution it desires.

The Germans undoubtedly possess advanced mental culture, great intelligence, and curiosity; but, with all their courage, in actual combat they are deficient in those higher and chivalrous qualities which lead men to do great things unprompted. They are wary of belief, but easily led; ready to speculate, but feeble to plan; ready to obey, but slow to act.

The most important cause of these features of the German character is no doubt the military conscription. Everyone in Prussia is compelled to serve for three years in the army. The only son of a widow is excused; and those who can pass an examination and can maintain themselves and a horse for a year are free after eighteen months' service; but such exceptions afford no escape for the bulk of the population. Those who come forward before they are twenty-one may choose their own regiment; after that age the regiment is chosen for them.

Every Prussian looks forward to this fate with

the most undisguised aversion and disgust. It is a heavy tax, a *corvée* of three years' work levied upon the young men of the country, work too which affords no return, and during the performance of which the workmen have to be maintained at the expense of the rest of the community, the only set-off being that it must tend to raise wages.

The discipline the recruit meets with is hard and stern; the officers are chosen by the crown, patronage and supercession prevail: a marked preference is given to the sons of the nobility. At the expiration of his term the unwilling soldier returns to the craft which he has been obliged to leave with that respect for superior orders which military men rarely lose, and with a taste of arbitrary power which he is slow to forget. For three years accustomed to be ordered about, cared for, housed and fed by others, he has learned the lesson of passive obedience, and everyone else has learned it too and in the same school.

The peasants on the Rhine are fond of proverbs which, though somewhat deficient in wit, have much homely truth, and well illustrate their frugal and industrious life: "Lazy people are soon tired;" "He who gains little often, gains much;" "Children and fools tell the truth;" "Words are good, but hens lay eggs;" "What one has not in the head, he must

have in the legs;" "If the peasant does not stoop he does not plough well;" "The eye of the master makes the horses fat." There are, of course, many proverbs which are already familiar to us, such as: "One swallow makes no summer," and "A cat that wears gloves catches no mice."

Down the Rhine the pronunciation becomes what is called *platt* (low Dutch). The accent is softer, and many gutturals are suppressed. The high and low Dutch accents somewhat resemble the different pronunciation of the Scotch and English; only the harsher variety spoken in Hanover and Prussia Proper is fashionable in Germany, whereas the harsher variety of English spoken in the North is thought a mark of rusticity in the South. Instead of saying *nichts*, the people about Cologne say *nits*; *jut* instead of *gut*; *ish* instead of *ich*. The English, ceasing to pronounce the gutturals in their own language, have, in great measure, lost the power of imitating such sounds in another tongue, and are very apt to learn this manner of pronunciation, which nevertheless sounds vulgar to an educated German.

No people show more heartiness in their amusements than the Germans. They are not very witty, but they laugh a great deal; they are not lively, but when heated with beer and wine they talk a good deal; they are not inclined to much physical exer-

tion, but on the Sundays they will go to their pleasure-gardens and dance till the morning. These gardens are of all kinds and dimensions, from the two-and-a-half groschen resort of the workman and his sweetheart to the more aristocratic ball, where the sons of the princes and nobility of Germany waltz with the shopgirls and dressmakers of Bonn.

All the winter the German hibernates in the close air of stove-heated rooms; but when the floating masses of ice descending the Rhine from the Swiss mountains are thawed by the breath of spring, and when the steamboats again strike the river, everyone issues from his retreat and inspires enough of fresh air to serve him for the next year. Some drink coffee under their bower of weeping-ash at the end of the garden which looks out on the Rhine; and those whose abode is less favourably situated go to some public pleasure-garden every evening to drink a bottle of Zeltinger, while the ladies knit or consume an hour or two between talking and sipping a cup of coffee.

The Germans play most games of cards, and have made changes and improvements in those which are of foreign origin, such as whist, picquet, or l'ombre. Some of their games are of truly national origin, such as Skat and Schaffkopf, which have spread themselves through Thuringia and Altenburg. The beer games

which are practised by the students are probably confined to Germany. The Germans boast that they alone of all nations have succeeded in separating games of cards from the interest of Mammon,—a praiseworthy attempt. There is much justice in the reply of a man who, when asked to play for money at cards, said : “I neither want to gain your money nor to lose my own.” But it is questionable whether any other nation would have the strength of brain to combine games of cards with the quaffing of quantities of beer apparently large enough to drown any but a German. One of the best-known of those Bier-spiele goes by the name of Cerevis. It is carried on amidst the clatter of beer-glasses, and the fun is increased by a number of traditional exclamations and much extempore bantering. The player paints a figure, such as a swallow or a wheel, for every point which he loses, and these cannot be rubbed out till he has drunk a certain amount of beer as a forfeit. The forfeits are accompanied by noisy bacchanalian songs, and no one is allowed to stop playing till he has fallen under the table.

WIESBADEN.

THE Duchy of Nassau, with its population of 450,000 inhabitants, occupied the right bank of the Rhine from the Maine to the Lahn. Few who have floated down that romantic river can forget the beautiful landscape of the Rheingau, with its fields and vineyards, its orchards, meadows, and forests ; its mediæval castles and picturesque villages, bounded by the pine-clad crescent of the Taunus mountains. Fair as ever met the eye, fertile as the most covetous heart could desire, the home of a peaceable and contented population, it gave its ruler the dignity of a sovereign with few of the cares of state.

I spent the winter of 1862 in Wiesbaden, the capital of the little principality notorious for its gaming-tables and not unknown for its hot muriate-of-soda baths, useful in rheumatism, gout, and liver-disease. The town is finely situated in a valley at the foot of the wooded ridges of the Taunus mountains. Though said to be very ancient, the baths being known to the Romans, Wiesbaden is one of the most modern-looking towns in Germany. The

greater part of it is composed of wide regular streets of handsome new-built houses. The lodgings were very high-priced, though lodging-house keepers were sometimes ready to diminish their charges very considerably when they found out that their tenant was a sure payer. This is significant enough of their opinion of the stranger population, many of whom are attracted by the gaming-tables.

The Kursaal is situated in the suburbs of Wiesbaden, forming one side of a fine square; at the opposite side stand the theatre and several elegant hotels; between them and the Kursaal run two colonnades containing little shops, in the style of the Palais Imperial, full of the costliest articles of European luxury, among which may be seen the amethyst of the Rhine, ornaments of steel and ivory made by artists in the town, and carvings of wood from the Tyrol. The Kursaal, an extensive one-storied building, with rows of Ionic and Doric pillars, contains a suite of apartments worthy to vie in magnificence and taste with any palace. Here, for twelve hours a day, save one hour's interval on Sunday, you could enter and stake from a florin up to four hundred Friedrichs d'or on the chances of the card or wheel.

We noticed that the gamblers at the *roulette* table were mostly young men, while those who played at *trente et quarante* were mostly old men. This was

probably owing to the more ardent and hopeful temperament of youth. At *roulette* the bank had most chance of gaining, but the players had the chance of gaining a higher stake. At *trente et quarante* the play is safer and more subject to calculation. In order to make sure of the correctness of this observation, for several weeks I counted the heads of the players, setting down every gray one as an old man. It is possible that the heads of gamblers may turn gray sooner than those of other people, yet any small deduction this might demand will be amply compensated for by the number of those who keep up the signs of youth by the use of wigs. The following then was the result : At the *roulette* table I counted 285 players, 67 of whom were old men, and 19 women. At *trente et quarante* 317 players, of whom 127 were old men, and 17 were women. Thus, while the number of old men at *trente et quarante* was nearly one-half, at *roulette* it was little more than a quarter. One pities the old age that can find no other employment.

A large proportion of the players were Frenchmen ; not a few Russians, who generally chose the *roulette* table. English and Americans were also fairly represented. Not a sound is heard at the green table save the voice of the bankers announcing the colour of the card which is turned up, or the lucky number

on the wheel, and the clink of the money with its dull fall on the table. When the bank loses, the players either leave their pieces of money on the winning number or quietly shovel them away. They try to suppress all appearance of emotion ; their expression is quiet, thoughtful, and anxious ; they are perpetually pricking a card which lies before them to note the lucky numbers or colours. Sometimes, though rarely, an exclamation of despair may be heard when a gambler rises a deep loser. On one occasion a young man, who had risked his all and lost, took out a pistol and shot himself at the gaming-table. His body was carried away, the blood wiped up, and the play went on as before ; one of the bankers remarking that he might at least have had the courtesy to shoot himself out of doors. More commonly attempts are made to cheat the bank or remove money belonging to other players ; but the culprit is instantly arrested and dragged away by the watchmen who overlook the game. It would be difficult to find meaner faces than these bankers have. Four of them sit in the middle of each table with their piles of money before them ; it is said that they are handsomely paid. At Homburg there were four cases of suicide in as many weeks from losses at play. One of them was the son-in-law of the Elector of Hesse Cassel. It frequently happened that people lost

every farthing of their money, and wandered about the streets utterly destitute. There were, of course, no regular means of relieving such unfortunates, and, as might be supposed, the charity of the people of Wiesbaden was somewhat dull. The Sisters of Charity often rescued individuals from death by starvation. They told us of an English lady, with four young children, who had gambled away all her money, and to whom they sent food every day.

“The Spaniard Garcia” had broken the bank several times, both at Homburg and Wiesbaden. His luck at play was extraordinary ; but the bankers never seemed to despair. “However much a man may gain,” they said, “he always comes back to us again and loses in the end. The only chance which deprives us of the money is his death ; for it may happen that his heirs do not play.” It appeared from the French newspapers that this man, utterly ruined at the German Kursaals, had betaken himself to one of the West India Islands, bought up all the cards in the shops, and then artfully supplied them with packs bearing some secret marks. He was thus enabled to gain large sums from the simple Creoles. He returned to Europe, and was prosecuted for cheating at play by the Duke of Caderousse. One of his associates was punished with imprisonment, but Garcia escaped by a timely flight.

No subject of the Duke of Nassau was allowed to take part in the play; indeed, this would be something like civil discord, for the capital of the bank was held by shareholders, most of them resident in the duchy. It is to be hoped that since gaming-houses have been closed in all the great states of Europe, either the force of opinion or direct interference will put an end to the practice of small states carrying on war on the purses of the subjects of large ones. The merchants of Frankfort threatened their clerks with dismissal if they were seen at the gaming tables of Homburg or Wiesbaden; and M. Blanc, the banker of Homburg, had already commenced his arrangement with the prince of the independent village of Monaco, for a refuge when the death of the old Landgraf of Hesse Homburg should drive him from his den in Germany. Petty states, small burghs, select coteries seem to have an irresistible tendency to become selfish and corrupt.

The Duke of Nassau was himself proprietor of the Kursaal of Wiesbaden, for which he charged a handsome rent. It was proposed in the Nassau Chamber that the gambling-house should be closed; but they were informed that the duke's "honour" was engaged in keeping it up for 21 years. The duke was a stiff, somewhat overbearing man, and, in spite of his little parliament, carried things much

as he wished. Having large domains independent of taxation he managed his estates and patronage so as always to have a majority in the Chamber. In 1862 there was a good deal of grumbling about the expense caused by changing the uniform of the Federal Contingent from the Prussian to the Austrian style ; a sign of those political leanings which have cost him so dear.

People like to find in the present some memorial of the past, and the House of Nassau can safely trust its pedigree to history. One of the oldest of the ruling families of Europe, it gave an emperor to Germany, and its princes fought for the cause of the Reformation by the side of Coligny. From its younger branch came the great family of Orange, which saved Holland from the Spaniards, and rescued England from the tyranny of James II. A prince of the younger line still bears the title of King of the Netherlands ; but the Duchy of Nassau, like the Principality of Orange, has been swallowed up by a surrounding kingdom. In 1866, Duke Adolph lost his hereditary principality fighting for the cause of the same House of Hapsburg against which, in 1298, another Adolph of Nassau lost his life and imperial dignity in the battle of Gollheim. Nevertheless, I do not think that either Hanover or Nassau lost much with its prince, though neither of them

was a tyrant, like the Elector of Hesse Cassel. Small states are best governed on republican principles ; petty princes have a tendency to become petty tyrants and to indulge the love of power, which they cannot gratify in overlooking the direction of the affairs of a great people, by a minute and inquisitorial interference into the private business of the inhabitants of their Lilliputian capitals and vassal villages. If they cannot direct the movements of armies, they can at least issue orders about the stocks and the epaulettes of their little contingents just as well as a small-minded adjutant-general ; and, though unable to build palaces, they can at least prevent a man adding a story to his house without their consent. Here is an example of the way a petty German prince is sometimes disposed to play the tyrant. A very eloquent and fervent preacher, at Wiesbaden, once took occasion to denounce extravagance in dress, and speaking of certain expensive fashions newly come into vogue, he used these words : “ They sweep the earth with their crinolines, and this custom descends from the highest to the lowest.” In a village if you speak about medicine, all your remarks are supposed to bear on the country doctor ; if you denounce the Court of Chancery, they imagine you are aiming at the village lawyer. So the Duke of Nassau believed that his duchess was insulted by such an

allusion, and ordered the preacher to be summarily dismissed. Great influence was required to save him, for the minister was much beloved in the town. It must be acknowledged that Timur Khan would have borne more from a Mahomedan fakir, or Louis XIV. from Père la Chaise or Fénelon. Still the people of the smaller German states were accustomed to such interferences, and had to balance the benefits of continual and direct supervision and of personal knowledge and interest in men and things against the somewhat clumsy and harsh bureaucracy of the Prussian monarchy.

Bureaucracy must exist wherever you have a highly complex state of society and a central government. But, thanks to municipal institutions, the right of public meetings, and a free press, the word has little meaning to British ears. We hear much of "red tape" and the "circumlocution office," yet everyone acquainted with the art of government knows that business must be carried on in a fixed manner, and that you have to choose between allowing underlings to act in an independent and arbitrary fashion, and making them subject, as far as possible, to fixed regulations; and, just as you deprive an official of responsibility, you compel him to defend himself by keeping within those regulations.

While in India I witnessed the workings of a

government which was a bureaucracy in the fullest sense of the word. The few hundred civilians who rule over the hundred millions of India are only attached to that beautiful land by their office. Born and educated in a free country, they come, attracted by the hope of a moderate fortune and an honourable career, to rule over a conquered people. When their period of service is over, they infallibly return to Europe. Expressly forbidden to have any pecuniary transactions with natives, they sometimes misunderstand native interests; despising native prejudices and superstitions, they sometimes unnecessarily shock native feelings; and, loftily assuming the surpassing utility and fitness of English institutions, they have sometimes done mischief by trying to introduce them into the East. The Anglo-Indian civilian, besides the voice of his own conscience, has no other stimulus to his duty than the hopes of preferment. He is indifferent to the good opinion of the people whom he governs; and the British nation, which holds India as a conquered dependency, scarcely ever troubles itself with questions as to how that vast peninsula is ruled. The contemptuous indifference of the Indian Government allows freedom to the native press: for its criticisms excite neither notice nor annoyance amongst the ruling class. The Indian civilian is continually shifting the

scene of his labour. Deputy commissioner one year, he may be judge the next, then secretary, then collector, then to Europe on furlough or sick leave. This varied experience, fraught with inconveniences as it is, gives breadth to his mind, and saves his administration from being reduced by habit into a lifeless routine.

Though somewhat overbearing, the civilian is singularly free from corruption; but, unable to oversee everything himself, the administration is everywhere corrupt in detail. As a judge, he dispenses justice with an even hand, yet he well knows that his sentence often sets free the guilty and strikes the innocent, from the perjury of witnesses and the intrigues of his black clerks. Honestly and ably planned to meet the wants of an Oriental nation, our Indian constitution is often badly administered, owing to the incurable corruption of the lower grades of officials, and to the indifference of natives to everything save what seems to lead directly to their own advantage. Greatly wiser and better than the people they govern, the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy would teach them many things the Oriental is slow to learn. It is to be hoped that English rule will, in the end, mould all the separate races and tribes of India into one great nation. A similiar destiny seems reserved for the people of the Great Frederic; but the

Prussians are no longer the half-civilised peasants who were caned by their officers and schooled by their officials. It is the bureaucracy, not the nation, which now needs reform and instruction.

In Prussia you have bureaucracy without any check save the well-tryed patience of the whole community. Here is a paid writing class of employés, rank under rank, working with closed doors and with a volume of printed regulations upon their desks. Some physiologists hold that the human skull is an air-tight vessel; and that, by the inevitable laws of physics, the heart must send blood to the brain as long as it beats, though at the expense of every other part of the body. In like manner the employés of Prussia are sure of their salaries as long as the machine of the state keeps working. Commerce and agriculture may flourish or decay; their interests are not affected. They can only be raised or put down by the will of their superiors in office, against whom there is no appeal. Proud to call themselves the servants of the state, they consider themselves the masters of the people. The Prussians could chase away the king; but how could they do without the bureaucracy, the only men in the kingdom who have the slightest practical knowledge of government, and who could turn the vessel of the state as they will? A living bureaucracy is greater than a written law.

The ministers interpret the statutes as they please, or hinder their action by rescripts framed for particular emergencies. Woe be to the man who ventures to criticise their conduct ! Woe to the simpleton who appeals to the justice of the superior against the insolence of the inferior ! The culprit may be privately rebuked ; but the complainant will get no open redress and provoke many secret enemies.

The Prussian officials are notorious for the harsh and overbearing tone they assume to those with whom they come in contact. The Prussian employé does not sell justice, like a Spanish alguazil or an Oriental kazi ; but he systematically and persistently uses his official position to extract as much obsequiousness and servility as his rank can command. A free press and free municipal institutions might try to crush this hundred-headed monster, but they would provoke powerful and restless enemies to please feeble and inactive friends.

There are features in the Prussian character which excite painful doubts as to the ultimate freedom of the people. From Bismarck or Von Roon down to the lowest village policeman or postmaster, all bite and bark at those who cross their path. The King of Prussia's dogs are like those of Theseus :

“ Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each.”

Considering how fond the people are of titles, and the respect which can be exacted by official rank, it would almost seem that, as long as the king holds the patronage of the state and army in his hands, and has the bestowal of shadowy patents of nobility and ridiculous titles like that of *Commerzienrath*, *Medecinrath*, or *Hofrath*, and the twenty other kinds of *raths*, he will be able to find a sufficient number of men to keep down the undistinguished herd, whose desire of being free is balanced by the desire of being one day tyrants of greater or lesser degree.

As the old feudal aristocracies fade away, feeble attempts are made everywhere to restore distinctions of rank on another footing. The great favour the proposal of some of our fancy franchises has met with in literary and scientific quarters, and the suggestions that seats in the House of Peers should be given to professors, or that they should have twenty-five votes each: these are but attempts to transmute authority into power, and to replace an aristocracy of birth and wealth by one of learning. Knowing such and other well-marked features in the character of the people, it was no wonder that there was very little desire of a union with Prussia even in the most faithful followers of the *National-Verein*. Moreover, the liberals of the smaller states could not fail to be struck by the boastful pretensions of the Prus-

sians in returning deputies to the Lower House pledged to radical reforms, and the tame and abject manner in which they allowed these deputies to be flouted by the king and his ministers. Had William I. been content to accept his crown from the people, to allow the control of the budget to the Lower House, and to proclaim the freedom of the press, there would have been no need of either three years' service, needle-guns, Count Bismarck, or Von Moltke, to make him the ruler of Northern Germany. The people of the smaller states would have fought for him instead of against him, become his willing subjects instead of his conquered foes. Those who judge everything by the event may think Bismarck was right in his quarrel with the Chambers, and with such it would be hopeless to argue; but the test of success is not complete. The struggle for constitutional freedom is still going on. In spite of the suppression of the free press of Frankfurt and the active sympathy of some of the smaller states, the House of Hohenzollern, whose overbearing pride has been gratified by new conquests and victories, will only be the less disposed to make fresh concessions to democracy. Yet by adding new subjects they have added strength to the opposition; and the extraordinary anomaly of a German Parliament based on universal suffrage by the side of a Ger-

man House of Commons based on the principle of a graduated scale of voting power and double election, will be the source of fresh discord and new complications. The Prussians claim the honour of being the loyalest people in Europe; and this glory, such as it is, will not likely be denied to them. It would be better, perhaps, if they were a little less loyal and a little more patriotic. Let them remember the words of Schiller :

“Grosse Monarchen erzeugtest du, und bist ihrer würdig
Den Gebietenden macht nur der Gehorchende gross :
Aber versuch' es, O Deutschland, und mach' es deinen Beherrschern
Schwerer, als Könige gross, leichter, nur Menschen zu seyn.”

Calling into remembrance the good qualities of the German people, their firmness, steadiness, and great intelligence, I have hopes that the constitutional struggle will be decided in favour of the Prussian liberals. But it will not be by the gentle means hitherto employed. Bitter words in a corner, shrugs of the shoulder in the market-place, and innuendoes in the newspapers, will never change a despotic into a constitutional king, or make the Prussian House of Lords vote itself out of existence. A struggle carried on by such means on the one side, and by intimidation, prosecutions, and denial of patronage on the other, has a much more degrading effect upon

a people than a civil war with twenty furious battles and sieges.

There is no greater proof that the tide of events is in favour of democracy than to find what at first seems a reflux against it, by some unseen but irresistible arrangement of things, always bringing it a wave or two nearer the shore. The *coup d'état* threw it back in France to advance it in Italy; Austria and Russia, while keeping under Hungary and Poland, have been constrained to work for the freedom of the serf; and the Austrian emperor can find no better means of strengthening his diminished power than by consenting to receive the crown of St. Stephen from the Hungarian people, instead of holding it by armed usurpation. In like manner Bismarck feels compelled to seek for the favour of the liberals by founding the new federal parliament upon universal suffrage and vote by ballot.

In the present case, the gain which constitutional liberty in Germany has made is the destruction of the old confederation. Its Diet gave the different princes a ready means of concerting together to keep under their subjects and to guarantee each other's territories from revolution. A sovereign chased out of his state had only to fly to Frankfurt to obtain a federal contingent, which would reëstablish his authority by force, and take bloody vengeance on his

subjects. Federal Germany was like one of those fantastic monsters one sees, painted in coloured chalk, on the walls of Hindoo temples ; it had one head, but thirty arms, one holding a torch, another a sword, another a harp. Prussia seems destined to fuse all Germany into one kingdom ; and when a revolution does come, it will be under the goad of a common series of grievances ; it will act simultaneously throughout the whole country, and not stop at the toll-gates of this or that petty state.

But, leaving politics alone, if we merely look to their immediate effects upon social life, most of the titles of which the Germans are so greedy seem harmless enough, though somewhat ridiculous to a foreigner. They are generally cheerfully and good-naturedly conceded, and, having a certain recognisable value, do not excite so much repugnance as the vague assertions of individual arrogance put forth in the villages and small towns of our own country. If anyone is pleased with the titles of Frau Unter-offizierin (Mrs. Non-commissioned Officer), why refuse her the pleasure ? I once heard a story of a telegraph official who was called Herr Telegraph, and his wife Frau Telegräphin. "Could you not call me Frau Gräfin ?" said she. Talking of German *jeux de mots*, what a blunder R. W. Emerson falls into when he writes of the self-assertion of our country-

men, as exemplified by an English lady saying to some Germans on the Rhine: "It is you, and not we, who are foreigners; we are English!" The lady only wished to make a pun. *Sie sind Ausländer, weil wir Engländer (Inländer) sind.*

Taking all in all, the manners of the Germans are pleasing; as I have written somewhere else, they have an innate benevolence in small things; politeness with them seems to come from the heart, with the French to come from the head, and with the English to be the result of training and precept.

WEIMAR.

(Written in 1856.)

AMONG all the towns in the world, there is none that has owned its celebrity more purely to great writers than Weimar. A small town of 10,000 souls, the capital of a small duchy in the heart of Germany, it could afford no room for great soldiers or statesmen. It has no trade to bring riches, no riches to encourage art, no university to attract learning, little quarrelling to feed law; but, from the liberality of Charles Augustus, Duke of Weimar, it has gained a name throughout the world; and as long as taste exists, or literature flourishes, pilgrims will come to visit the relics of the great men that once lived there. It is difficult to realise the feelings a German must have towards this little town. What would the literature of his nation be if the names of Goethe, Wieland, Schiller, and Herder were blotted out? They all lived at Weimar, and had nobody to dispute their reign. In Paris, we forget the tombs of the Pantheon for that at the Invalides.* The statesmen and

* Time makes many changes. It has since been proved that the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau are empty, though Napoleon still lies at the Invalides.

the generals of England claim our remembrance as well as the poets in Westminster Abbey; and the hum and gaiety of these great cities call us away from the dead. But if Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, and Byron had all lived at one time and in one little town, it could scarcely have given it the interest that attaches to Weimar. The benefit derived from great authors is evident enough, and has been descanted on by themselves with sufficient fervour and frequency. But one good they do to mankind struck me particularly at the time. They stand as interpreters between nations; they lead other people to cultivate their language, to study the history and manners of their countrymen; they have voices that cross the sea, and establish an intercourse that cannot be hushed either by the booming of war or the squabbling of diplomatists. Here was I (to come to particulars), who had learned the German tongue to read Goethe and Schiller, and was now trudging along with a knapsack on my back in the little dukedom of Weimar to visit their empty homes.

With such preliminary ideas on the greatness of literary men and the fame of Weimar, I was a little surprised not to see the road dotted with travellers like myself, and began slowly to suspect that the number of intelligent pilgrims that go to visit the tombs of the German patriarchs was much less than

the blockheads that resort to the shrine of the Black Virgin of Einsiedlen or our Lady of Loretto. In fact, my hopes sunk so low that I hailed with pleasure the appearance of a single foot-traveller like myself. He had, however, considerably more of what the Romans call impediments. In addition to a knapsack of colossal size, on the top of which a pair of boots were strapped, he had two of less bulk which were slung round his neck and hung on each side of him. In spite of all this, he walked along with great ease and lightness. A fine-looking fellow he was; he had chestnut hair and a fine frank blue eye, with a graceful moustache curling round a smiling mouth. His dress was unusually gay for a pedestrain traveller, and his bearing won the heart at once. He saluted me affably, running off into an inventory and defence of his *impedimenta*, showing that there was a beauty in their arrangements into which no one save the initiated could penetrate. For instance, his brush and combs, shirt-collars, nightcap, pipe, and the other things one would desire to have at a moment's notice, were in the small travelling-bags by his side; while in the large one had he his clean linen, a change of clothes, a piece of soap, and other things that a German only requires at very distant intervals. Fearing that the size of his *Gepäck* would induce him to become

prolix, I suddenly stated that I had a vivid remembrance of having once seen the spot we were passing; and as I had never certainly been there before, I considered it confirmed the Pythagorean notion of a change of state. My companion gave a fact from his own experience in confirmation of this view. Going wearied to bed, he had an uneasy feeling that he must find a third stocking to put beside the two others; and although he was aware how many he had taken off, he sought for it for about a minute, when by a sudden exertion of intellect he discovered he had only two feet. He argued from this that in one of his transmigrations he must have animated the body of a tripod.

In such improving conversation we approached the town. My friend did not make his entrée that night, he having been bound for the house of a friend in the neighbourhood who had a little property there—a garden, a windmill, and a little bit meadow (*ein Bisschen Wiese*). The evening was pretty far advanced when I entered Weimar. It is a pretty little town, though by no means striking or picturesque, situated in a sweet fertile country not so tiresomely flat as most parts of northern Germany. Having deposited my knapsack in the first inn I came to, I rushed away without losing a moment to see the houses of the great poets. Stepping up to an

apple-woman, and having propitiated her by purchasing more of her beautiful pears than I could stuff into my pockets for the slight sum of one silbergroschen, I asked the way to the house where Goethe lived. "Walk straight on," said she, "and then turn to the right, and you will be in the Schiller's Strasse, where you will see the house where Schiller lived; and after that turn back and follow out the road a little farther till you come to the Goethe Platz, and then anyone will tell you where he lived."

I soon found the house of Schiller. Since he dwelt there, a street of large substantial houses has extended itself on each side, and the building is no longer isolated. It is two stories high, with peaked gable and two windows on the roof. A few days before, I had seen the Dichterhaus on the banks of the Elbe, near Dresden, where he lived in 1786. I have still a vine-leaf with me which I pulled from the vineyard of the poet. Much good will it do you, says someone. If you said so, sir, it shows you are deficient in sensibility as well as sense; for they go oftener together than your worship imagines. Why, is not happiness made up of ideas a million times more than sensations? And how many sweet associations blossom from this leaf! With it I can enter the land of dreams, and call my old thoughts to make me happy once again. As the mind of

the clairvoyant, when a lock of hair or a scrap of paper is put into his hands, follows the history of its owner, so I am led by this leaf to the vineyard where it once grew. I see the banks of the Elbe, the old country-house of Schiller, and the pleasant pagoda towers of Pillnitz. It leads me to the hamlet of Blasewitz, with its pretty gardened cottages round the village green, and the quiet country churchyard, and the tombstones crowned with flowers. It carries me to times when I was in the apathy of nothingness. I see the poet in the little summer-house, in the gentle yellow light of the summer evening. I hear the rub of his pen: he is writing *Don Carlos*.

Turning from his dwelling in Weimar, I sought that of Goethe. The little Platz which now bears his name is not exactly square in form. The houses that compose it are of irregular architecture, and vary in date. In the middle is a fountain. The abode of the poet has a very plain prosaic appearance, and is easily enough described. Imagine a house of two stories, with fourteen windows in a row on each, and fourteen opening on the roof; then put in in the middle a double door and a carriage-gate at each end of the building, and you have a correct notion of the dwelling which was once the centre of literary Germany. Of course it is the biggest

house in the square, or Goethe would not have lived there.

I knocked at the door, and waited awhile on the step where authors and critics, and learned and unlearned men, had heretofore stood trembling till their letters of introduction shook like poplar-leaves ; but no one seemed within to show the inside of the abode which in the days of Goethe, at least, was said to be magnificent. Jean Paul Richter seemed to have been much struck by its splendour, but his day-dreams were frost-bitten by the coldness of its owner. He no doubt came to Weimar expecting to converse with demi-gods ; but his enthusiasm faded away before the prosaic reality of the place, and the hum-haw air of the personages. “The day after I came,” says he, “I threw off my foolish prepossessions for great authors ; they are like other people. Everyone here knows that they are like the earth, which far away in the heavens has the appearance of a shining moon, but when the foot is upon it, it is found to be made of Paris mud. An opinion about Herder, Wieland, or Goethe is as much questioned as any other. Who would believe that these three great watch-towers of our literature avoid and dislike each other ? I shall never again bend the knee before any great man, only before the virtuous.” And only before him, O Jean Paul Richter ? Do you expect to

find perfect virtue in man any more than perfect genius? Let us reverence those to whom God has given great gifts, whether of the head or the heart ; but let us make idols of none of them. No doubt those who saw Goethe every day found out that he was not always either so amusing or so wise as his works ; that with his many sides he had some ridiculous ones ; that he was sometimes out of sorts, very often frigid, occasionally peevish to his family, and cross to his servants. Such pieces of littleness would be greedily caught up by the gossips of the town, and the name of Goethe would carry them far. It would indeed have been difficult to keep anything from curious Germany. During the whole of his long life he was an object of constant interest and admiration, and his most minute habits have been as carefully noted as those of some wonderful animal could be by the naturalists.

This is a source of annoyance which ought to help to make a man content with obscurity. Everything in the life of a modern great man is written down as carefully as if it were available for bank cheques, as it very often is ; for Mr. Murray will give anything for his letters, all the more if they happen to be confidential. His dearest friends are informers against him ; he is followed by the finger on the streets ; his autograph is entrapped in the

most discreditable ways, and his portrait taken through the key-hole.

There are few men who love letters and desire the fame and deference attached to authority but must envy the lot of Goethe. Nature gave him every pleasing and useful gift of mind and body ; his long life was interrupted by no misfortunes, save those we must all expect. The friend of a prince, the idol of a nation, the admired of all Europe, poet, novelist, critic, anatomist, botanist combined, he came like Kehama, self-multiplied in five different forms, by five different ways to claim the cup of immortality, and, unlike the Indian monarch, found no agony in the draught. It may be that he would not have forced every passage. Biographers and critics who wish to make the most of their subject may claim for Goethe the first rank as a man of science ; but anyone who carefully examines the subject can find out that the many-sided poet was neither the originator of the vertebral theory nor the author of the idea that the different parts of the flower are a modification of the leaf. All that Goethe can claim is the merit of having espoused these theories ere their value was properly recognised, and having helped them on in their way, though not very far. As for his imaginary discoveries on light in the *Farbenlehre*, of which he was prouder than of his reputation as a poet, their

claims to attention are altogether obsolete. Schiller, a man of much less varied knowledge and mental calibre, who had many things to distress him in his life, and who died before his time, now holds a higher rank as a poet in the estimation of his countrymen. Goethe may still be the poet of the learned, but Schiller is the poet of the whole German nation.

Leaving the house of Goethe, I went to see the churchyard where he is buried. The distance between the two is short. Cemeteries in Germany have a more pleasing effect than in our own country. Instead of the neglected walks, the unpruned shrubs, the uncared-for flowers struggling with rank and unsightly weeds, which we too often meet with in our own land, with this kind-hearted people there are a hundred tokens that they do not readily forget even the dead in their graves. The tombs are simpler and less expensive than in Britain; but there are few graves over which no memorial is placed. An old weather-worn wooden cross with a fresh garland of flowers upon it is a touching token of sincere and steadfast remembrance, the tribute of a faithful and simple heart to a parent or friend long dead. In Scotland the cross is thought the sign of Roman Catholicism rather than of Christianity, and the form of the monument is generally left to the con-

tractor, who prefers the pagan urn, which he is accustomed to carve. I fear that in England too, amidst the struggle and anxiety of our complicated life, the village churchyards are not cared for as of old. Somehow it is ever soothing to see flowers round a grave : the perpetual freshness and beauty of nature covers the thoughts of corruption and decay.

The tombs of Goethe and Schiller were, however, of a more august character than the simple monuments around. They are buried within the mausoleum of the ducal family of Weimar, though the etiquette of the court would not permit the greatest of Germany's sons to lie by the side of the least powerful of her princes. The foundation of the mausoleum is a little raised above the surrounding level ; it is built in the chaste and simple style of antiquity. In front, four Doric pillars support a pediment which is surmounted by a cross ; the roof has eight sides, each of which has a half-moon-shaped window, through which the light descends into the house of the dead, where those whose thoughts were so lively and so restless now sleep unconscious of the glory of their names.

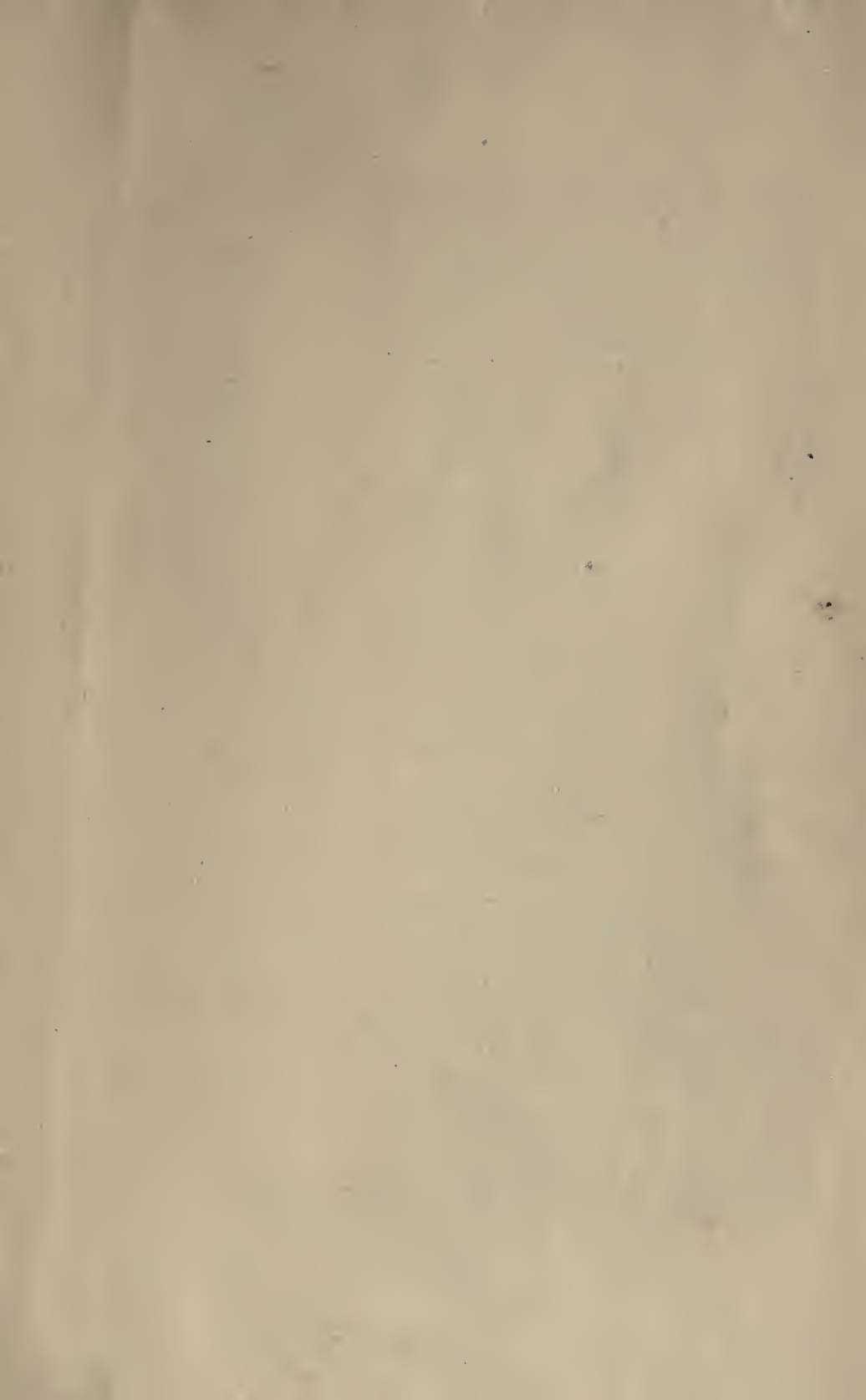
The market-women were selling their fruit and vegetables under the statue of Herder, in the square where he lived, in front of the Schloss-Kirche. The statue of Herder brought back to my mind the de-

scription Goethe gives of him in his *Wahrheit und Dichtung*—the bold features, the prominent eyebrows, head bald save at the temples, large feet and hands, and colossal figure. I saw the house of Wieland, and a bust of him too; but the reader must have read enough of the outside of houses, and perhaps would not care to follow me in my walks to the Park and the Schloss Belvedere; so farewell.

THE END.

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